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HISTORY

OF

FRIEDRICH II. OF PRUSSIA.

LONDON
ROBSON AND SON, GREAT NORTHERN PRINTING WORKS,
PANCRAS ROAD, N.W.

Franke, Pinxit, Potsdam, circa 1779.

Mandel, Sculpsit, Berlin, 1860.

FRIEDRICH II KÖNIG IN PREUSSEN.

(Ætatis 58.)

From a Picture by Franke, of Potsdam, painted for the Herren Schickler, Bankers, Berlin, in whose Banking-House it still is; Copies or Repetitions by Franke himself occur in English Collections

HISTORY

OF

FRIEDRICH II. OF PRUSSIA,

CALLED

FREDERICK THE GREAT.

B 1599

BY

THOMAS CARLYLE.

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ac

VOLUME V.

VV a 41

LONDON:
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MDCCCLXV. 1865

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BOOK XVIII.

SEVEN-YEARS WAR RISES TO A HEIGHT.

1757-1759.

CHAPTER I.

THE CAMPAIGN OPENS.

SELDOM was there seen such a combination against any man as this against Friedrich, after his Saxon performances in 1756. The extent of his sin, which is now ascertained to have been what we saw, was at that time considered to transcend all computation, and to mark him out for partition, for suppression, and enchainment, as the general enemy of mankind. "Partition him, cut him down," said the Great Powers to one another; and are busy, as never before, in raising forces, inciting new alliances, and calling out the general *posse comitatus* of mankind, for that salutary object. What tempestuous fulminations in the Reichstag, and over all Europe, England alone excepted, against this man!

Latterly the Swedes, who at first had compunctions on the score of Protestantism, have agreed to join in the Partitioning adventure: "It brings us his Pommern, all Pommern ours!" cry the Swedish Parliamentary Eloquences (with French gold in their pocket): "At any rate," whisper they, "it spites the Queen his Sister!"—and drag the poor Swedish Nation into a series of disgraces and disastrous platitudes it was little anticipating. This precious French-Swedish Bargain ("Swedes to invade with 25,000; France to give fair subsidy," and bribe largely) was consummated in March;[1] but did not become

[1] '21st March 1757' (Steuzel, v. 38; &c.).

known to Friedrich for some months later; nor was it of the importance he then thought it, in the first moment of surprise and provocation. Not indeed of importance to anybody, except, in the reverse way, to poor Sweden itself, and to the French, who had spent a great deal of pains and money on it, and continued to spend, with as good as no result at all. For there never was such a War, before or since, not even by Sweden in the Captainless state! And the one profit the copartners reaped from it, was some discountenance it gave to the rumour which had risen, more extensively than we should now think, and even with some nucleus of fact in it as appears, That Austria, France and the Catholic part of the Reich were combining to put down Protestantism. To which they could now answer, "See, Protestant Sweden is with us!" —and so weaken a little what was pretty much Friedrich's last hold on the public sympathies at this time.

As to France itself,—to France, Austria, Russia,—bound by such earthly Treaties, and the call of very Heaven, shall they not, in united puissance and indignation, rise to the rescue? France, touched to the heart by such treatment of a Saxon Kurfürst, and bound by Treaty of Westphalia to protect all members of the Reich (which it has sometimes, to our own knowledge, so carefully done), is almost more ardent than Austria itself. France, Austria, Russia; to these add Polish Majesty himself; and latterly the very Swedes, by French bribery at Stockholm: these are the Partitioning Powers;—and their shares (let us spare one line to their shares) are as follows.

The Swedes are to have Pommern in whole; Polish-Saxon Majesty gets Magdeburg, Halle, and opulent slices thereabouts; Austria's share, we need not say, is that jewel of a Silesia. Czarish Majesty, on the extreme East, takes Preussen, Königsberg-Memel Country in whole;

adds Preussen to her as yet too narrow Territories. Wesel-Cleve Country, from the other or Western extremity, France will take that clipping, and make much of it. These are quite serious business-engagements, engrossed on careful parchment, that Spring 1757, and I suppose not yet boiled down into glue, but still to be found in dusty corners, with the tape much faded. The high heads, making preparation on the due scale, think them not only executable, but indubitable, and almost as good as done. Push home upon him, as united Posse Comitatus of Mankind; in a sacred cause of Polish Majesty and Public Justice, how can one malefactor resist? "*Ah, ma très-chère Reine*," and "Oh, my dearest Princess and Cousin," what a chance has turned up!

It is computed that there are arrayed against this one King, under their respective Kings, Empress-Queens, Swedish Senates, Catins and Pompadours, populations to the amount of above 100 millions,—in after stages, I remember to have seen '150 millions' loosely given as the exaggerative cipher. Of armed soldiers actually in the field against him (against Hanover and him), in 1757, there are, by strict count, 430,000. Friedrich's own Dominions at this time contain about Five Millions of Population; of Revenue somewhat less than Two Millions sterling. New taxes he cannot legally, and will not, lay on his People. His *Schatz* (ready-money Treasure, or Hoard yearly accumulating for such end) is, I doubt not, well filled,—express amount not mentioned. Of drilled men he has, this Year, 150,000 for the field; portioned out thriftily,—as well beseems, against Four Invasions coming on him from different points. In the field, 150,000 soldiers, probably the best that ever were; and in garrison, up and down (his Country being, by nature, the least defensible of all Countries), near 40,000, which he reckons

of inferior quality. So stands the account.[2] These are, arithmetically precise, his resources,—*plus* only what may lie in his own head and heart, or funded in the other heads and hearts, especially in those 150,000, which he and his Fathers have been diligently disciplining, to good perfection, for four centuries come the time.

France, urged by Pompadour and the enthusiasms, was first in the field. The French Army, in superb equipment, though privately in poorish state of discipline, took the road early in March; 'March 26th and 27th,' it crossed the German Border, Cleve Country and Köln Country; had been rumoured of since January and February last, as terrifically grand; and here it now actually is, above 100,000 strong,—110,405, as the Army-Lists, flaming through all the Newspapers, teach mankind.[3] Bent mainly upon Prussia, it would seem; such the will of Pompadour. Mainly upon Prussia; Maréchal d'Estrées, crossing at Köln, made offers even to his Britannic Majesty to be forgiven in comparison; "Yield us a road through your Hanover, merely a road to those Halberstadt-Magdeburg parts, your Hanover shall have neutrality!" "Neutrality to Hanover?" sighed Britannic Majesty: "Alas, am not I pledged by Treaty? And, alas, withal, how is it possible, with that America hanging over us?" and stood true. Nor is this all, on the part of magnanimous France: there is a Soubise getting under way withal, Soubise and 30,000, who will reinforce the Reich's Armament, were it on foot, and be heard of by and by! So high runs French enthusiasm at present. A

[2] Stenzel, iv. 308, 306, v. 39; Ranke, iii. 415; Preuss, ii. 389, 43, 124; &c. &c.;—substantially true, I doubt not; but little or nothing of it so definite and conclusively distinct as it ought, in all items, to have been, by this time,—had poor Dryasdust known what he was doing.

[3] *Helden-Geschichte*, iv. 391; iii. 1073.

16th April 1757.
new sting of provocation to Most Christian Majesty, it seems, has been Friedrich's conduct in that Damiens matter (miserable attempt, by a poor mad creature, to assassinate, or at least draw blood upon the Most Christian Majesty[4]); about which Friedrich, busy and oblivious, had never, in common politeness, been at the pains to condole, compliment, or take any notice whatever. And will now take the consequences, as due!—

The Wesel-Cleve Countries these French find abandoned: Friedrich's garrisons have had orders to bring off the artillery and stores, blow up what of the works are suitable for blowing up; and join the "Britannic Army of Observation" which is getting itself together in those regions. Considerable army, Britannic wholly in the money part: new Hanoverians so many, Brunswickers, Bückeburgers, Sachsen-Gothaers so many; add those precious Hanoverian-Hessian 20,000, whom we have had in England guarding our liberties so long,—who are now shipped over in a lot; fair wind and full sea to them. Army of 60,000 on paper; of effective, more than 50,000; Headquarters now at Bielefeld on the Weser;—where, 'April 16th,' or a few days later, Royal Highness of Cumberland comes to take command; likely to make a fine figure against Maréchal d'Estrées and his 100,000 French! But there was no helping it. Friedrich, through Winter, has had Schmettau earnestly flagitating the Hanoverian Officialities: "The Weser is wadeable in many places, you cannot defend the Weser!" and counselling and pleading to all lengths,—without the least effect. "Wants to save his own Halberstadt lands, at our expense!" Which was the idea in London, too: "Don't we, by Apocalyptic

[4] 'Evening of 5th January 1757' (exuberantly plentiful details of it, and of the horrible Law-procedures which followed on it: in Adelung, viii. 197-220; Barbier, &c. &c.).

Newswriters and eyesight of our own, understand the man?" Pitt is by this time in Office, who perhaps might have judged a little otherwise. But Pitt's seat is altogether temporary, insecure; the ruling deities Newcastle and Royal Highness, who withal are in standing quarrel. So that Friedrich, Schmettau, Mitchell pleaded to the deaf. Nothing but "Defend the Weser," and ignorant Fatuity ready for the Impossible, is to be made out there. "Cannot help it, then," thinks Friedrich, often enough, in bad moments; "Army of Observation will have its fate. Happily there are only 5,000 Prussians in it, Wesel and the other garrisons given up!"

Only 5,000 Prussians: by original Engagement, there should have been 25,000; and Friedrich's intention is even 45,000 if he prosper otherwise. For in January 1757 (Anniversary, or nearly so, of that *Neutrality Convention* last year), there had been,—encouraged by Pitt, as I could surmise, who always likes Friedrich,—a definite, much closer *Treaty of Alliance*, with "Subsidy of a million sterling," Anti-Russian "Squadron of Observation in the Baltic," "25,000 Prussians," and other items, which I forget. Forget the more readily, as, owing to the strange state of England (near suffocating in its Constitutional bedclothes), the Treaty could not be kept at all, or serve as rule to poor England's exertions for Friedrich this Year; exertions which were of the willing-minded but futile kind, going forward pellmell, not by plan, and could reach Friedrich only in the lump,—had there been any "lump" of them to sum together. But Pitt had gone out;—we shall see what, in Pitt's absence, there was! So that this Treaty 1757 fell quite into the waste-basket (not to say, far deeper, by way of "pavement" we know where!),—and is not mentioned in any English Book; nor was known to exist, till some Collector of such things printed

it, in comparatively recent times.[5] A Treaty 1757, which, except as emblem of the then quasi-enchanted condition of England, and as Foreshadow of Pitt's new Treaty in January 1758, and of three others that followed and *were* kept to the letter, is not of moment farther.

Reich's Thunder, slight Survey of it; with Question, Whitherward, if anywhither?

The thunderous fulminations in the Reich's Diet,—an injured Saxony complaining, an insulted Kaiser, after vain *Dehortatoriums*, reporting and denouncing, "Horrors such as these: What say you, O Reich?"—have been going on since September last; and amount to boundless masses of the liveliest Parliamentary Eloquence, now fallen extinct to all creatures.[6] The Kaiser, otherwise a solid pacific gentleman, intent on commercial operations (furnishes a good deal of our meal, says Friedrich), is Officially extremely violent in behalf of injured Saxony, —that is to say, in fact, of injured Austria, which is one's own. Kur-Mainz, Chairman of the Diet (we remember how he was got, and a Battle of Dettingen fought in consequence, long since); Kur-Mainz is admitted to have the most decided Austrian leanings: Britannic George, Austria being now in the opposite scale, finds him an unhandy Kur-Mainz, and what profit it was to introduce false weights into the Reich's balance that time! Not for long generations before, had the poor old semi-imaginary Reich's-Diet risen into such paroxysms; nor did it ever again after. Never again, in its terrestrial History, was there such

[5] 'M. Koch in 1802,' not very perfectly (Schöll, iii. 30 n.; who copies what Koch has given).

[6] Given, to great lengths, in *Helden-Geschichte*, iii., iv. (and other easily avoidable Books).

agonistic parliamentary struggle, and terrific noise of parliamentary palaver, witnessed in the poor Reich's Diet. Noise and struggle, rising ever higher, peal after peal, from September 1756, when it started, till August 1757, when it had reached its acme (as perhaps we shall see), though it was far from ending then, or for years to come.

Contemporary bystanders remark, on the Austrian part, extraordinary rage and hatred against Prussia; which is now the one point memorable. Austria is used to speak loud in the Diet, as we have ourselves seen: and it is again (if you dive into those old Æolus'-Caves, at your peril) unpleasantly notable to what pitch of fixed rage, and hot sullen hatred, Austria has now gone; and how the tone has in it a potency of world-wide squealing and droning, such as you nowhere heard before. Omnipotence of droning, edged with shrieky squealing, which fills the Universe, not at all in a melodious way. From the depths of the gamut to the shrieky top again,—a droning that has something of porcine or wild-boar character. Figure assembled the wild-boars of the world, all or mostly all got together, and each with a knife just stuck into its side, by a felonious individual too well known,—you will have some notion of the sound of these things. Friedrich sometimes remonstrates: "Cannot you spare such phraseology, unseemly to Kings? The quarrels of Kings have to be decided by the sword; what profit in unseemly language, Madam?"—but, for the first year and more, there was no abatement on the Austrian part.

Friedrich's own Delegate at Regensburg, a Baron von Plotho, come of old Brandenburg kindred, is a resolute, ready-tongued, very undaunted gentleman; learned in Diplomacies and Reich's Law; carries his head high, and always has his story at hand. Argument, grounded on

Reich's Law and the nature of the case, Plotho never lacks, on spur of the hour: and is indeed a very commendable parliamentary mastiff; and honourable and melodious in the bark of him, compared with those enfuriated porcine specimens. He has Kur-Hanover for ally on common occasions, and generally from most Protestant members individually, or from the *Corpus Evangelicorum* in mass, some feeble whimper of support. Finds difficulty in getting his Reich's Pleadings printed;—dangerous, everywhere in those Southern Parts, to print anything whatever that is not Austrian: so that Plotho, at length, gets printers to himself, and sets up a Printing-Press in his own house at Regensburg. He did a great deal of sonorous pleading for Friedrich; proud, deep-voiced, ruggedly logical; fairly beyond the Austrian quality in many cases,—and always far briefer, which is another high merit. October coming, we purpose to look in upon Plotho for one minute; 'October 14th, 1757;' which may be reckoned essentially the acme or turning-point of these unpleasant thunderings.[7]

What good he did to Friedrich, or could have done with the tongue of angels in such an audience, we do not accurately know. Some good he would do even in the Reich's-Diet there; and out of doors, over a German public, still more; and is worth his frugal wages,—say 1,000*l.* a year, printing and all other expense included! This is a mere guess of mine, Dryasdust having been incurious: but, to English readers, it is incredible for what sums Friedrich got his work done, no work ever better. Which is itself an appreciable advantage, computable in pounds sterling; and is the parent of innumerable others which no Arithmetic or Book-keeping by Double Entry will take hold of, and which are indeed

[7] *Helden-Geschichte*, iv. 745-9.

priceless for Nations and for persons. But this poor old bed-ridden Reich, starting in agonistic spasm at such rate: is it not touching, in a Corpus moribund for so many Centuries past! The Reich is something; though it is not much, nothing like so much as even Kaiser Franz supposes it. Much or not so much, Kaiser Franz wishes to secure it for himself; Friedrich to hinder him, —and it must be a poor something, if not worth Plotho's wages on Friedrich's part.

It would insult the patience of every reader to go into these spasmodic tossings of the poor paralytic Reich; or to mention the least item of them beyond what had some result, or fraction of result, on the world's real affairs. We shall say only, therefore, that after tempests not a few of porcine squealing, answered always by counter-latration on the vigilant Plotho's part;—squealing, chiefly, from the Reichs-Hofrath at Vienna, the Head Tribunal of Imperial Majesty, which sits judging and denouncing there, touched to the soul, as if by a knife driven into its side, by those unheard-of treatments of Saxony and disregard to our *Dehortatoriums*, and which bursts out, peal after peal, filling the Universe, Plotho not unvigilant;—the poor old Reich's-Diet did at last get into an acting posture, and determine, by clear majority of 99 against 60, that there should be a "Reich's Execution Army" got on foot. Reich's Execution Army to coerce, by force of arms, this nefarious King of Prussia into making instant restitution to Saxony, with ample damages on the nail; that right be done to Kurfürsts of this Reich. To such height of vigour has the Reich's-Diet gone;—and was voting it at Regensburg, January 10th, 1757;[8] that very day when nefarious Friedrich at Berlin, case-hardened in iniquity to such a pitch, sat writing his *Instruction to*

[8] *Helden-Geschichte*, iv. 252-302-330; Stenzel, v. 32.

Count Finck, which we read not long since. Simultaneous movements, unknown to one another, in this big wrestle.

Reich's-Diet perfected its Vote; had it quite through, and sanctioned by the Kaiser's Majesty, January 29th: 'Arming to be a *triplum*' (triple contingent required of you, this time); with Romish-months (*Römermonate*) of cash contribution from all and sundry (rigorously gathered, I should hope, where Austria has power), so many as will cover the expense. Army to be got on actual foot hastily, instantly if possible: an "*eilende Reichs-Executions-Armee*;" so it ran, but the word *eilende* (speedy) had a mischance in printing, and was struck off into *elende* (contemptibly wretched): so that on all Market-Squares and Public Places of poor Teutschland, you read flaming Placards summoning out, not a speedy or immediate, but "a *miserable* Reich's Execution Army!" A word which, we need not say, was laughed at by the unfeeling part of the public; and was often called to mind by the Reich's Execution Army's performances, when said *speedy* Army did at last take the field.

For the Reich performed its Vote; actually had a Reich's Execution Army; the last it ever had in this world, not by any means the worst it ever had, for they used generally to be bad. Commanders, managers are named, Römermonate are gathered in, or the sure prospect of them; and, through May—June 1757, there is busy stir, of drumming, preparing, and enlisting, all over the Reich. End of July, we shall see the Reich's Army in Camp; end of August, actually in the field; and later on, a touch of its fighting withal. Many other things the Reich tried against unfortunate Friedrich,—gradual advance, in fact, to Ban of the Reich (or total anathema and cutting off from fire and water): but in none of these, in Ban as little as any, did it come to practical

result at all, or acquire the least title to be remembered at this day. Finis of Ban, some eight months hence, has something of attractive as futility, the curious Death of a Futility. Finis of Ban (October 14th, already indicated) we may for one moment look in upon, if there be one moment to spare; the rest—readers shall fancy it; and read only of the actuality and fighting part, which will itself be enough for them on such a matter.

Friedrich suddenly marches on Prag.

Four Invasions, from their respective points of the compass, north-east, north-west, south-east and south-west: here is a formidable outlook for the one man against whom they are all advancing open-mouthed. The one man,—with nothing but a Duke of Cumberland and his Observation Army for backing in such duel,—had need to look to himself! Which, we well know, he does; wrapt in profoundly silent vigilance, with his plans all laid. Of the Four Invasions, three, the Russian, French, Austrian, are very large; and the two latter, especially the last, are abundantly formidable. The Swedish, of which there is rumouring, he hopes may come to little, or not come at all. Nor is Russia, though talking big, and actually getting ready above 100,000 men, so immediately alarming. Friedrich always hopes the English, with their guineas and their managements, will do something for him in that quarter; and he knows, at worst, that the Russian Hundred-Thousand will be a very slow-moving entity. The Swedish Invasion Friedrich, for the present, leaves to chance: and against Russia, he has sent old Marshal Lehwald into those Baltic parts; far eastward, towards the utmost Memel Frontier, to put the Country upon its own defence, and make what he can of

it with 30,000 men,—West-Prussian militias a good few of them. This is all he can spare on the Swedish-Russian side: Austria and France are the perilous pair of entities; not to be managed except by intense concentration of stroke; and by going on them in succession, if one have luck!—

Friedrich's motions and procedures in canton-quarters, through Winter and in late months, have led to the belief that he means to stand on the defensive; that the scene of the Campaign will probably be Saxony; and that Austria, for recovering injured Saxony, for recovering dear Silesia, will have to take an invasive attitude. And Austria is busy everywhere preparing with that view. Has Tolpatcheries, and advanced Brigades, still harassing about in the Lausitz. A great Army assembling at Prag,—Browne forward towards the Metal Mountains securing posts, gathering magazines, for the crossing into Saxony there. There, it is thought, the tug of war will probably be. Furious, and strenuous, it is not doubted, on this Friedrich's part: but against such odds, what can he do? With Austrians in front, with Russians to left, with French to right and a-rear, not to mention Swedes and appendages: surely here, if ever, is a lost King!—

It is by no means Friedrich's intention that Saxony itself shall need to be invaded. Friedrich's habit is, as his enemies might by this time be beginning to learn, not that of standing on the defensive, but that of *going* on it, as the preferable method wherever possible. March 24th, Friedrich had quitted Dresden City; and for a month after (headquarters Lockwitz, edge of the Pirna Country), he had been shifting, redistributing, his cantoned Army,—privately into the due Divisions, due readiness for march. Which done, on fixed days, about the end of April, the whole Army, he himself from Lockwitz, April 20th,—to

the surprise of Austria and the world, Friedrich in three grand Columns, Bevern out of the Lausitz, King himself over the Metal Mountains, Schwerin out of Schlesien, is marching with extraordinary rapidity direct for Prag; in the notion that a right plunge into the heart of Bohemia will be the best defence for Saxony and the other places under menace.

This is a most unexpected movement; which greatly astonishes the world-theatre, pit, boxes and gallery alike (as Friedrich's sudden movements often do); and which is, above all, interesting on the stage itself, where the actors had been counting on a quite opposite set of entries and activities! Feldmarschall Browne, and General Königseck (not our old friend Königseck, who used to dry-nurse in the Netherlands, but his nephew and heir) may cease gathering Magazines, in those Lausitz and Metal-Mountain parts: happy could they give wings to those already gathered! Magazines, for Austrian service, are clearly not the things wanted there. One does not burn one's Magazines till the last extremity; but wings they have none; and such is the enigmatic velocity of those Prussian movements, one seldom has time even to burn them, in the last crisis of catastrophe! Considerable portions of that provender fell into the Prussian throat; as much as 'three-months provision for the whole Army,' count they,—adding to those Frontier sundries, the really important Magazine which they seized at Jung-Bunzlau farther in.[9] It is one among their many greater advantages from this surprisal of the enemy, and sudden topsy-turvying of his plans. Browne and Königseck have to retire on Prag at their swiftest; looking to more important results than Magazines.

It is Friedrich's old plan. Long since, in 1744, we saw

[9] *Helden-Geschichte*, iv. 6-13; &c.

a march of this kind, Three Columns rushing with simultaneous rapidity on Prag; and need not repeat the particulars on this occasion. Here are some Notes on the subject, which will sufficiently bring it home to readers:

'The Three Columns were, for a part of the way, Four; the 'King's being, at first, in two branches, till they united again, on 'the other side of the Hills. For the King,' what is to be noted, 'had shot out, three weeks before, a small preliminary branch, under 'Moritz of Dessau; who marched, well westward, by Eger (starting 'from Chemnitz in Saxony); and had some tusseling with our poor 'old friend Duke d'Ahremberg, Browne's subordinate in those parts. 'D'Ahremberg, having 20,000 under him, would not quit Eger for 'Moritz; but pushed out Croats upon him, and sat still. This, it 'was afterwards surmised, had been a feint on Friedrich's part; to 'give the Austrians pleasant thoughts: "Invading us, is he? Would 'fain invade us, but cannot!" Moritz fell back from Eger; and 'was ready to join the King's march, "at Linay, April 23d" (third 'day from Lockwitz, on the King's part). Onwards from which 'point the Columns are specifically Three; in strength, and on 'routes, somewhat as follows:

1°. 'The *First* Column or King's,—which is 60,000 after this 'junction, 45,000 foot, 15,000 horse,—quitted Lockwitz (head-'quarter for a month past), *Wednesday, April 20th.* They go by the 'Pascopol and other roads; through Pirna, for one place: through 'Karbitz, Aussig, are at Linay on the 23d; where Moritz joins: '24th, in the united state, forward again (leave Lobositz two miles 'to left); to Trebnitz, 25th, and rest there one day.

'At Aussig an unfortunate thing befel. Zastrow, respectable old 'General Zastrow, was to drive the Austrians out of Aussig: Zastrow 'does it, April 22d-23d, drives them well over the heights; April '25th, however, marching forward towards Lobositz, Zastrow is shot 'through both temples (Pandour hid among the bushes and cliffs, '*other* side of Elbe), and falls dead on the spot. Buried in *Gottleube* 'Kirk, 1st May.'

In these Aussig affairs, especially in recapturing the Castle of Tetschen near by, Colonel Mayer, father of the

new "Free-Corps," did shining service;—and was approved of, he and they. And, a day or two after, was detached with a Fifteen Hundred of that kind, on more important business: First to pick up one or two Bohemian Magazines lying handy; after which,—to pay a visit to the Reich and its bluster about Execution-Army, and teach certain persons, who it is they are thundering against in that awkwardly truculent manner! Errand shiningly done by Mayer, as perhaps we may hear,—and certainly as all the Newspapers loudly heard,—in the course of the next two months.

At crossing of the Eger, Friedrich's Column had some chasing of poor D'Ahremberg; attempting to cut him off from his Bridges, Bridge of Koschlitz, Bridge of Budin; but he made good despatch, Browne and he; and, except a few prisoners of Ziethen's gathering, and most of his Magazines unburnt, they did him no damage. The chase was close enough; more than once, the Austrian headquarter of tonight was that of the Prussians tomorrow. Monday, May 2d, Friedrich's Column was on the Weissenberg of Prag; Browne, D'Ahremberg, and Prince Karl, who is now come up to take command, having hastily filed through the City, leaving a fit garrison, the day before. Except his Magazines, nothing the least essential went wrong with Browne; but Königseck, who had not a Friedrich on his heels,—Königseck, trying more, as his opportunities were more,—was not quite so lucky.

2°. 'Column *Second*, to the King's left, comes from the Lausitz 'under Brunswick-Bevern,—18,000 foot, 5,000 horse. This is the 'Bevern who so distinguished himself at Lobositz last year; and 'he is now to culminate into a still brighter exploit,—the last of 'his very bright ones, as it proved. Bevern set out from about 'Zittau (from Grottau, few miles south of Zittau), the same day 'with Friedrich, that is April 20th;—and had not well started till

21st April 1757.

'he came upon formidable obstacles. Came upon General König-
'seck, namely: a Königseck manœuvering ahead, in superior force;
'a Macguire, Irish subordinate of Königseck's, coming from the
'right to cut off our baggage (against whom Bevern has to detach);
'a Lacy, coming from the left;—or indeed, Königseck and Lacy
'in concert, intending to offer battle. Battle of Reichenberg, which
'accordingly ensued, April 21st,'—of which, though it was very famous for so small a Battle, there can be no account given here.

The short truth is, Königseck falling back, Parthian-like, with a force of 30,000 or more, has in front of him nothing but Bevern; who, as he issues from the Lausitz, and till he can unite with Schwerin farther southward, is but some 20,000 odd: cannot Königseck call halt, and bid Bevern return, or do worse? Königseck, a diligent enough soldier, determines to try; chooses an excellent position, —at or round Reichenberg, which is the first Bohemian Town, one march from Zittau in the Lausitz, and then one from Liebenau, which latter would be Bevern's *second* Bohemian stage on the Prag road, if he continued prosperous. Reichenberg, standing nestled among hills in the Neisse Valley (one of those Four Neisses known to us, the Neisse where Prince Karl got exploded, in that signal manner, Winter 1745, by a certain King), offers fine capabilities; which Königseck has laid hold of. There is especially one excellent Hollow (on the left or western bank of Neisse River, that is, *across* from Reichenberg), backed by woody hills, nothing but hills, brooks, woods all round; Hollow scooped out as if for the purpose; and altogether of inviting character to Königseck. There, 'Wednesday, April 20th,' Königseck posts himself, plants batteries, fells abatis; plenty of cannon, of horse and foot, and, say all soldiers, one of the best positions possible.

So that Bevern, approaching Reichenberg at evening, evening of his first march, Wednesday, April 20th, finds

his way barred; and that the difficulties may be considerable. "Nothing to be made of it tonight," thinks Bevern; "but we must try tomorrow!" and has to take camp, 'with a marshy brook in front of him,' some way on the hither side of Reichenberg; and study overnight what method of unbarring there may be. Thursday morning early, Bevern, having well reconnoitred and studied, was at work unbarring. Bevern crossed his own marshy brook; courageously assaulted Königseck's position, left wing of Königseck; stormed the abatis, the batteries, plunged in upon Königseck, man to man, horse to horse, and after some fierce enough but brief dispute, tumbled Königseck out of the ground. Königseck made some attempt to rally; attempted twice, but in vain; had fairly to roll away, and at length to run, leaving 1,000 dead upon the field, about 500 prisoners; one or two guns, and I forget how many standards, or whether any kettle-drums. This was thought to be a decidedly bright feat on Bevern's part (rather mismanaged latterly on Königseck's);[10]—much approved by Friedrich, as he hears of it, at Linay, on his own prosperous march Prag-ward. A comfortable omen, were there nothing more.

Königseck and Company, torn out of Reichenberg, and set running, could not fairly halt again and face about till at Liebenau, twenty miles off, where they found some defile or difficult bit of ground fit for them; and this too proved capable of yielding pause for a few hours only. For Schwerin, with his Silesian Column, was coming

[10] Tempelhof, i. 100; *Helden-Geschichte*, iii. 1077 (Friedrich's own Account, 'Linay in Böhmen, 24th April 1757'); &c. &c. There is, in Büsching's *Magazin* (xvi. 139 et seq.), an intelligible sketch of this Action of Reichenberg, with satirical criticisms, which have some basis, on Lacy, Macguire and others, by an Anonymous Military Cynic,—who gives many such in *Büsching* (that of Fontenoy, for example), not without force of judgment, and signs of wide study and experience in his trade.

up from the north-east, threatening Königseck on flank and rear: Königseck could only tighten his straps a little at this Liebenau, and again get under way; and making vain attempts to hinder the junction of Schwerin and Bevern, to defend the Jung-Buntzlau Magazine, or do any good in those parts, except to detain the Schwerin-Bevern people certain hours (I think, one day in all), had nothing for it but to gird himself together, and retreat on Prag and the Ziscaberg, where his friends now were.

The Austrian force at Reichenberg was 20,000; would have been 30 and odd thousands, had Macguire come up (as he might have done, had not the appearances alarmed him too much); Bevern, minus the Detachment sent against Macguire, was but 15,000 in fight; and he has quite burst the Austrians away, who had plugged his road for him in such force: is it not a comfortable little victory, glorious in its sort; and a good omen for the bigger things that are coming? Bevern marched composedly on, after this inspiriting tussle, through Liebenau and what defiles there were; April 24th, at Turnau, he falls into the Schwerin Column; incorporates himself therewith, and, as subordinate constituent part, accompanies Schwerin thenceforth.

3°. 'Column *Third* was Schwerin's, out of Schlesien; counted 'to be 32,000 foot, 12,000 horse. Schwerin, gathering himself, 'from Glatz and the northerly country, at Landshut,—very careless, 'he, of the pleasant Hills, and fine scattered peaks of the Giant 'Mountains thereabouts,—was completely gathered foremost of all 'the Columns, having farthest to go. And on Monday, 18th April, 'started from Landshut, Winterfeld leading one Division. In our 'days, it is the finest of roads; high level Pass, of good width, 'across the Giant Range; pleasant painted hamlets sprinkling it, 'fine mountain ridges and distant peaks looking on; Schneekoppe '(*Snow*fell, its head bright white till July come) attends you, far 'to the right, all the way:—probably Sprite Rübezahl inhabits

'there; and no doubt River Elbe begins his long journey there, 'trickling down in little threads over yonder, intending to float 'navies by and by: considerations infinitely indifferent to Schwerin. "The road," says my Tourist, "is not Alpine; it reminds you of "Derbyshire-Peak country; more like the road from Castletown to "Sheffield than any I could name;"—we have been in it before, 'my reader and I, about Schatzlar and other places. Trautenau, 'well down the Hills, with swift streams, more like torrents, bound 'Elbe-wards, watering it, is a considerable Austrian Town, and the 'Bohemian end of the Pass,—Sohr only a few miles from it: heartily 'indifferent to Schwerin at this moment; who was home from the 'Army, in a kind of disfavour, or mutual pet, at the time Sohr 'was done. Schwerin's March we shall not give; his junction with 'Bevern (at Turnau, on the Iser, April 24th), then their capture of 'Jung-Buntzlau Magazine, and crossing of the Elbe at Melnick, these 'were the important points; and, in spite of Königseck's tusselings, 'these all went well, and nothing was lost except one day of time.'

The Austrians, some days ago, as we observed, filed *through* Prag,—Sunday, May 1st, not a pleasant holiday spectacle to the populations;—and are all encamped on the Ziscaberg high ground, on the other side of the City. Had they been alert, now was their time to attack Friedrich, who is weaker than they, while nobody has yet joined him. They did not think of it, under Prince Karl; and Browne and the Prince are said to be in bad agreement.

2d May 1757.

CHAPTER II.

BATTLE OF PRAG.

MONDAY morning, 2d May 1757, the Vanguard, or advanced troops of Friedrich's Column, had appeared upon the Weissenberg, north-west corner of Prag (ground known to them in 1744, and to the poor Winter-King in 1620): Vanguard in the morning; followed shortly by Friedrich himself; and, hour after hour, by all the others, marching in. So that, before sunset, the whole force lay posted there; and had the romantic City of Prag full in view at their feet. A most romantic, high-piled, many-towered, most unlevel old City; its skylights and gilt steeplecocks glittering in the western sun,—Austrian Camp very visible close beyond it, spread out miles in extent on the Ziscaberg Heights, or eastern side;—Prag, no doubt, and the Austrian Garrison of Prag, taking intense survey of this Prussian phenomenon, with commentaries, with emotions, hidden now in eternal silence, as is fit enough. One thing we know, 'Headquarter was in Welleslawin:' there, in that small Hamlet, nearly to north, lodged Friedrich, the then busiest man of Europe; whom Posterity is still striving for a view of, as something memorable.

Prince Karl, our old friend, is now in chief command yonder; Browne also is there, who was in chief command; their scheme of Campaign gone all awry. And to Friedrich, last night, at his quarters 'in the Monastery of Tuchomirsitz,' where these two Gentlemen had lodged the

night before, it was reported that they had been heard in violent altercation;[1]—both of them, naturally, in ill-humour at the surprising turn things had taken; and Feldmarschall Browne firing up, belike, at some platitude past or coming, at some advice of his rejected, some imputation cast on him, or we know not what. Prince Karl is now chief; and indignant Browne, as may well be the case, dissents a good deal,—as he has often had to do. Patience, my friend, it is near ending now! Prince Karl means to lie quiet on the Ziscaberg, and hold Prag; does not think of molesting Friedrich in his solitary state; and will undertake nothing, "till Königseck, from Jung-Buntzlau, come in," victorious or not; or till perhaps even Daun arrive (who is, rather slowly, gathering reinforcement in Mähren): "What can the enemy attempt on us, in a Post of this strength?" thinks Prince Karl. And Browne, whatever his insight or convictions be, has to keep silence.

'Weissenberg,' let readers be reminded, 'is on the hither or 'western side of Prag: the Hradschin' (pronounce Rads*heen*, with accent on the last syllable, as in 'Schwer*in*' and other such cases), 'the Hradschin, which is the topmost summit of the City and of 'the Fashionable Quarter,—old Bohemian Palace, still occasionally 'habitable as such, and in constant use as a *Downing-Street*,—lies 'on the slope or shoulder of the Weissenberg, a good way from the 'top; and has a web of streets rushing down from it, steepest streets 'in the world; till they reach the Bridge, and broad-flowing Moldau '(broad as Thames at half-flood, but nothing like so deep); after 'which the streets become level, and spread out in intricate plenty 'to right and to left, and ahead eastward, across the River, till the 'Ziscaberg, with frowning precipitous brow, suddenly puts a stop to 'them, in that particular direction. From Ziscaberg top to Weissenberg top may be about five English miles; from the Hradschin 'to the foot of Ziscaberg, north-west to south-east, will be half that 'distance, the greatest length of Prag City. Which is rather rhom-

[1] *Helden-Geschichte*, iv. 11 (exact 'Diary of the march' given there).

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'boidal in shape, its longer diagonal this that we mention. The 'shorter diagonal, from northmost base of Ziscaberg to southmost 'of Hradschin, is perhaps a couple of miles. Prag stands nestled in 'the lap of mountains; and is not in itself a strong place in war: 'but the country round it, Moldau ploughing his rugged chasm of a 'passage through the piled table-land, is difficult to manœuvre in.

'Moldau Valley comes straight from the south, crosses Prag; 'and,—making, on its outgate at the northern end of Prag (end 'of "shortest diagonal" just spoken of), one big loop, or bend and 'counter-bend, of horse-shoe shape,' which will be notable to us anon,—'again proceeds straight northward and Elbe-ward. It is 'narrow everywhere, especially when once got fairly north of Prag; 'and runs along like a Quasi-Highland Strath, amid rocks and 'Hills. Big Hill-ranges, not to be called barren, yet with rock 'enough on each hand, and fine side valleys opening here and 'there: the bottom of your Strath, which is green and fertile, with 'pleasant busy Villages (much intent on water-power and cotton-'spinning in our time), is generally of few furlongs in breadth. 'And so it lasts, this pleasant Moldau-Valley, mile after mile, on 'the northern or Lower Moldau, generally straight north, though 'with one big bend eastward just before ending; and not till near 'Melnick, or the mouth of Moldau, do we emerge on that grand 'Elbe Valley,—glanced at once already, from Pascopol or other 'Height, in the Lobositz times.'

Friedrich's first problem is the junction with Schwerin: junction not to be accomplished south of the Ziscaberg in the present circumstances; and which Friedrich knows to be a ticklish operation, with those Austrians looking on from the high grounds there. Tuesday 3d May, in the way of reconnoitring, and decisively on Wednesday 4th, Friedrich is off northward, along the western heights of Lower Moldau, proper force following him, to seek a fit place for the pontoons, and get across in that northern quarter. "How dangerous that Schwerin is a day too late!" murmurs he; but hopes the Austrians will undertake nothing. Keith, with 30,000, he has left on the

Weissenberg, to straiten Prag and the Austrian Garrison on that side: our wagon-trains arrive from Leitmeritz on that side, Elbe-boats bring them up to Leitmeritz; very indispensable to guard that side of Prag. Friedrich's fixed purpose also is to beat the Austrians, on the other side of it, and send them packing; but for that, there are steps needful!

Up so far as Lissoley, the first day, Friedrich has found no fit place; but on the morrow, Thursday 5th, farther up, at a place called Seltz, Friedrich finds his side of the Strath to be 'a little higher than the other,'—proper, therefore, for cannonading the other; if need be;—and orders his pontoons to be built together there. He knows accurately of the Schwerin Column, of the comfortable Bevern Victory at Reichenberg, and how they have got the Jung-Buntzlau Magazine, and are across the Elbe, their bridges all secured, though with delay of one day; and do now wait only for the word,—for the three cannon-shot, in fact, which are to signify that Friedrich is actually crossing to their side of Lower Moldau.

Friedrich's Bridge is speedily built (trained human hands can be no speedier), his batteries planted, his precautions taken: the three cannon-shot go off, audible to Schwerin; and Friedrich's troops stream speedily across, hardly a Pandour to meddle with them. Nay, before the passage was complete—what light-horse squadrons are these? Hussars, seen to be Seidlitz's (missioned by Schwerin), appear on the outskirts: a meeting worthy of three-cheers, surely, after such a march on both sides! Friedrich lies on the eastern Hill-tops that night (Hamlet of Czimitz his Headquarter, discoverable if you wish it, scarcely three miles north of Prag); and accurate appointment is made with Schwerin as to the meeting-place tomorrow morning. Meeting-place is to be the environs

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of Prossik Village, south-eastward over yonder, short way north of the Prag-Königgrätz Highway; and rather nearer Prag than we now are, in Czimitz here: time at Prossik to be 6 A.M. by the clock; and Winterfeld and Schwerin to come in person and speak with his Majesty. This is the program for Friday, May 6th, which proves to be so memorable a day.

Schwerin is on foot by the stroke of midnight; comes along, 'over the heights of Chaber,' by half-a-dozen, or I know not how many roads; visible in due time to Friedrich's people, who are likewise punctually on the advance: in a word, the junction is accomplished with all correctness. And, while the Columns are marching up, Schwerin and Winterfeld ride about in personal conference with his Majesty; taking survey, through spyglasses, of those Austrians encamped yonder on the broad back of their Zisca Hill, a couple of miles to southward. "What a set of Austrians," exclaim military critics; "to permit such junction, without effort to devour the one half or the other, in good time!" Friedrich himself, it is probable, might partly be of the same opinion; but he knew his Austrians, and had made bold to venture. Friedrich, we can observe, always got to know his man, after fighting him a month or two; and took liberties with him, or did not take, accordingly. And, for most part,—not quite always, as one signal exception will show,—he does it with perfect accuracy; and often with vital profit to his measures. "If the Austrian cooking-tents are a-smoke before "eight in the morning," notes he, "you may calculate, in "such case, the Austrians will march that day."[2] With a surprising vividness of eye and mind (beautiful to rival, if one could), he watches the signs of the times, of the hours and the days and the places; and prophesies from them;

[2] *Military Instructions.*

—reads men and their procedures, as if they were mere handwriting, not too cramp for him.—The Austrians have, by this time, got their Königseck home, very unvictorious, but still on foot, all but a thousand or two: they are already stronger than the Prussians by count of heads; and till even Daun come up, what hurry in a Post like this? The Austrians are viewing Friedrich, too, this morning; but in the blankest manner: their outposts fire a cannon-shot or two on his group of adjutants and him, without effect; and the Head people send their cavalry out to forage, so little prophecy have they from signs seen.

Zisca Hill, where the Austrians now are, rises sheer up, of well-nigh precipitous steepness, though there are trees and grass on it, from the eastern side of Prag, say five or six hundred feet. A steep, picturesque, massive green Hill; Moldau River, turning suddenly to right, strikes the north-west corner of it (has flowed well to west of it, till then), and winds eastward round its northern base. As will be noticed presently. The ascent of Ziscaberg, by roads, is steep and tedious: but once at the top, you find that it is precipitous on two sides only, the City or westward side, and the Moldau or northward. Atop it spreads out, far and wide, into a waving upland level; bare of hedges; ploughable all of it, studded with littery hamlets and farmsteadings: far and wide, a kind of Plain, sloping with extreme gentleness, five or six miles to eastward, and as far to southward, before the level perceptibly rise again.

Another feature of the Ziscaberg, already hinted at, is very notable: that of the Moldau skirting its northern base, and scarping the Hill, on that side too, into a precipitous, or very steep condition. Moldau having arrived from southward, fairly past the end of Ziscaberg, had, so to speak, made up his mind to go right eastward, quarry-

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ing his way through the lower uplands there. And he proceeds, accordingly, hugging the northern base of Ziscaberg, and making it steep enough; but finds, in the course of a mile or so, that he can no more; upland being still rock-built, not underminable farther; and so is obliged to wind round again, to northward, and finally straight westward, the way he came, or parallel to the way he came; and has effected that great Horse-shoe Hollow we heard of lately. An extremely pretty Hollow, and curious to look upon; pretty villas, gardens, and a "Belvedere Park," laid out in the bottom part; with green mountain-walls rising all round it, and a silver ring of river at the base of them: length of Horse-shoe, from heel to toe, or from west to east, is perhaps a mile; breadth, from heel to heel, perhaps half as much. Having arrived at his old distance to west, Moldau, like a repentant prodigal, and as if ashamed of his frolic, just over against the old point he swerved from, takes straight to northward again. Straight northward; and quarries out that fine narrow valley, or Quasi-Highland Strath, with its pleasant busy villages, where he turns the overshot machinery, and where Friedrich and his men had their pontoons swimming yesterday.

It is here, on this broad back of the Ziscaberg, that the Austrians now lie; looking northward over to the King, and trying cannon-shots upon him. There they have been encamping, and diligently entrenching themselves for four days past; diligent especially since yesterday, when they heard of Friedrich's crossing the River. Their groups of tents, and batteries at all the good points, stretch from near the crown of Ziscaberg eastward to the Villages of Hlaupetin, Kyge, and their Lakes, near four miles; and rearward into the interior one knows not how far;*—

* Map at p. 140 *a*.

Prince Karl, hardly awake yet, lies at Nussel, near the Moldau, near the Wischerad or south-eastmost point of Prag; six good miles west-by-south of Kyge, at the other end of the diagonal line. About the same distance, right east from Nussel, and a mile or more to south of Kyge over yonder, is a littery Farmstead named Sterbohol, which is not yet occupied by the Austrians, but will become very famous in their War-Annals, this day!—

Where the Austrian Camp or various Tent-groups were, at the time Friedrich first cast eye on them, is no great concern of his or ours; inasmuch as, in two or three hours hence, the Austrians were obliged, rather suddenly, to take Order of Battle; and that, and not their camping, is the thing we are curious upon. Let us step across, and take some survey of that Austrian ground, which Friedrich is now surveying from the distance, fully intending that it shall be a battle-ground in few hours; and try to explain how the Austrians drew up on it, when they noticed the Prussian symptoms to become serious more and more. By nine in the morning,—some two hours after Friedrich began his scanning, and the Austrian outposts their firing of stray cannon-shots on him,—it is Battle-lines, not empty Tents (which there was not time to strike), that salute the eye over yonder.

From behind that verdant Horse-shoe Chasm we spoke of, buttressed by the inaccessible steeps, and the Moldau, double-folded in the form of Horse-shoe, all along the brow of that sloping expanse, stands (by 9 A.M. 'foragers all suddenly called in') the Austrian front; the second line and the reserve, parallel to it, at good distances behind. Ranked there; say, 65,000 regulars (Prussian force little short of the same), on the brow of Ziscaberg slope, some four miles long. Their right wing ends, in strong batteries, in intricate marshes, knolls, lakelets, be-

tween Hlaupetin and Kyge: the extreme of their left wing looks over on that Horse-shoe Hollow, where Moldau tried to dig his way, but could not, and had to turn back. They have numerous redoubts, in front and in all the good places; and are busy with more, some of them just now getting finished, treble-quick, while the Prussians are seen under way. As many as sixty heavy cannon in battery up and down: of field-pieces they have a hundred and fifty. Excellent always with their Artillery, these Austrians; plenty of it, well placed, and well served: thanks to Prince Lichtenstein's fine labours, within these ten years past.[3] The villages, the farmsteads, are occupied; every rising ground especially has its battery,—Homoly Berg, Tabor Berg, 'Mount of Tabor;' say *Knoll* of Tabor (nothing like so high as Battersea Rise, hardly even as Constitution Hill), though scriptural Zisca would make a Mount of it;—these, and other *Bergs* of the like type.

That is the Austrian Battle Order (as it stood about nine, though it had still to change a little, as we shall see): their first line, straight or nearly so, looking northward, stands on the brow of the Zisca Slope; their second and their third, singularly like it, at the due distances behind;—in the intervals, their tents, which stand scattered, in groups wide apart, in the ample interior to southward. The cavalry is on both wings; left wing, behind that Moldau Chasm, cannot attack nor be attacked,—except it were on hippogriffs, and its enemy on the like, capable of fighting in the air, overhead of these Belvedere Pleasure-grounds: perhaps Prince Karl will remedy this oversight; fruit of close following of the orthodox practice? Prince Karl, supreme Chief, commands on the left wing; Browne on the right, where he can attack or be attacked, *not* on hippogriffs. As we shall

[3] *Œuvres de Frédéric* (in several places); see Hormayr, § Lichtenstein.

see, and others will! Light horse, in any quantity, hang scattered on all outskirts. With foot, with cannon batteries, with horse, light or heavy, they cover in long broad flood the whole of that Zisca Slope, to near where it ceases, and the ground to eastward begins perceptibly to rise again.

In this latter quarter, Zisca Slope, now nearly ended, begins to get very swampy in parts; on the eastern border of the Austrian Camp, at Kyge, Hostawitz, and beyond it southward, about Sterbohol and Michelup, there are many little lakelets; artificial fish-ponds, several of them, with their sluices, dams and apparatus: a ragged broadish lacing of ponds and lakelets (all well dried in our day) straggles and zigzags along there, connected by the miserablest Brook in nature, which takes to oozing and serpentising forward thereabouts, and does finally get emptied, now in a rather livelier condition, into the Moldau, about the *toe*-part of that Horse-shoe or Belvedere region. It runs in sight of the King, I think, where he now is; this lower livelier part of it: little does the King know how important the upper oozing portion of it will be to him this day. Near Michelup are lakelets worth noticing; a little under Sterbohol, in the course of this miserable Brook, is a string of fish-ponds, with their sluices open at this time, the water out, and the mud bottom sown with herb-provender for the intended carps, which is coming on beautifully, green as leeks, and nearly ready for the fish getting to it again.

Friedrich surveys diligently what he can of all this, from the northern verge. We will now return to Friedrich; and will stay on his side, through the terrible Action that is coming. Battle of Prag, one of the furious Battles of the World; loud as Doomsday;—the very Emblem of which, done on the Piano by females of energy, scatters mankind to flight who love their ears! Of this great

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Action the Narratives old and modern are innumerable; false some of them, unintelligible well nigh all. There are three in Lloyd, known probably to some of my readers. Tempelhof, with criticisms of these three, gives a fourth, —perhaps the one Narrative which human nature, after much study, can in some sort understand. Human readers, especially military, I refer to that as their finale.[4] Other interest than military-scientific the Action now has not much. The stormy fire of soul that blazed that day (higher in no ancient or modern Fight of men) is extinct, hopeless of resuscitation for English readers. Approximately what the thing to human eyes might be like; what Friedrich's procedure, humour and physiognomy of soul was in it: this, especially the latter head, is what we search for,—had lazy Dryasdust given us almost anything on this latter head! What little can be gleaned from him on both heads let us faithfully give, and finish our sad part of the combat.

Friedrich, with his Schwerin and Winterfeld, surveying these things from the northern edge, admits that the Austrian position is extremely strong; but he has no doubt that it must be, by some good method, attacked straightway, and the Austrians got beaten. Indisputably the enterprise is difficult. Unattackable clearly, the Aus-

[4] In Lloyd, i. 38 et seq. (the Three): in Tempelhof, i. 123 (the Fourth); ib. i. 144 (strength of each Army), 105-149 (*remarks* of Tempelhof).—The '*History*,' or Series of Lectures on the Battles, &c. of this War, '*by the Royal Staff-Officers*,'—which, for the last thirty or forty years, is used as Text-Book, or Military *Euclid*, in the Prussian Cadet-Schools,—appears to possess the fit professorial lucidity and amplitude; and, in regard to all Official details, enumerations and the like, is received as of *canonical* authority: it is not accessible to the general Public,—though liberally enough conceded in special cases; whereby, in effect, the main results of it are now become current in modern Prussian Books. By favour in high quarters, I had once possession of a copy, for some months; but not, at that time, the possibility of thoroughly reading any part of it.

trians, on that left wing of theirs; not in the centre well attackable, nor in the front at all, with that stiff ground, and such redoubts and points of strength: but round on their right yonder; take them in flank,—cannot we? On as far as Kyge, the Three have ridden reconnoitring; and found no possibility upon the front; nor at Kyge, where the front ends in batteries, pools and quagmires, is there any. "Difficult, not undoable," persists the King: "and it must be straightway set about, and got done." Winterfeld, always for action, is of that opinion, too; and, examining farther down along their right flank, reports that there the thing is feasible.

Feasible perhaps: "but straightway?" objects Schwerin. His men have been on foot since midnight, and on forced marches for days past: were it not better to rest for this one day? "Rest:—and Daun, coming on with 30,000 of reinforcement to them, might arrive this night? Never, my good Feldmarschall;"—and as the Feldmarschall was a man of stiff notions, and had a tongue of some emphasis, the Dialogue went on, probably with increasing emphasis on Friedrich's side too, till old Schwerin, with a quite emphatic flash of countenance, crushing the hat firm over his brow, exclaims: "Well, your Majesty: the fresher fish the better fish (*frische Fische, gute Fische*): straightway, then!" and springs off on the gallop southward, he too, seeking some likely point of attack. He too,—conjointly or not with Winterfeld, I do not know: Winterfeld himself does not say; whose own modest words, on the subject, readers shall see before we finish. But both are mentioned in the Books as searching, at hand-gallop, in this way: and both, once well round to south, by the Podschernitz quarter,* with the Austrian right flank full

* See Map at p. 140*a*: 'Podschernitz' is pronounced Pots*her*nitz (should we happen to mention it again); 'Kyge,' *Keega*.

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in view, were agreed that here the thing was possible. "Infantry to push from this quarter towards Sterbohol yonder, and then plunge into their redoubts and them! Cavalry may sweep still farther southward, if found convenient, and even take them in rear." Both agree that it will do in this way: ground tolerably good, slightly downwards for us, then slightly upwards again; tolerable for horse even:—the intermediate lacing of dirty lakelets, the fishponds with their sluices drawn, Schwerin and Winterfeld either did not notice at all, or thought them insignificant, interspersed with such beautiful "pasture-ground,"—of unusual verdure at this early season of the year.

The deployment, or "marching up (*Aufmarschiren*)" of the Prussians was wonderful; in their squadrons, in their battalions, horse, foot, artillery, wheeling, closing, opening; strangely chequering a country-side,—in movements intricate, chaotic to all but the scientific eye. Conceive them, flowing along, from the Heights of Chaber, behind Prossik Hamlet (right wing of infantry plants itself at Prossik, horse westward of them); and ever onwards in broad many-chequered tide-stream, eastward, eastward, then southward ('our artillery went through 'Podschernitz, the foot and horse a little on this west-'ward side of it'): intricate, many-glancing tide of coming battle; which, swift, correct as clockwork, becomes two lines, from Prossik to near Chwala ('baggage well behind at Gbell'); thence round by Podschernitz quarter; and descends, steady, swift, tornado-storm so beautifully hidden in it, towards Sterbohol, there to grip-to. Gradually, in stirring up those old dead pedantic record-books, the fact rises on us: silent whirlwinds of old Platt-Deutsch fire, beautifully held down, dwell in those mute masses; better human stuff there is not than that

old Teutsch (Dutch, English, Platt-Deutsch, and other varieties); and so disciplined as here it never was before or since. 'In an hour and half,' what military men may count almost incredible, they are fairly on their ground, motionless the most of them by 9 A.M.; the rest wheeling rightward, as they successively arrive in the Chwala-Podschernitz localities; and, descending diligently, Sterbohol way; and will be at their harvest-work anon.

Meanwhile the Austrians, seeing, to their astonishment, these phenomena to the north, and that it is a quite serious thing, do also rapidly bestir themselves; swarming like bees;—bringing in their foraging Cavalry, "No time to change your jacket for a coat:" rank, double-quick! Browne is on that right wing of theirs: "Bring the left wing over hither," suggests Browne; "cavalry is useless yonder, unless they had hippogriffs!"—and (again Browne suggesting) the Austrians make a change in the position of their right wing, both horse and foot: change which is of vital importance, though unnoted in many Narratives of this Battle. Seeing, namely, what the Prussians intend, they wheel their right wing (say the last furlong or two of their long Line of Battle) half round to right; so that the last furlong or two stands at right angles ('*en potence*,' gallows-wise, or joiner's-square-wise to the rest); and, in this way, make front to the Prussian onslaught,—front now, not flank, as the Prussians are anticipating. This is an important wheel to right, and formation in joiner's-square manner; and involves no end of interior wheeling, marching and deploying; which Austrians cannot manage with Prussian velocity. "Swift with it, here about Sterbohol at least, my men! For here *are* the Prussians within wind of us!" urges Browne. And here straightway the hurricane does break loose.

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Winterfeld, the van of Schwerin's infantry (Schwerin's own regiment, and some others, with him), is striding rapidly on Sterbohol; Winterfeld catches it before Browne can. But near by, behind that important post, on the Homoly Hill (*Berg* or 'Mountain,' nothing like so high as Constitution Mountain), are cannon-batteries of devouring quality; which awaken on Winterfeld, as he rushes out double-quick on the advancing Austrians; and are fatal to Winterfeld's attempt, and nearly to Winterfeld himself. Winterfeld, heavily wounded, sank in swoon from his horse; and awakening again in a pool of blood, found his men all off, rushing back upon the main Schwerin body; 'Austrian grenadiers gazing on the thing, about 'eighty paces off, not venturing to follow.' Winterfeld, half-dead, scrambled across to Schwerin, who is now come up with the main body, his front line fronting the Austrians here. And there ensued, about Sterbohol and neighbourhood, led on by Schwerin, such a death-wrestle as was seldom seen in the Annals of War. Winterfeld's miss of Sterbohol was the beginning of it; the exact course of sequel none can describe, though the end is well known.

The Austrians now hold Sterbohol with firm grip, backed by those batteries from Homoly Hill. Redoubts, cannon-batteries, as we said, stud all the field; the Austrian stock of artillery is very great; arrangement of it cunning, practice excellent; does honour to Prince Lichtenstein, and indeed is the real force of the Austrians on this occasion. Schwerin must have Sterbohol, in spite of batteries and ranked Austrians, and Winterfeld's recoil tumbling round him:—and rarely had the oldest veteran such a problem. Old Schwerin (fiery as ever, at the age of 73) has been in many battles, from Blenheim onwards; and now has got to his hottest and his last. "Vanguard could

not do it; main body, we hope, kindling all the hotter, perhaps may!" A most willing mind is in these Prussians of Schwerin's: fatigue of over-marching has tired the muscles of them; but their hearts,—all witnesses say, these (and through these, their very muscles, 'always fresh again, after a few minutes of breathing time') were beyond comparison, this day!

Schwerin's Prussians, as they 'march up' (that is, as they front and advance upon the Austrians), are everywhere saluted by case-shot, from Homoly Hill and the batteries northward of Homoly; but march on, this main line of them, finely regardless of it or of Winterfeld's disaster by it. The general Prussian Order this day is: "By push of bayonet; no firing, none, at any rate, till you see the whites of their eyes!" Swift, steady as on the parade-ground, swiftly making up their gaps again, the Prussians advance, on these terms; and are now near those "fine sleek pasture-grounds, unusually green for the season." Figure the actual stepping upon these "fine pasture-grounds:"—mud-tanks, verdant with mere 'bearding oat-crop' sown there as carp-provender! Figure the sinking of whole regiments to the knee; to the middle, some of them; the steady march become a wild sprawl through viscous mud, mere case-shot singing round you, tearing you away at its ease! Even on those terrible terms, the Prussians, by dams, by footpaths, sometimes one man abreast, sprawl steadily forward, trailing their cannon with them; only a few regiments, in the footpath parts, cannot bring their cannon. Forward; rank again, when the ground will carry; ever forward, the case-shot getting ever more murderous! No human pen can describe the deadly chaos which ensued in that quarter. Which lasted, in desperate fury, issue dubious, for above three hours; and was the crisis, or essential agony,

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of the Battle. Foot-chargings (once the mud-transit was accomplished), under storms of grape-shot from Homoly Hill; by and by, Horse-chargings, Prussian against Austrian, southward of Homoly and Sterbohol, still farther to the Prussian left; huge whirlpool of tumultuous death-wrestle, every species of spasmodic effort, on the one side and the other;—King himself present there, as I dimly discover; Feldmarschall Browne eminent, in the last of his fields; and, as the old *Niebelungen* has it, 'a murder grim and great' going on.

Schwerin's Prussians, in that preliminary struggle through the mud-tanks (which Winterfeld, I think, had happened to skirt, and avoid), were hard bested. This, so far as I can learn, was the worst of the chaos, this preliminary part. Intolerable to human nature, this, or nearly so; even to human nature of the Platt-Teutsch type, improved by Prussian drill. Winterfeld's repulse we saw; Schwerin's own Regiment in it. Various repulses, I perceive, there were,—'fresh regiments from our Second Line' storming in thereupon; till the poor repulsed people 'took breath,' repented, 'and themselves stormed in again,' say the Books. Fearful tugging, swagging and swaying is conceivable, in this Sterbohol problem! And after long scanning, I rather judge it was in the wake of that first repulse, and not of some other farther on, that the veteran Schwerin himself got his death. No one times it for us; but the fact is unforgettable; and in the dim whirl of sequences, dimly places itself there. Very certain it is, 'at sight of his own regiment in retreat,' Feldmarschall Schwerin seized the colours,—as did other Generals, who are not named, that day. Seizes the colours, fiery old man: "*Heran, meine Kinder* (This way, my sons)!" and rides ahead, along the straight dam again; his 'sons' all turning, and with hot repentance following.

"On, my children, *Heran!*" Five bits of grape-shot, deadly each of them, at once hit the old man; dead he sinks there on his flag; and will never fight more. "*Heran!*" storm the others with hot tears; Adjutant von Platen takes the flag; Platen, too, is instantly shot; but another takes it. "*Heran*, On!" in wild storm of rage and grief: —in a word, they managed to do the work at Sterbohol, they and the rest. First line, Second line, Infantry, Cavalry (and even the very Horses, I suppose), fighting inexpressibly; conquering one of the worst problems ever seen in War. For the Austrians too, especially their grenadiers there, stood to it toughly, and fought like men; —and 'every grenadier that survived of them,' as I read afterwards, 'got double pay for life.'

Done, that Sterbohol work;—those Foot-chargings, Horse-chargings; that battery of Homoly Hill; and, hanging upon that, all manner of redoubts and batteries to the rightward and rearward:—but how it was done no pen can describe, nor any intellect in clear sequence understand. An enormous *mêlée* there: new Prussian battalions charging, and ever new, irrepressible by case-shot, as they successively get up; Marshal Browne too sending for new battalions at double-quick from his left, disputing stiffly every inch of his ground. Till at length (hour not given), a cannon-shot tore away his foot; and he had to be carried into Prag, mortally wounded. Which probably was a most important circumstance, or the most important of all.

Important too, I gradually see, was that of the Prussian Horse of the Left Wing. Prussian Horse of the extreme left, as already noticed, had, in the mean while, fallen in, well southward, round by certain lakelets about Michelup, on Browne's extreme right; furiously charging the Austrian Horse, which stood ranked there in many lines; breaking it, then again half broken by it; but again

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rallying, charging it a second time, then a third time, 'both to front and flank, amid whirlwinds of dust' (Ziethen busy there, not to mention indignant Warnery and others);—and at length, driving it wholly to the winds: 'beyond Nussel, towards the Sazawa Country;' never seen again that day. Prince Karl (after Browne's death-wound, or before, I never know) came galloping to rally that important Right Wing of horse. Prince Karl did his very utmost there; obtesting, praying, raging, threatening:—but to no purpose; the Zicthenors and others so heavy on the rear of them:—and at last there came a cramp, or intolerable twinge of spasm, through Prince Karl's own person (breast or heart), like to take the life of him: so that he too had to be carried into Prag to the doctors. And his Cavalry fled at discretion; chased by Ziethen, on Friedrich's express order, and sent quite over the horizon. Enough, 'by about half-past one,' Sterbohol work is thoroughly done: and the Austrian Battle, both its Commanders gone, has heeled fairly downwards, and is in an ominous way.

The whole of this Austrian Right Wing, horse and foot, batteries and redoubts, which was put *en potence*, or square-wise, to the main battle, is become a ruin; gone to confusion; hovers in distracted clouds, seeking roads to run away by, which it ultimately found. Done all this surely was; and poor Browne, mortally wounded, is being carried off the ground; but in what sequence done, under what exact vicissitudes of aspect, special steps of cause and effect, no man can say; and only imagination, guided by these few data, can paint to itself. Such a chaotic whirlwind of blood, dust, mud, artillery-thunder, sulphurous rage, and human death and victory,—who shall pretend to describe it, or draw, except in the gross, the scientific plan of it?

For, in the mean time,—I think while the dispute at Sterbohol, on the extreme of the Austrian right wing 'in joiner's-square form,' was past the hottest (but nobody will give the hour),—there has occurred another thing, much calculated to settle that. And, indeed, to settle everything;—as it did. This was a volunteer exploit, upon the very elbow or angle of said 'joiner's square;' in the wet grounds between Hlaupetin and Kyge, a good way north of Sterbohol. Volunteer exploit; on the part of General Mannstein, our old Russian friend; which Friedrich, a long way off from it, blames as a rash fault of Mannstein's, made good by Prince Henri and Ferdinand of Brunswick running up to mend it; but which Winterfeld, and subsequent good judges, admit to have been highly salutary, and to have finished everything. It went, if I read right, somewhat as follows.

In the Kyge-Hlaupetin quarter, at the corner of that Austrian right wing *en potence*, there had, much contrary to Browne's intention, a perceptible gap occurred; the corner is open there; nothing in it but batteries and swamps. The Austrian right wing, wheeling southward, there to form *potence;* and scrambling and marching, then and subsequently, through such ground at double-quick, had gone too far (had thinned and lengthened itself, as is common, in such scrambling, and double-quick movement, thinks Tempelhof), and left a little gap at elbow; which always rather widened as the stress at Sterbohol went on. Certain enough, a gap there is, covered only by some half-moon battery in advance: into this, General Mannstein has been looking wistfully a long time: "Austrian Line fallen out at elbow yonder; clouted by some battery in advance?"—and at length cannot help dashing loose on it with his Division. A man liable to be rash, and always too impetuous in battle-time.

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He would have fared ill, thinks Friedrich, had not Henri and Ferdinand, in pain for Mannstein (some think, privately in preconcert with him), hastened in to help; and done it altogether in a shining way; surmounting perilous difficulties not a few. Hard fighting in that corner, partly on the Sterbohol terms; batteries, mud-tanks; chargings, rechargings: "Comrades, you have got honour enough, *Kameraden, ihr habt Ehre genug*" (the second man of you lying dead); "let us now try!" said a certain Regiment to a certain other, in this business.[5] Prince Henri shone especially, the gallant little gentleman: coming upon one of those mud-tanks with battery beyond, his men were spreading file-wise, to cross it on the dams; "*Bursche*, this way!" cried the Prince, and plunged in middle-deep, right upon the battery, and over it, and victoriously took possession of it. In a word, they all plunge forward, in a shining manner; rush on those half-moon batteries, regardless of results; rush over them, seize and secure them. Rush, in a word, fairly into that Austrian hole-at-elbow, torrents more following them,— and irretrievably ruin both fore-arm and shoulder-arm of the Austrians thereby.

Fore-arm (Austrian right wing, if still struggling and wriggling about Sterbohol) is taken in flank; shoulder-arm, or main line, the like; we have them both in flank; with their own batteries to scour them to destruction here:—the Austrian Line, throughout, is become a ruin. Has to hurl itself rapidly to rightwards, to rearwards, says Tempelhof, behind what redoubts and strong points it may have in those parts; and then, by sure stages (Tempelhof guesses three, or perhaps four), as one redoubt after another is torn from the loose grasp of it, and the stand made becomes ever weaker, and the con-

[5] Archenholtz, i. 75; Tempelhof, &c.

fusion worse,—to roll pell-mell into Prag, and hastily close the door behind it. The Prussians, Sterbohol people, Mannstein-Henri people, left wing and right, are quite across the Zisca Back, on by Nussel (Prince Karl's head-quarter that was), and at the Moldau Brink again, when the thing ends. Ziethen's Hussars have been at Nussel, very busy plundering there, ever since that final charge and chase from Sterbohol. Plundering; and, I am ashamed to say, mostly drunk: "Your Majesty, I cannot rank a hundred sober," answered Ziethen (doubtless with a kind of blush), when the King applied for them. The King himself has got to Branik, farther up stream. Part of the Austrian foot fled, leftwards, southwards, as their right wing of horse had all done, up the Moldau. About 16,000 Austrians are distractedly on flight that way. Towards the Sazawa Country; to unite with Daun, as the now advisable thing. Near 40,000 of them are getting crammed into Prag; in spite of Prince Karl, now recovered of his cramp, and risen to the frantic pitch; who vainly struggles at the Gate against such inrush, and had even got through the Gate, conjuring and commanding, but was himself swum in again by those panic torrents of ebb-tide.

Rallying within, he again attempted, twice over, at two different points, to get out, and up the Moldau, with his broken people; but the Prussians, Nussel-Branik way, were awake to him: "No retreat up the Moldau for you, Austrian gentlemen!" They tried by another Gate, on the other side of the River; but Keith was awake too: "In again, ye Austrian gentlemen! Closed gates here too. What else?" Browne, from his bed of pain (deathbed, as it proved), was for a much more determined outrush: "In the dead of night, rank, deliberately adjust yourselves; storm out, one and all, and cut your way,

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night favouring!" That was Browne's last counsel; but that also was not taken. A really noble Browne, say all judges; died here in about six weeks,—and got away from Kriegs-Hofraths-and Prince Karls, and the stupidity of neighbours, and the other ills that flesh is heir to, altogether.

At Branik the victorious King had one great disappointment: Prince Moritz of Dessau, who should have been here long hours ago, with Keith's right wing, a fresh 15,000, to fall upon the enemy's rear;—no Moritz visible; not even now, when the business is to chase! "How is this?" "Ill luck, your Majesty!" Moritz's Pontoon Bridge would not reach across, when he tried it. That is certain: 'just three poor pontoons wanting,' Rumour says:—three or more; spoiled, I am told, in some narrow road, some short cut which Moritz had commanded for them: and now they are not; and it is as if three hundred had been spoiled. Moritz, would he die for it, cannot get his Bridge to reach: his fresh 15,000 stand futile there; not even Seidlitz with his light horse could really swim across, though he tried hard, and is fabled to have done so. Beware of short cuts, my Prince: your Father that is gone, what would he say of you here! It was the worst mistake Prince Moritz ever made. The Austrian Army might have been annihilated, say judges (of a sanguine temper), had Moritz been ready, at his hour, to fall on from rearward;—and where had their retreat been? As it is, the Austrian Army is not annihilated; only bottled into Prag, and will need sieging. The brightest triumph has a bar of black in it, and might always have been brighter. Here is a flying Note, which I will subjoin:

'Friedrich's dispositions for the Battle, this day, are allowed to 'have been masterly; but there was one signal fault, thinks Retzow:

'That he did not, as Schwerin counselled, wait till the morrow. 'Fault which brought many in the train of it; that of his "tired 'soldiers," says Retzow, being only a first item, and small in com- 'parison. "Had he waited till the morrow, those fish-ponds of 'Sterbohol, examined in the interim, need not have been mistaken 'for green meadows; Prince Moritz, with his 15,000, would have 'been a fact, instead of a false hope; the King might have done 'his marching down upon Sterbohol in the night-time, and been 'ready for the Austrians, flank, or even rear, at daybreak: the King 'might"—In reality, this fault seems to have been considerable; to 'have made the victory far more costly to him, and far less com- 'plete. No doubt he had his reasons for making haste: Daun, 'advancing Prag-ward, with 30,000, was within three marches of 'him; General Beck, Daun's vanguard, with a 10,000 of irregulars, 'did a kind of feat at Brandeis, on the Prussian post there (our 'Saxons deserting to him, in the heat of action), this very day, May '6th; and might, if lucky, have taken part at Ziscaberg next day. 'And besides these solid reasons, there was perhaps another. Ret- 'zow, who is secretly of the Opposition-party, and well worth hear- 'ing, knows personally a curious thing. He says:

"Being then" (in March or April, weeks before we left Saxony) "employed to translate the *Plan of Operations* into French, for Mar- "shal Keith's use, who did not understand German, I well know that "it contained the following three main objects: 1°. 'All Regiments "cantoning in Silesia as well as Saxony march for Bohemia on one "and the same day. 2°. Whole Army arrives at Prag, May 4th' (Schwerin was a day later, and got scolded in consequence); 'if "the Enemy stand, he is attacked, May 6th, and beaten. 3°. So "soon as Prag is got, Schwerin, with the gross of the Army, pushes "into Mähren,' and the heart of Austria itself; 'King hastens with "40,000 to help of the Allied Army,'"—Royal Highness of Cum- berland's; who will much need it by that time![6]

'Here is a very curious fact and consideration. That the King 'had so prophesied and preordained: "May 4th, Four Columns 'arrive at Prag; May 6th, attack the Austrians, beat them,"—and 'now wished to keep his word! This is an aerial reason, which I can 'suspect to have had its weight among others. There were twirls of

[6] Retzow, i. 84 n.

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'that kind in Friedrich; intricate weak places; *knots* in the sound 'straight-fibred mind he had (as in whose mind are they not?),— 'which now and then cost him dear! The Anecdote-Books say he 'was very ill of body, that day, May 6th; and called for something 'of drug nature, and swallowed it (drug not named), after getting on 'horseback. The Evening Anecdote is prettier: How, in the rush- 'ing about, Austrians now flying, he got eye on Brother Henri' (clayey to a degree); 'and sat down with him, in the blessed sun- 'set, for a minute or two, and bewailed his sad losses of Schwerin 'and others.

'Certain it is, the victory was bought by hard fighting; and but 'for the quality of his troops, had not been there. But the bravery 'of the Prussians was exemplary, and covered all mistakes that were 'made. Nobler fire, when did it burn in any Army? More perfect 'soldiers I have not read of. Platt-Teutsch fire,—which I liken to 'anthracite, in contradistinction to Gaelic blaze of kindled straw,— 'is thrice noble, when, by strict stern discipline, you are above it 'withal; and wield your fire-element, as Jove his thunder, by rule! 'Otherwise it is but half-admirable: Turk Janissaries have it other- 'wise; and it comes to comparatively little.'

This is the famed Battle of Prag; fought, May 6th, 1757; which sounded through all the world,—and used to deafen us in drawing-rooms within man's memory. Results of it were: On the Prussian side, killed, wounded and missing, 12,500 men; on the Austrian, 13,300 (prisoners included), with many flags, cannon, tents, much war-gear gone the wrong road;—and a very great humiliation and dispiritment; though they had fought well: "No longer the old Austrians, by any means," as Friedrich sees; but have iron ramrods, all manner of Prussian improvements, and are "learning to march," as he once says, with surprise not quite pleasant!

Friedrich gives the cipher of loss, on both sides, much higher: 'This Battle,' says he, 'which began towards 'nine in the morning, and lasted, chase included, till 'eight at night, was one of the bloodiest of the age. The

'Enemy lost 24,000 men, of whom were 5,000 prisoners; 'the Prussian loss amounted to 18,000 fighting men,— 'without counting Marshal Schwerin, who alone was 'worth above 10,000.' 'This day saw the pillars of the 'Prussian Infantry cut down,' says he mournfully, seeming almost to think the 'laurels of victory' were purchased too dear. His account of the Battle, as if it had been a painful object, rather avoided in his after thoughts, is unusually indistinct;—and helps us little in the extreme confusion that reigns otherwise, both in the thing itself and in the reporters of the thing. Here is a word from Winterfeld, some private Letter, two days after; which is well worth reading for those who would understand this Battle.

'The Enemy had his Left Wing leaning on the City, close by 'the Moldau,' at Nussel; 'and stretched with his Right Wing across 'the high Hill' (of Zisca) 'to the village of Lieben' (so he *had* stood, looking into Prag; but faced about, on hearing that Friedrich was across the River); 'having before him those terrible Defiles' (*die terriblen Defilées*, "Horse-shoe of the Moldau," as we call it), 'and 'the Village of Prossik, which was crammed with Pandours. It was 'about half-past six in the morning, when our Schwerin Army' (myself part of it, at this time) 'joined with the twenty battalions and 'twenty squadrons, which the King had brought across to unite with 'us, and which formed our right wing of battle that day' (our left wing were Schweriners, Sterbohol and the fighting done by Schweriners after their long march). 'The King was at once determined 'to attack the Enemy; as also were Schwerin' (say nothing of the arguing) 'and your humble servant (*meine Wenigkeit*): but the first 'thing was, to find a hole whereby to get at him.

'This too was selected, and decided on, my proposal being found 'good; and took effect in manner following: We' (Schweriners) 'had 'marched off left-wise, foremost; and we now, without halt, con- 'tinued marching so with the Left Wing' of horse, 'which had the 'van (*tête*); and moved on, keeping the road for Hlaupetin, and ever 'thence onwards along for Kyge, round the Ponds of Unter-Pod-

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'schernitz, without needing to pass these, and so as to get them in 'our rear.

'The Enemy, who at first had expected nothing bad, and never 'supposed that we would attack him at once, *flagrante delicto*, and 'least of all in this point; and did not believe it possible, as we 'should have to wade, breast-deep in part, through the ditches, and 'drag our cannon,—was at first quite tranquil. But as he began to 'perceive our real design (in which, they say, Prince Karl was the 'first to open Marshal Browne's eyes), he drew his whole Cavalry 'over towards us, as fast as it could be done, and stretched them 'out as Right Wing; to complete which, his Grenadiers and Hun-'garian Regulars of Foot ranked themselves as they got up' (makes his *potence*, *Haken*, or joiner's-square, outmost end of it Horse).

'The Enemy's intention was to hold with the Right Wing of his 'infantry on the Farmstead which they call Sterbaholy' (Sterbohol, a very dirty Farmstead at this day); 'I, however, had the good luck, 'plunging on, head foremost, with six battalions of our Left Wing 'and two of the Flank, to get to it before him. Although our 'Second Line was not yet come forward, yet, as the battalions of the 'First were tolerably well together, I decided, with General Fouquet, 'who had charge of the Flank, to begin at once; and, that the 'Enemy might not have time to post himself still better, I pushed 'forward, quick step, out of the Farmstead' of Sterbohol 'to meet 'him,—so fast, that even our cannon had not time to follow. He 'did, accordingly, begin to waver; and I could observe that his 'people here, on this Wing, were making right-about.

'Meanwhile, his fire of case-shot opened' (from Homoly Hill, on our left), 'and we were still pushing on,—might now be about two 'hundred steps from the Enemy's Line, when I had the misfortune, 'at the head of Regiment Schwerin, to get wounded, and, swooning 'away (*vor Tod*), fell from my horse to the ground. Awakening 'after some minutes, and raising my head to look about, I found 'nobody of our people now here beside or round me; but all were 'already behind, in full flood of retreat (*hoch Anschlagen*). The 'Enemy's Grenadiers were perhaps eighty paces from me; but had 'halted, and had not the confidence to follow us. I struggled to my 'feet, as fast as, for weakness, I possibly could; and got up to our 'confused mass' (*confusen Klumpen*,—exact place, where?): 'but

could not, by entreaties or by threats, persuade a single man of 'them to turn his face on the Enemy, much less to halt and try 'again.

'In this embarrassment the deceased Feldmarschall found me, 'and noticed that the blood was flowing stream-wise from my 'neck. As I was on foot, and none of my people now near, he 'bade give me his led horse which he still had'—(and sent me home for surgery? Winterfeld, handsomely effacing himself when no longer good for anything, hurries on to the Catastrophe, leaving us to guess that he was *not* an eye-witness farther)—'bade give me 'the led horse which he still had; *and*' (as if that had happened directly after, which surely it did not? '*and*) snatched the Flag from 'Captain Rohr, who had taken it up to make the Bursche turn, and 'rode forward with it himself. But before he could succeed in the 'attempt, this excellent man, almost in a minute, was hit with five 'case-shot balls, and fell dead on the ground; as also his brave 'Adjutant von Platen was so wounded that he died next day.

'During this confusion and repulse, by which, as already men-'tioned, the Enemy had not the heart to profit, not only was our 'Second Line come on, but those of the First, who had not suffered, 'went vigorously (*frisch*) at the Enemy,'—and in course of time (perhaps two hours yet), and by dint of effort, we did manage Sterbohol and its batteries:—'Like as' (still in one sentence, and without the least punctuation; Winterfeld being little of a grammarian, and in haste for the close), 'Like as Prince Henri's Royal High-'ness with our Right Wing,' Mannstein and he, 'without waiting 'for order, attacked so *prompt* and with such *fermeté*,' in that elbow-hole far north of *us*, 'that everywhere the Enemy's Line began 'to give way; and instead of continuing as Line, sought corps-wise 'to gain the Heights, and there post itself. And as, without win-'ning said Heights, we could not win the Battle, we had to storm 'them all, one after the other; and this it was that cost us the best, 'most, and bravest people.

'The late Colonel von Goltz' (if we glance back to Sterbohol itself), 'who, with the regiment Fouquet, was advancing, right-hand 'of Schwerin regiment' and your servant, 'had likewise got quite 'close to the Enemy; and had he not, at the very instant when he 'was levelling bayonets, been shot down, I think that he, with my-

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'self and the Schwerin regiment, would have got in,'—and perhaps have there done the job, special and general, with much less expense, and sooner![7]

This is what we get from Winterfeld; a rugged, not much grammatical man, but (as I can perceive) with excellent eyes in his head, and interior talent for twenty grammatical people, had that been his line. These, faithfully rendered here, without change but of pointing, are the only words I ever saw of his: to my regret,—which surely the Prussian Dryasdust might still amend a little? —in respect of so distinguished a person, and chosen Peer of Friedrich's. This his brief theory of Prag Battle, if intensely read, I find to be of a piece with his practice there.

Schwerin was much lamented in the Army; and has been duly honoured ever since. His body lies in Schwerinsburg, at home, far away; his Monument, finale of a series of Monuments, stands, now under special guardianship, near Sterbohol on the spot where he fell. A late Tourist says:

'At first there was a monument of wood' (*tree* planted, I will hope), 'which is now all gone; round this Kaiser Joseph II. once, in 'the year 1776, holding some review there, made his grenadier bat- 'talions and artilleries form circle, fronting the sky all round, and 'give three volleys of great arms and small, Kaiser in the centre 'doffing hat at each volley, in honour of the hero. Which was 'thought a very pretty thing on the Kaiser's part. In 1824, the 'tree, I suppose, being gone to a stump, certain subscribing Prussian 'Officers had it rooted out, and a modest Pyramid of red veined 'marble built in its room. Which latter the then King of Prussia, 'Friedrich Wilhelm III., determined to improve upon; and so, in

[7] Preuss, ii. 45-47 (in Winterfeld's hand; dated, 'Camp at Prag, 8th May 1757;' addressed to one knows not whom; first printed by Preuss).

'1839, built a second Pyramid close by, bigger, finer, and of Prussian 'iron, this one;—purchasing also, from the Austrian Government, 'a rood or two of ground for site; and appointing some perpetual 'Peculium, or increase of Pension to an Austrian Veteran of merit for 'taking charge there. All which, perfectly in order, is in its place at 'this day. The actual Austrian Pensioner of merit is a loud-voiced, 'hard-faced, very limited, but honest little fellow; who has worked 'a little polygon ditch and miniature hedge round the two Monu-'ments; keeps his own cottage, little garden, and self, respectably 'clean; and leads stoically a lone life,—no company, I should think, 'but the Sterbohol hinds, who probably are Czechs and cannot speak 'to him. He was once "of the regiment Hohenlohe;" suffers some-'what from cold, in the winter time, in those upland parts (the '"cords of wood" allowed him being limited); but complains of 'nothing else. Two English names were in his Album, a military 'two, and no more. "*Ehret den Held* (Honour the Hero)!" we 'said to him, at parting. "Don't I?" answered he; glancing at his 'muddy bare legs and little spade, with which he had been working 'in the Polygon Ditch when we arrived. I could wish him an addi-'tional "*Klafter Holz*" (cord more of firewood), now and then, in 'the cold months!—

'Sterbohol Farmstead has been new-built, in man's memory, 'but is dirty as ever. Agriculture, all over this table-land of the 'Ziscaberg, I should judge to be bad. Not so the prospect; which 'is cheerfully extensive, picturesque in parts, and to the student 'of Friedrich offers good commentary. Roads, mansions, villages: 'Prossik, Kyge, Podschernitz, from the Heights of Chaber round to 'Nussel and beyond: from any knoll, all Friedrich's Villages, and 'many more, lie round you as on a map,—their dirt all hidden, 'nothing wanting to the landscape, were it better carpeted with 'green (green instead of russet), and shaded here and there with 'wood. A small wild pink, bright-red, and of the size of a star, 'grows extensively about; of which you are tempted to pluck spe-'cimens, as memorial of a Field so famous in War.'[8]

[8] Tourist's Note (September 1858).

CHAPTER III.

PRAG CANNOT BE GOT AT ONCE.

WHAT Friedrich's emotions after the Battle of Prag were, we do not much know. They are not inconceivable, if we read his situation well; but in the way of speech, there is, as usual, next to nothing. Here are two stray utterances, worth gathering from a man so uncommunicative in that form.

Friedrich a Month before Prag (From Lockwitz, 25th March, to Princess Amelia, at Berlin).—'My dearest Sister, I give you a 'thousand thanks for the hints you have got me from Dr. Eller on 'the illness of our dear Mother. Thrice welcome this; and re-'assures me' (alas, not on good basis!) 'against a misfortune which 'I should have considered very great for me.

'As to us and our posture of affairs, political and military,—'place yourself, I conjure you, *above* every event. Think of our 'Country; and remember that one's first duty is to defend it. If 'you learn that a misfortune happens to one of us, ask, "Did he 'die fighting?" and if Yes, give thanks to God. Victory or else 'death, there is nothing else for us; one or the other we must have. 'All the world here is of that temper. What! you would have 'everybody sacrifice his life for the State, and you would not have 'your Brothers give the example? Ah, my dear Sister, at this 'crisis, there is no room for bargaining. Either at the summit of 'glorious success, or else abolished altogether. This Campaign now 'coming is like that of Pharsalia for Rome, or that of Leuctra for 'the Greeks'—a Campaign we verily shall have to win, or go to wreck upon![1]

[1] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxvii. 1. 391.

Friedrich shortly after Prag (To his Mother, Letter still extant in Autograph, without date).—'My Brothers and I are still well. 'The whole Campaign runs risk of being lost to the Austrians; and 'I find myself free, with 150,000 men. Add to this, that we are 'masters of a Kingdom' (Bohemia here), 'which is obliged to fur- 'nish us with troops and money. The Austrians are dispersed like 'straw before the wind. I will send a part of my troops to compli- 'ment Messieurs the French; and am going' (if I once had Prag!) 'to pursue the Austrians with the rest of my Army.'[2]

Friedrich, who keeps his emotions generally to himself, does not, as will be seen, remain quite silent to us throughout this great Year; but, by accident, has left us some rather impressive gleanings in that kind;—and certainly in no year could such accident have been luckier to us; this of 1757 being, in several respects, the greatest of his Life. From nearly the topmost heights down to the lowest deeps, his fortunes oscillated this year; and probably, of all the sons of Adam, nobody's outlooks and reflexions had in them, successive and simultaneous, more gigantic forms of fear and of hope. He is on a very high peak at this moment; suddenly emerging from his thick cloud, into thunderous victory of that kind; and warning all Pythons what they get by meddling with the Sungod! Loud enough, far-clanging, is the sound of the silver bow; gazetteers and men all on pause at such new Phœbus Apollo risen in his wrath;—the Victory at Prag considered to be much more annihilative than it really was. At London, Lord Holderness had his Tower-guns in readiness, waiting for something of the kind; and 'the joy of the people was frantic.'[3]

[2] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxvi. 75.

[3] *Mitchell Papers and Memoirs* (i.e. the *Printed* Selection, 2 voll., London, 1850;—which will be the oftenest cited by us, 'Papers *and Memoirs*'), i. 249: 'Holderness to Mitchell, 20th May 1757.' Mitchell is now attending Friedrich; his Letter from Keith's Camp, during the thunder of 'Friday, May 6th,' is given, ib. i. 248.

Very dominant, our "Protestant Champion" yonder, on his Ziscaberg; bidding the enormous Pompadour-Theresa combinations, the French, Austrian, Swedish, Russian populations and dread sovereigns, check their proud waves, and hold at mid-flood. It is thought, had he in effect "annihilated" the Austrian force at Prag, that day (Friday, 6th May, as he might have done by waiting till Saturday 7th), he could then, with the due rapidity, rapidity being indispensable in the affair, have become master of Prag, which meant of Bohemia altogether; and have stormed forward, as his program bore, into the heart of an Austria still terror-stricken, unrallied;—in which case, it is calculated, the French, the Russians, Swedes, much more the Reich and such like, would all have drawn bridle; and Austria itself have condescended to make Peace with a Neighbour of such quality, and consent to his really modest desire of being let alone! Possible, all this,—think Retzow and others.[4] But the King had not waited till to-morrow; no persuasion could make him wait: and it is idle speculating on the small turns which here, as everywhere, can produce such deflections of course.

Beyond question, Prag is not captured, and may, as now garrisoned, require a great deal of capturing:—and perhaps it is but a *peak*, this high dominancy of Friedrich's, not a solid table-land, till much more have been done! Friedrich has nothing of the Gascon: but there may well be conceivable at this time a certain glow of internal pride, like that of Phœbus amid the piled tempests,—like that of the One Man prevailing, if but for a short season, against the Devil and All Men: "I have made good my bit of resolution so far; here are the Austrians beaten at the set day, and Prag summoned to surrender, as per program!"—

[4] See *Retzow*, i. 100-108; &c.

Intrinsically, Prag is not a strong City: we have seen it taken in few days; in one night;—and again, as in Belleisle's time, we have seen it making tough defence for a series of weeks. It depends on the garrison, what extent of garrison (the circuit of it being so immense), and what height of humour. There are now 46,000 men caged in it, known to have considerable magazines; and Friedrich, aware that it will cost trouble, bends all his strength upon it, and from his two camps, Ziscaberg, Weissenberg, due Bridges uniting, Keith and he batter it violently, aiming chiefly at the Magazines (which are not all bomb-proof); and hope they may succeed before it is too late.

The Vienna people are in the depths of amazement and discouragement; almost of terror, had it not been for a few, or especially for one high heart among them. Feldmarschall Daun, on the news of May 6th, hastily fell back, joined by the wrecks of the right wing, which fled Sazawa way. Brunswick-Bevern, with a 20,000, is detached to look after Daun; finds Daun still on the retreat; greedily collecting reinforcements from the homeward quarter; and hanging back, though now double or so of Bevern's strength. Amazement and discouragement are the general feeling among Friedrich's enemies. Notable to see how the whole hostile world marching in upon him,—French, Russians, much more the Reich, poor faltering entity,—pauses, as with its breath taken away, at news of Prag; and, arrested on the sudden, with lifted foot, ceases to stride forward; and merely tramp-tramps on the same place (nay in part, in the Reich part, visibly tramps backward), for above a month ensuing! Who knows whether, practically, any of them will come on;[5] and not leave Austria by itself to do the duel with Fried-

[5] See *Correspondance du Comte de Saint-Germain*, an Eye-witness, i. 108 (cited in Preuss, ii. 50); &c. &c.

rich? If Prag were but got, and the 46,000 well locked away, it would be very salutary for Friedrich's affairs!—Week after week, the City holds out; and there seems no hope of it, except by hunger, and burning their Magazines by red-hot balls.

Colonel Mayer with his "Free-Corps" Party makes a Visit, of didactic Nature, to the Reich.

Friedrich, as we saw, on entering Böhmen, had shot off a Light Detachment under Colonel Mayer, southward, to seize any Austrian Magazines there were, especially one big Magazine at Pilsen:—which Mayer has handsomely done, May 2d (Pilsen 'a bigger Magazine than Jung-Buntzlau, even'); after which Mayer is now off westward, into the Ober-Pfalz, into the Nürnberg Countries; to teach the Reich a small lesson, since they will not listen to Plotho. Prag Battle, as happens, had already much chilled the ardour of the Reich! Mayer has two Free-Corps, his own and another; about 1,300 of foot; to which are added a 200 of hussars. They have 5 cannon, carry otherwise a minimum of baggage; are swift wild fellows, sharp of stroke; and do, for the time, prove didactic to the Reich; bringing home to its very bosom the late great lesson of the Ziscaberg, in an applied form. Mayer made a pretty course of it, into the Ober-Pfalz Countries; scattering the poor Execution Drill-Sergeants and incipiencies of preparation, the deliberative County Meetings, *Kreis*-Convents: ransoming Cities, Nürnberg for one city, whose cries went to Friedrich on the Ziscaberg, and wide over the world.[6] Nürnberg would have

[6] In *Helden-Geschichte*, iv. 360-367, the Nürnberg Letter and Response (31st May–5th June 1757): in Pauli, *Leben grosser Helden* (iii. 159 et seq.), Account of the Mayer Expedition; also in *Militair-Lexikon*, iii. 29 (quoting from Pauli).

been but too happy to "refuse its contingent to the Reich's Army," as many others would have been (poor Kur-Baiern hurrying off a kind of Embassy to Friedrich, great terror reigning among the wigs of Regensburg, and everybody drawing back that could),—had not Imperial menaces, and an Event that fell out by and by in Prag Country, forced compliance.

Mayer's Expedition made a loud noise in the Newspapers; and was truly of a shining nature in its kind; very perfectly managed on Mayer's part, and has traits in it which are amusing to read, had one time. Take one small glance from Pauli:

'At Fürth in Anspach, 1st June' (after six-days screwing of Nürnberg from without, which we had no cannon to take), 'a Gra-'tuity for the Prussian troops' (amount not stated) 'was demanded 'and given: at Schwabach, farther up the Regnitz River, they 'took quarters; no exemption made, clergy and laity alike getting 'soldiers billeted. Meat and drink had to be given them; as also '100 carolines' (guineas and better), 'and twenty new uniforms. 'Upon which, next day, they marched to Zirndorf, and the Reichs-'graf Pückler's Mansion, the Schloss of Farrenbach there. Mayer 'took quarter in the Schloss itself. Here the noble owners got up a 'ball for Mayer's entertainment; and did all they could contrive to 'induce a light treatment from him.' Figure it, the neighbouring nobility and gentry in gala; Mayer too in his best uniform, and smiling politely, with those 'bright little black eyes' of his!. For he was a brilliant airy kind of fellow, and had much of the chevalier, as well as of the partisan, when requisite!

'Out of Farrenbach, the Mayer people circulated upon all the 'neighbouring Lordships; at Wilhermsdorf, the Reichs-Fürst von 'Hohenlohe' (a too busy Anti-Prussian) 'had the worst brunt to 'bear. The adjacent Baireuth lands' (dear Wilhelmina, fancy her too in such neighbourhood!) 'were to the utmost spared all billet-'ing, and even all transit,'—though wandering sergeants of the Reich's Force, 'one sergeant with the Würzburg Herr Commis-'sarius and eight common men, did get picked up on Bayreuth 'ground: and this or the other Anspach Official (Anspach being

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'disaffected), too busy on the wrong side, found himself suddenly 'Prisoner of War; but was given up, at Wilhelmina's gracious 'request. On Bamberg he was sharp as flint; and had to be; the 'Bambergers, reinforced at last by "Circle-Militias (*Kreis-truppen*)" 'in quantity, being called out in mass against him; and at Vach, an 'actual Passage of Fight had occurred.'

Of the "Affair at Vach," pretty little Drawn-Battle (mostly an affair of art), Mayer *versus* 'Kreis-troops to 'the amount of 6,000, with twelve cannon, or some say 'twenty-four' (which they couldn't handle); and how Mayer cunningly took a position unassailable, 'burnt Bridges of the Regnitz River,' and, plying his five cannon against these ardent awkward people, stood cheerful on the other side; and then at last, in good time, whisked himself off to the Hill of Culmbach, with all his baggage, inexpugnable there for three days:—of all this, though it is set down at full length, we can say nothing.[7] And will add only that, having girt himself and made his packages, Mayer left the Hill of Culmbach; and deliberately wended home, by Coburg and other Countries where he had business, eating his way; and early in July was safe in the Metal Mountains again; having fluttered the Volscians in their Frankenland Corioli to an unexpected extent. It is one of five or six such sallies Friedrich made upon the Reich, sometimes upon the Austrians and Reich together, to tumble up their magazines and preparations. Rapid unexpected inroads, year after year; done chiefly by the Free-Corps; and famous enough to the then Gazetteers. Of which, or of their doers, as we can in time coming afford little or no notice, let us add this small Note on the Free-Corps topic, which is a large one in the Books, but must not interrupt us again:

[7] Pauli, iii. 159, &c. (who gives Mayer's own *Letter*, and others, upon Vach).

'Before this War was done,' say my Authorities, 'there came 'gradually to be twenty-one Prussian Free-Corps,'—foot almost all; there being already Hussars in quantity, ever since the first Silesian experiences. 'Notable Aggregates they were of loose wan- 'dering fellows, broken Saxons, Prussians, French; "Hungarian- 'Protestant" some of them, "Deserters from all the Armies" not 'a few; attracted by the fame of Friedrich,—as the Colonels enlist- 'ing them had been; Mayer himself, for instance, was by birth a 'Vienna man; and had been in many services and wars, from his 'fifteenth year and onwards. Most miscellaneous, these Prussian 'Free-Corps; a swift faculty the indispensable thing, by no means 'a particular character: but well-disciplined, well-captained; who 'generally managed their work well.

'They were, by origin, of Anti-Tolpatch nature, got up on the 'diamond-cut-diamond principle; they stole a good deal, with order 'sometimes, and oftener without; but there was nothing of the old 'Mentzel-Trenck atrocity permitted them, or ever imputed to them; 'and they did, usually with good military talent, sometimes conspi- 'cuously good, what was required of them. Regular Generals, of a 'high merit, one or two of their Captains came to be: Wunsch, for 'example; Werner, in some sort; and, but for his sudden death, 'this Mayer himself. Others of them, as Von Hordt (Hård is his 'Swedish name); and "Quintus Icilius" (by nature, *Guichard*, of 'whom we shall hear a great deal in the Friedrich circle by and 'by), are distinguished as honourably intellectual and cultivated 'persons.[8]

'Poor Mayer died within two years hence (5th January 1759); 'of fever, caught by unheard-of exertions and over-fatigues; after 'many exploits, and with the highest prospects opening on him. A 'man of many adventures, of many qualities; a wild dash of chivalry 'in him all along, and much military and other talent crossed in the 'growing. In the dull old Books, I read one other fact which is vivid 'to me, That Wilhelmina, as sequel of those first Franconian exploits 'and procedures, "had given him her Order of Knighthood, *Order of*

[8] Count de Hordt's *Memoirs* (autobiographical, or in the first-person: English Translation, London, 1806; *two* French Originals, a worse in 1789, and a better now at last), Preface, i.-xii. In *Helden-Geschichte*, v. 102-104, 93, a detailed 'List of the Free-Corps in 1758' (twelve of foot, two of horse, at that time): see Preuss, ii. 372 n.; Pauli (ubi suprà), *Life of Mayer*.

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'*Sincerity and Fidelity*,"'—poor dear Princess, what an interest to Wilhelmina, this flash of her Brother's thunder thrown into those Franconian parts, and across her own pungent anxieties and sorrowfully affectionate thoughts, in those weeks!—

Shortly after Mayer, about the time when Mayer was wending homeward, General von Oldenburg, a very valiant punctual old General, was pushed out westward upon Erfurt, a City of Kur-Mainz's, to give Kur-Mainz a similar monition. And did it handsomely, impressively upon the Gazetteer world at least and the Erfurt populations,—though we can afford it no room in this place. Oldenburg's force was but some 2,000; Pirna Saxons most of them:—such a winter Oldenburg has had with these Saxons; bursting out into actual musketry upon him once; Oldenburg, volcanically steady, summoning the Prussian part, "To me, true Prussian Bursche!"—and hanging nine of the mutinous Saxons. And has coerced and compesced them (all that did not contrive to desert) into soldierly obedience; and, 20th June, appears at the Gate of Erfurt with them, to do his delicate errand there. Sharply conclusive, though polite and punctual. "Send to Kur-Mainz, say you? Well, as to your Citadel, and those 1,400 soldiers all moving peaceably off thither,—Yes. As to your City: within one hour, Gate open to us, or we open it!"[9] And Oldenburg marches in, as vice-sovereign for the time:—but, indeed, has soon to leave again; owing to what Event in the distance, will be seen!

If Prag Siege go well, these Mayer-Oldenburg expeditions will have an effect on the Reich: but if it go ill, what are they, against Austria with its force of steady

[9] In *Helden-Geschichte* (v. 371-384), copious Account, with the Missives to and from, the Reichs-Pleadings that followed, the &c. &c. *Militair-Lexikon*, § Oldenburg.

pressure? All turns on the issue of Prag Siege:—a fact extremely evident to Friedrich too! But these are what in the interim can be done. One neglects no opportunity, tries by every method.

Of the singular quasi-bewitched Condition of England; and what is to be hoped from it, for the Common Cause, if Prag go amiss.

On the Britannic side too, the outlooks are not good; —much need Friedrich were through his Prag affair, and "hastening with forty thousand to help his Allies,"—that is, Royal Highness of Cumberland and Britannic Purse, his only allies at this moment. Royal Highness and Army of Observation (should have been 67,000, are 50 to 60,000, hired Germans; troops good enough, were they tolerably led) finds the Hanover Program as bad as Schmettau and Friedrich ever represented it; and, already, —unless Prag go well,—wears, to the understanding eye, a very contingent aspect. D'Estrées outnumbers him; D'Estrées, too, is something of a soldier,—a very considerable advantage in affairs of war.

D'Estrées, since April, is in Wesel; gathering in the revenues, changing the Officialities: much out of discipline, they say;—'hanging' gradually '1,000 marauders;' in round numbers 1,000 this year.[10] D'Estrées does not yet push forward, owing to Prag. If he do—It is well known how Royal Highness fared when he did, and what a Campaign Royal Highness made of it this Year 1757! How the Weser did prove wadeable, as Schmettau had said to no purpose; wadeable, bridgeable; and Royal Highness had to wriggle back, ever back; no stand to be made, or far worse than none: back, ever back, till he got into the

[10] Stenzel, v. 65; Retzow, i. 173.

Sea, for that matter, and to the *end* of more than one thing! Poor man, friends say he has an incurable Hanover Ministry, a Program that is inexecutable. As yet he has not lost head, any head he ever had: but he is wonderful, he;—and his England is! We shall have to look at him once again; and happily once only. Here, from my Constitutional Historian, are some Passages which we may as well read in the present interim of expectation. I label, and try to arrange:

1. *England in Crisis.* 'England is indignant with its Hero of 'Culloden and his Campaign 1757; but really has no business to 'complain. Royal Highness of Cumberland, wriggling helplessly in 'that manner, is a fair representative of the England that now is. 'For years back, there has been, in regard to all things Foreign or 'Domestic, in that Country, by way of National action, the miser-'ablest haggling as to which of various little-competent persons 'shall act for the Nation. A melancholy condition indeed!—

'But the fact is, his Grace of Newcastle, ever since his poor 'Brother Pelham died (who was always a solid, loyal kind of man, 'though a dull; and had always, with patient affection, furnished his 'Grace, much *un*supplied otherwise, with Common-Sense hitherto), is 'quite insecure in Parliament, and knows not what hand to turn to. 'Fox is contemptuous of him; Pitt entirely impatient of him; Duke 'of Cumberland (great in the glory of Culloden) is aiming to oust 'him, and bear rule with his Young Nephew, the new Rising Sun, 'as the poor Papa and Grandfather gets old. Even Carteret (Earl 'Granville, as they now call him, a Carteret much changed since 'those high-soaring Worms-Hanau times!) was applied to. But the 'answer was—what could the answer be? High-soaring Carteret, 'scandalously overset and hurled out in that Hanau time, had 'already tried once (long ago, and with such result!) to spring in 'again, and "deliver his Majesty from factions;" and actually had 'made a "Granville Ministry;" Ministry which fell again in one 'day.[11] To the complete disgust of Carteret-Granville;—who, ever 'since, sits ponderously dormant (kind of Fixture in the Privy

[11] '11th February 1746' (Thackeray, *Life of Chatham*, i. 146).

'Council, this long while back); and is resigned, in a big con-'temptuous way, to have had his really considerable career closed 'upon him by the smallest of mankind; and, except occasional 'blurts of strong rugged speech which come from him, and a good 'deal of wine taken into him, disdains making further debate with 'the world and its elect Newcastles. Carteret, at this crisis, was 'again applied to, "Cannot you? In behalf of an afflicted old 'King?" But Carteret answered, No.[12]

'In short, it is admitted and bewailed by everybody, seldom 'was there seen such a Government of England (and England 'as 'seen some strange Governments), as in these last Three Years. 'Chaotic Imbecility reigning pretty supreme. Ruler's Work,— 'policy, administration, governance, guidance, performance in any 'kind,—where is it to be found? For if even a Walpole, when his 'Talking-Apparatus gets out of gear upon him, is reduced to ex-'tremities, though the stoutest of men,—fancy what it will be, in 'like case, and how the Acting-Apparatuses and Affairs generally 'will go, with a poor hysterical Newcastle, now when his Common-'Sense is fatally withdrawn! The poor man has no resource but to 'shuffle about in aimless perpetual fidget; endeavouring vainly to 'say Yes *and* No to all questions, Foreign and Domestic, that may 'rise. Whereby, in the Affairs of England, there has, as it were, 'universal St. Vitus'-dance supervened, at an important crisis: and 'the Preparations for America, and for a downright Life-and-Death 'Wrestle with France on the *Jenkins's-Ear Question*, are quite in a 'bad way. In an ominously bad. Why cannot we draw a veil over 'these things!'—

2. *Pitt, and the Hour of Tide.* 'The fidgetings and shufflings, 'the subtleties, inane trickeries, and futile hitherings and thither-'ings of Newcastle may be imagined: a man not incapable of trick; 'but anxious to be well with everybody; and to answer Yes *and* 'No to almost everything,—and not a little puzzled, poor soul, to 'get through, in that impossible way! Such a paralysis of wrig-'gling imbecility fallen over England, in this great crisis of its 'fortunes, as is still painful to contemplate: and indeed it has 'been mostly shaken out of mind by the modern Englishman; who 'tries to laugh at it, instead of weeping and considering, which

[12] Thackeray, *Life of Chatham*, i. 264.

'would better beseem. Pitt speaks with a tragical vivacity, in all 'ingenious dialects, lively though serious; and with a depth of sad 'conviction, which is apt to be slurred over and missed altogether 'by a modern reader. Speaks as if this brave English Nation were 'about ended; little or no hope left for it; here a gleam of possi- 'bility, and there a gleam, which soon vanishes again in the fatal 'murk of impotencies, do-nothingisms. Very sad to the heart of 'Pitt. A once brave Nation arrived at its critical point, and doomed 'to higgle and puddle there till it drown in the gutters: consider- 'ably tragical to Pitt; who is lively, ingenious, and, though not 'quitting the Parliamentary tone for the Hebrew-Prophetic, far more 'serious than the modern reader thinks.

'In Walpole's Book[13] there is the liveliest Picture of this dismal 'Parliamentary Hellbroth,—such a Mother of Dead Dogs as one has 'seldom looked into! For the Hour is great; and the Honourable 'Gentlemen, I must say, are small. The Hour, little as you dream 'of it, my Honourable Friends, is pregnant with questions that are 'immense. Wide Continents, long Epochs and Æons hang on this 'poor jargoning of yours; the Eternal Destinies are asking their 'much-favoured Nation, "Will you, can you?"—much-favoured 'Nation is answering in that manner. Astonished at its own stu- 'pidity, and taking refuge in laughter. The Eternal Destinies are 'very patient with some Nations; and can disregard their follies, 'for a long while; and have their Cromwell, have their Pitt, or 'what else is essential, ready for the poor Nation, in a grandly 'silent way!

'Certain it is,—though how could poor Newcastle know it at all! '—here is again the hour of tide for England. Tide is full again; 'has been flowing long hundreds of years, and is full; certain, too, 'that time and tide wait on no man or nation. In a dialect dif- 'ferent from Cromwell's or Pitt's, but with a sense true to theirs, 'I call it the Eternal Destinies knocking at England's door again: "Are you ready for the crisis, birth-point of long Ages to you, 'which is now come?" Greater question had not been, for centuries 'past. None to be named with it since that high Spiritual Ques- 'tion (truly a much higher, and which was in fact the *parent* of 'this, and of all of high and great that lay ahead), which England

[13] *Memoirs of the Last Ten Years of George II.*

'and Oliver Cromwell were there to answer: "Will you hold by 'Consecrated Formulas, then, you English, and expect salvation 'from traditions of the elders; or are you for Divine Realities, as 'the one sacred and indispensable thing?" Which they did answer, 'in what way we know. Truly the Highest Question; which, if a 'Nation can answer *well*, it will grow in this world, and may come 'to be considerable, and to have many high Questions to answer,— 'this of Pitt's, for example. And the Answers given do always ex- 'tend through coming ages; and do always bear harvests, accursed 'or else blessed, according as the Answers were. A thing awfully 'true, if you have eye for it;—a thing to make Honourable Gentle- 'men serious, even in the age of percussion-caps! No, my friend, 'Newcastleisms, impious Poltrooneries, in a Nation, do not die:— 'neither (thank God) do Cromwellisms and pious Heroisms; but 'are alive for the poor Nation, even in its somnambulencies, in its 'stupidest dreams. For Nations have their somnambulencies; and, 'at any rate, the questions put to Nations, in different ages, vary 'much. Not in any age, or turning-point in History, had England 'answered the Destinies in such a dialect as now, under its New- 'castle and National Palaver.'

3. *Of Walpole, as Recording Angel.* 'Walpole's *George the Second* is a Book of far more worth than is commonly ascribed to 'it; almost the one original English Book yet written on those times, '—which, by the accident of Pitt, are still memorable to us. But for 'Walpole,—burning like a small steady light there, shining faith- 'fully, if stingily, on the evil and the good,—that sordid muddle 'of the Pelham Parliaments, which chanced to be the element of 'things now recognisable enough as great, would be forever unintel- 'ligible. He is unusually accurate, punctual, lucid; an irrefragable 'authority on English points. And if, in regard to Foreign, he can- 'not be called an understanding witness, he has read the best Docu- 'ments accessible, has conversed with select Ambassadors (Mitchell 'and the like, as we can guess); and has informed himself to a 'degree far beyond most of his contemporaries. In regard to Pitt's 'Speeches, in particular, his brief jottings, done rapidly while the 'matter was still shining to him, are the only Reports that have the 'least human resemblance. We may thank Walpole that Pitt is 'not dumb to us, as well as dark. Very curious little scratchings

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'and etchings, those of Walpole; frugal, swift, but punctual and 'exact;, hasty pen-and-ink outlines; at first view, all barren; bald 'as an invoice, seemingly; but which yield you, after long study there 'and elsewhere, a conceivable notion of what and how excellent these 'Pitt Speeches may have been. Airy, winged, like arrow-flights of 'Phœbus Apollo; very superlative Speeches indeed. Walpole's Book 'is carefully printed,—few errors in it like that "Chapeau" for '*Chasot*,' which readers remember:—'but, in respect to editing, 'may be characterised as still wanting an Editor. A Book *un*edited; 'little but lazy ignorance of a very hopeless type, thick contented 'darkness, traceable throughout in the marginal part. No attempt 'at an Index, or at any of the natural helps to a reader now at 'such distance from it. Nay, till you have at least marked, on 'the top of each page, what Month and Year it actually is, the 'Book cannot be read at all,—except by an idle creature, doing 'worse than nothing under the name of reading!'

4. *Pitt's Speeches, foreshadowing What.* 'It is a kind of epoch 'in your studies of modern English History when you get to under-'stand of Pitt's Speeches, that they are not Parliamentary Eloquences, 'but things which with his whole soul he means, and is intent to '*do*. This surprising circumstance, when at last become undeniable, 'makes, on the sudden, an immense difference for the Speeches and 'you. Speeches are not a thing of high moment to this Editor; it 'is the Thing spoken, and how far the speaker means to do it, that 'this Editor inquires for. Too many Speeches there are, which he 'hears admired all round, and has privately to entertain a very 'horrid notion of! Speeches, the finest in quality (were quality 'really "fine" conceivable in such case), which *want* a corresponding 'fineness of source and intention, corresponding nobleness of pur-'port, conviction, tendency; these, if we will reflect, are frightful 'instead of beautiful. Yes;—and always the frightfuller, the "finer" 'they are; and the faster and farther they go, sowing themselves in 'the dim vacancy of men's minds. For Speeches, like all human 'things, though the act is now little remembered, do always rank 'themselves as forever blessed or as forever unblessed. Sheep or 'goats; on the right hand of the Final Judge, or else on the left. 'There are Speeches which can be called true; and, again, Speeches 'which are not true:—Heavens, only think what these latter are!

'Sacked wind, which you are intended to *sow*,—that you may reap 'the whirlwind! After long reading, I find Chatham's Speeches to 'be what he pretends they are: true, and worth speaking then and 'there. Noble indeed, I can call them with you: the highly noble 'Foreshadow, necessary preface and accompaniment of Actions which 'are still nobler. A very singular phenomenon within those walls, 'or without!

'Pitt, though nobly eloquent, is a Man of Action, not of Speech; 'an authentically Royal kind of Man. And if there were a Plutarch 'in these times, with a good deal of leisure on his hands, he might 'run a Parallel between Friedrich and Chatham. Two radiant Kings; 'very shining Men of Action both; both of them hard bested, as the 'case often is. For your born King will generally have, if not "all 'Europe against him," at least pretty much all the Universe. Chat-'ham's course to Kingship was not straight or smooth,—as Friedrich, 'too, had his well-nigh fatal difficulties on the road. Again, says 'the Plutarch, they are very brave men both; and of a clearness 'and veracity peculiar among their contemporaries. In Chatham, 'too, there is something of the flash of steel; a very sharp-cutting, 'penetrative, rapid individual, he too; and shaped for action, first 'of all, though he has to talk so much in the world. Fastidious, 'proud, no King could be prouder, though his element is that of 'Free-Senate and Democracy. And he has a beautiful poetic deli-'cacy, withal; great tenderness in him, playfulness, grace; in all 'ways, an airy as well as a solid loftiness of mind. Not born a 'King,—alas, no, not officially so, only naturally so; has his king-'dom to seek. The Conquering of Silesia, the Conquering of the 'Pelham Parliaments—But we will shut up the Plutarch with time 'on his hands.

'Pitt's Speeches, as I spell them from Walpole and the other 'faint tracings left, are full of genius in the vocal kind, far beyond 'any Speeches delivered in Parliament: serious always, and the very 'truth, such as he has it; but going in many dialects and modes; 'full of airy flashings, twinkles and coruscations. Sport, as of 'sheet-lightning glancing about, the bolt lying under the horizon; 'bolt *hidden*, as is fit, under such a horizon as he had. A singularly 'radiant man. Could have been a Poet, too, in some small measure, 'had he gone on that line. There are many touches of genius,

'comic, tragic, lyric, something of humour even, to be read in those 'Shadows of Speeches taken down for us by Walpole.

'In one word, Pitt, shining like a gleam of sharp steel in that 'murk of contemptibilities, is carefully steering his way towards 'Kingship over it. Tragical it is (especially in Pitt's case, first and 'last) to see a Royal Man, or Born King, wading towards his throne 'in such an element. But, alas, the Born King (even when he tries, 'which I take to be the rarer case) so seldom can arrive there at all; '—sinful Epochs there are, when Heaven's curse has been spoken, 'and it is that awful Being, the Born Sham-King, that arrives! Pitt, 'however, does it. Yes; and the more we study Pitt, the more we 'shall find he does it in a peculiarly high, manful, and honourable 'as well as dextrous manner; and that English History has a right 'to call him "the acme and highest man of Constitutional Parlia- "ments; the like of whom was not in any Parliament called Con- "stitutional, nor will again be."'

Well, probably enough; too probably! But what it more concerns us to remember here, is the fact, That in these dismal shufflings which have been, Pitt,—in spite of Royal dislikes and Newcastle peddlings and chicaneries, —has been actually in Office, in the due topmost place, the poor English Nation ardently demanding him, in what ways it could. Been in Office;—and is actually out again, in spite of the Nation. Was without real power in the Royal Councils; though of noble promise, and planting himself down, hero-like, evidently bent on work, and on ending that unutterable "St. Vitus'-dance" that had gone so high all round him. Without real power, we say; and has had no permanency. Came in, 11th-19th November 1756; thrown out, 5th April 1757. After six months trial, the St. Vitus finds that it cannot do with him; and will prefer going on again. The last act his Royal Highness of Cumberland did in England was to displace Pitt: "Down you, I am the man!" said Royal

Highness; and went to the Weser Countries on those terms.

Would the reader wish to see, in summary, what Pitt's Offices have been, since he entered on this career about thirty years ago? Here, from our Historian, is the List of them in order of time; *Stages of Pitt's Course*, he calls it:

1°. '*December* 1734, Comes into Parliament, age now twenty-six; Cornet in the Blues as well; being poor, and in absolute need of some career that will suit. *April* 1736, makes his First Speech: —Prince Frederick the subject,—who was much used as battering-ram by the Opposition; whom perhaps Pitt admired for his madrigals, for his Literary patronisings, and favour to the West-Wickham set. Speech, full of airy lightning, was much admired. Followed by many, with the lightning getting denser and denser; always on the Opposition side' (once on the *Jenkins's-Ear Question*, as we saw, when the Gazetteer Editor spelt him Mr. Pitts): 'so that Majesty was very angry, sulky Public much applausive; and Walpole was heard to say, "We must muzzle, in some way, that terrible Cornet of Horse!"—but could not, on trial; this man's "price," as would seem, being awfully high! *August-October* 1744, Sarah Duchess of Marlborough bequeathed him 10,000*l.*, as Commissariat equipment in this his Campaign against the Mudgods,[14]—glory to the old Heroine for so doing! Which lifted Pitt out of the Cornetcy or Horseguards element, I fancy; and was as the nailing of his Parliamentary colours to the mast.'

2°. '*February 14th*, 1746, Vice-Treasurer for Ireland: on occasion of that Pelham-Granville "As-you-were!" (Carteret Ministry, which lasted One Day), and the slight shufflings that were necessary. Now first in Office,—after such Ten Years of colliding and conflicting, and fine steering in difficult waters. Vice-Treasurer for Ireland: and "soon after, on Lord Wilmington's death," *Paymaster of the Forces*. Continued Paymaster about nine years. Rejects, quietly and totally, the big income derivable from Interest of Government Moneys lying delayed in the Paymaster's

[14] Thackeray, i. 138.

'hand ("Dishonest, I tell you!")—and will none of it, though poor. 'Not yet high, still low over the horizon, but shining brighter and 'brighter. Greatly contemptuous of Newcastle and the Platitudes 'and Poltrooneries; and still a good deal in the Opposition strain, '—and *not* always tempering the wind to the shorn lamb. For 'example, Pitt (still Paymaster) to Newcastle on King of the Romans 'Question (1752 or so): "You engage for Subsidies, not knowing their 'extent; for Treaties, not knowing the terms!"—"What a bashaw!" 'moan Newcastle and the top Officials. "Best way is, don't mind 'it," said Mr. Stone' (one of their terriers,—a hard-headed fellow, whose brother became Primate of Ireland by and by).

3°. '*November 20th*, 1755, Thrown out:—on Pelham's death, 'and the general hurlyburly in Official regions, and change of part-'ners with no little difficulty, which had then ensued! Sir Thomas 'Robinson,' our old friend, 'made Secretary,—not found to answer. 'Pitt sulkily looking on America, on Minorca; on things German, 'on things in general; warily set on returning, as is thought; but 'How? *Fox* to Pitt: "Will you join *me?*"—*Pitt:* "No,"—with 'such politeness, but in an unmistakable way! Ten months of 'consummate steering on the part of Pitt; Chancellor Hardwicke 'coming as messenger, he among others; Pitt's answer to him 'dextrous, modestly royal. Pitt's bearing, in this grand juncture 'and crisis, is royal, his speakings and also his silences notably fine. '*October 20th*, 1756: to Newcastle face to face, "I will accept no 'situation under your Grace!"—and, about that day month, comes '*in*, on his own footing. That is to say,

'*November 19th*, 1756, to England's great comfort, Sees himself 'Secretary of State (age now just forty-eight). Has pretty much all 'England at his back; but has, in face of him, Fox, Newcastle and 'Company, offering mere impediment and discouragement; Royal 'Highness of Cumberland looking deadly sour. Till finally,

'*April 5th*, 1757, King bids him resign; Royal Highness set-'ting off for Germany the second day after. Pitt had been *in* rather 'more than Four months. England, at that time a silent Country in 'comparison, knew not well what to do; took to offering him Free-'doms of Corporations in very great quantity. Town after Town, 'from all the four winds, sympathetically firing off, upon a misguided 'Sacred Majesty, its little Box, in this oblique way, with extraor-

'dinary diligence. Whereby, after six-months bombardment by 'Boxes, and also by Events, *June 29th*, 1757'—We will expect June 29th.[15]

In these sad circumstances, Preparations, so-called, have been making for Hanover, for America;—such preparations as were never seen before. Take only one instance; let one be enough:

'By the London Gazette, well on in February 1756, we learn 'that Lord Loudon, a military gentleman of small faculty, but of 'good connexions, has been nominated to command the Forces in 'America; and then, more obscurely, some days after, that another 'has been nominated:—one of them ought certainly to make haste 'out, if he could; the French, by account, have 25,000 men in those 'countries, with real officers to lead them! Haste out, however, is 'not what this Lord Loudon or his rival can make. In March, we 'learn that Lord Loudon has been again nominated; in an improved 'manner, this time;—and still does not look like going. "Again 'nominated, why again?" Alas, reader, there have been hysterical 'fidgettings in a high quarter; internal shiftings and shufflings, 'contradictions, new proposals, one knows not what.[16] One asks 'only: How is the business ever to be done, if you cannot even 'settle what imbecile is to go and try it?

'Seldom had Country more need of a Commander than America 'now. America itself is of willing mind; and surely has resources, 'in such a Cause; but is full of anarchies as well: the different 'States and sections of it, with their discrepant Legislatures, their 'half-drilled Militias, pulling each a different way, there is, as in 'the poor Mother Country, little result except of the St. Vitus kind. 'In some Legislatures are anarchic Quakers, who think it unper-'missible to fight with those hectoring French, and their tail of 'scalping Indians; and that the "method of love" ought to be tried 'with them. What is to become of those poor people, if not even a 'Lord Loudon can get out?'

[15] Thackeray, i. 231, 264. Almon, *Anecdotes of Pitt* (London, 1810), i. 151, 182, 218.

[16] *Gentleman's Magazine for* 1756, pp. 92, 150, 359, 450.

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The result was, Lord Loudon had not in his own poor person come to hand in America till August 1756, Season now done; and could only write home, "All is St. Vitus out here! Must have reinforcement of 10,000 men!" "Yes," answers Pitt, who is now in Office: "you shall have them; and we will take Cape Breton, please Heaven!"—but was thrown out; and by the wrigglings that ensued, nothing of the 10,000 reached Lord Loudon till Season 1757 too was done. Nor did they then stead his Lordship much, then or afterwards; who never took Cape Breton, nor was like doing it;—but wriggled too and fro a good deal, and revolved on his axis, according to pattern given. And set (what chiefly induces us to name him here) his not reverent enough Subordinate, Lord Charles Hay, our old Fontenoy friend, into angry impatient quizzing of him;—and by and by into Court Martial for such quizzing.[17] Court Martial, which was much puzzled by the case; and could decide nothing, but only adjourn and adjourn;—as we will now do, not mentioning Lord Loudon farther, or the numerous other instances at all.

Pitt, we just saw, far from being confirmed and furthered, has been thrown out by Royal Highness of Cumberland, the last thing before crossing to that exquisite Weser Problem. "Nothing now left at home to hinder *us* and our Hanover and Weser Problem!" thinks Royal Highness. No, indeed: a comfortable pacific No-government, or Battle of the Four Elements, left yonder; the Anarch Old waggling his addle head over it; ready to help everybody, and bring fire and water, and Yes and No, into holy matrimony, if he could!—Let us return to Prag. Only one remark more; upon "April 5th." That was the Day of Pitt's Dismissal at St. James's: and

[17] Peerage Books, § Tweeddale.

I find, at Schönbrunn it is likewise the day when *Reichs-Hofrath* (Kaiser in Privy Council) decides, in respect to Friedrich, that Ban of the Reich must be proceeded with, and recommends Reich's Diet to get through with the same.[18] Official England ordering its Pitt into private life, and Official Teutschland its Friedrich into outlawry ("Be quiet henceforth, both of *you!*")—are, by chance, synchronous phenomena.

Phenomena of Prag Siege:—Prag Siege is interrupted.

Friedrich's Siege of Prag proved tedious beyond expectation. In four days he had done that exploit in 1744; but now, to the world's disappointment, in as many weeks he cannot. Nothing was omitted on his part: he seized all egresses from Prag, rapidly enough; had beset them with batteries, on the very night or morrow of the Battle; every egress beset, cannon and ruin forbidding any issue there. On the 9th of May, cannonading began; proper siege-cannon and ammunition, coming up from Dresden, were completely come May 19th; after which the place is industriously battered, bombarded with redhot balls; but except by hunger, it will not do. Prag, as a fortress, is weak, but as a breastwork for 50,000 men it is strong. The Austrians tried sallies; but these availed nothing,—very ill-conducted, say some. The Prussians, more than once, had nearly got into the place by surprisal; but, owing to mere luck of the Austrians, never could,—say the same parties.[19]

A *Diarium* of Prag Siege is still extant, Two *Dia-*

[18] *Helden-Geschichte* (Reichs-Procedures, *ubi suprà*).

[19] Archenholtz, i. 85, 87.

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riums; punctual diurnal account, both Austrian and Prussian:[20] which it is far from our intention to inflict on readers, in this haste. Siege lasted six weeks; four weeks extremely hot,—from May 19th, when the proper artilleries, in complete state, got up from Dresden. Line of siege-works, or intermittent series of batteries, is some twelve miles long; from Branik southward, to beyond the Belvedere northward, on both sides of the Moldau. King's Camp is on the Ziscaberg; Keith's on the Lorenz Berg, embracing and commanding the Weissenberg; there are two Bridges of communication, Branik and Podoli: King lodges in the Parsonage of Michel,—the busiest of all the sons of Adam; what a set of meditations in that Parsonage! The Besieged, 46,000 by count, offer to surrender Prag on condition of "Free withdrawal:" "No; you shall engage, such of you as won't enlist with us, not to serve against me for six years." Here are some select Specimens; Prussian chiefly, in an abridged state:

'*May 19th,* No sooner was our artillery come (all the grounds 'and beds for it had been ready beforehand), than as evening fell, it 'began to play in terrific fashion.'

'*Night of the 23d-24th May,* There broke out a furious sally; 'their first, and much their hottest, say the Prussians: a very 'serious affair;—which fell upon Keith's quarter, west side of the 'Moldau. Sally, say something like 10,000 strong; picked men 'all, and strengthened with half a pound of horse-flesh each' (unluckily without salt): judge what the common diet must have been, when that was generous! 'No salt to it; but a fair supplement 'of brandy. Browne, from his bed of pain (died, 26th June), had 'been strongly urgent. Aim is, To force the Prussian lines, by 'determination, and the help of darkness, in some weak point: the 'whole Army, standing ranked on the walls, shall follow, if things

[20] In *Helden-Geschichte,* iv. 42-56, Prussian *Diarium;* ib. 73-86, Austrian.

'go well; and storm itself through,—away Daun-wards, across the 'River by Podoli Bridge.

'Sally broke out between 1 and 2 A.M.; but we had wind of it, 'and were on the alert. Sally tried on this place and on that; very 'furious in places, but could not anywhere prevail. The tusseling 'lasted for near six hours (Prince Ferdinand' of Preussen, King's youngest Brother, 'and others of us, getting hurts and doing ex-'ploits),—till, about 7 A.M., it was wholly swept in, with loss of '1,000 dead. Upon which, their whole Army retired to its quarters, 'in a hopeless condition. Escape impossible. Near 50,000 of them; 'but in such a posture. Provision of bread, the spies say, is not 'scarce, unless the Prussians can burn it, which they are indus-'triously trying (diligent to learn where the Magazines are, and to 'fire incessantly upon the same): plenty of meal hitherto; but for 'butcher's meat, only what we saw. Forage nearly done, and 12,000 'horses standing in the squares and market-places,—not even 'stabling for them, not to speak of food or work,—slaughtering 'and salting' (if one but had salt!) 'the one method. Horse-flesh 'two kreutzers a pound; rises gradually to double that value.

'*May 29th*, About sunset there came a furious burst of weather: 'rain-torrents mixed with battering hail;—some flaw of water-spout 'among the Hills; for it lasted hour on hour, and Moldau came 'down roaring double-deep, above a hundred yards too wide each way; 'with cargoes of ruin, torn-up trees, drowned horses; which sorely 'tried our Bridge at Branik. Bridge, half of it, did break away '(Friedrich's half, forty-four pontoons; Keith's people got their end 'of the Bridge doubled-in and saved): the Austrians, in Prag, fished 'out twenty-four of Friedrich's pontoons; the other twenty we 'caught at our Bridge of Podoli farther down. A most wild night 'for the Prussian Army in tents; and indeed for Prag itself, the 'low parts of which were all under water; unfortunate individuals 'getting drowned in the cellars; and, still more important, a great 'deal of Austrian meal, which had been carried thither, to be safe 'from the red-hot balls.

'It was thought the Austrians, our Bridge being down, might try 'a sally again. To prevent which, hardly was the rain done, when, 'on our part, a rocket flew aloft; and there began on the City, from 'all sides, a deluge of bombs and red-hot balls. So that the still-

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'dripping City was set fire to, in various parts; and we could hear' (what this Editor never can forget) 'the *Weh-Klagen* (wail) of the 'Townsfolk as they tried to quench it, and it always burst out again. 'The fire-deluge lasted for six hours.'—Human *Weh-Klagen*, through the hollow of Night, audible to the Prussians and us: "Woe's me! water-deluges, then fire-deluges; death on every hand!" According to the Austrian accounts, there perished, by bursting of bomb-shells, falling of walls, by hunger and other misery and hurts, 'above 9,000 Townsfolk in this Siege.' Yes, my Imperial friends; War is not a thing of streamering and ornamental trumpeting alone; War is an inexorable, dangerously incalculable thing. Is it not a terrible question, at whose door lies the beginning of a War!

'*June 5th*, 12,000 poor people of Prag were pushed out: "Use-'less mouths, will you contrive to disappear some way!" But, after 'haggling about all day, they had to be admitted in again, under 'penalty of being shot.

'*June 8th*, City looking black and ruinous, whole of the Neu-'stadt in ashes; few houses left in the Jew Town; in the Altstadt 'the fire raged on, *wüthete fort*. Nothing but ruin and confusion 'over there; population hiding in cellars, getting killed by falling 'buildings. Bürgermeister and Townsfolk besiege Prince Karl, "For 'the Virgin's sake, have pity on us, Your Serenity!" Poor Prince 'Karl has to be deaf, whatever his feelings.

'He was diligent in attending mass, they say: he alone of the 'Princes, of whom there were several; two Saxon Princes among 'others, Prince Xavier the elder of them, who will be heard of again. 'A profane set, these, lodging in the *Clementinum*' (vast Jesuit Edifice, which had been cleared out for them, and 'the windows filled with dung outside,' against balls): 'there, with wines of fine vintage, 'and cookeries plentiful and exquisite, that know nothing of famine 'outside, they led an idle disorderly life,—ran races in the long corridors' (not so bad a course), 'dressed themselves in Priests' vestures' (which are abundant in such locality), 'and made travesties and 'mummeries of Holy Religion; the wretched creatures, defying de-'spair, as buccaneers might when their ship is sinking. To sur-'render, everything forbids; of escape, there is no possibility.[21]

'*June 9th*, The bombardment abates; a *Laboratorium* of our

[21] Archenholtz, i. 86; *Helden-Geschichte*, iv. 73-84.

'own flew aloft by some spark or accident; and killed thirteen 'men.

'*June 15th*, From the King's Camp a few bombs' (King himself now gone) 'kindled the City in three places:'—but there is, by this time, new game afield; Prag Siege awaiting its decision not at Prag, but some way off.

Friedrich has being doing his utmost; diligent, by all methods, to learn where the Austrian Magazines were, that is, on what special edifices and localities shot might be expended with advantage; and has fired into these 'about 12,000 bombs.' Here is a small thing still remembered:

'Spies being, above all, essential in this business, Friedrich had 'bethought him of one Käsebier, a supreme of Housebreakers, whom 'he has, safe with a ball at his ancle, doing forced labour at Span- 'dau' (in Stettin, if it mattered). 'Käsebier was actually sent for, 'pardon promised him if he could do the State a service. Käsebier 'smuggled himself twice, perhaps three times, into Prag; but the 'fourth time he did not come back.'[22] Another Note says: 'Käse- 'bier was a Tailor, and Son of a Tailor, in Halle; and the expertest 'of Thieves. Had been doing forced labour, in Stettin, since 1748; 'twice did get into Prag; third time, vanished. A highly celebrated 'Prussian thief; still a myth among the People, like Dick Turpin or 'Cartouche, except that his was always theft without violence.'[23]

We learn vaguely that the price of horse-flesh in Prag has risen to double; famine very sore: but still one hears nothing of surrender. And again there is vague rumour that the City may be as it will; but that the Garrison has meal, after all we have ruined, which will last till October. Such a Problem has this King: soluble within the time; or not soluble? Such a question for the whole world, and for himself more than any.

[22] Retzow, i. 108 n. [23] Preuss, ii. 57 n.

CHAPTER IV.

BATTLE OF KOLIN.

On and after June 9th, the bombardment at Prag abated, and never rose to briskness again; the place of trial for decision of that Siege having flitted elsewhither, as we said. About that time, rumours came in, not so favourable, from the Duke of Bevern; which Friedrich, strong in hope, strove visibly to disbelieve, but at last could not. Bevern reports that Daun is actually coming on, far too strong for his resisting;—in other terms, that the Siege of Prag will not decide itself by bombardment, but otherwise and elsewhere. Of which we must now give some account; brief as may be, especially in regard to the preliminary or marching part.

Daun, whose light troops plundered Brandeis (almost within wind of the Prussian Rear) on the day while Prag Battle was fighting, had, on that fatal event, gradually drawn back to Czaslau, a place we used to know fifteen years ago; and there, or in those neighbourhoods, defensively manœuvering, and hanging upon Kuttenberg, Kolin, especially upon his Magazine of Suchdol, Daun, always rather drawing back, with Brunswick Bevern vigilantly waiting on him, has continued ever since; diligently recruiting himself; ranking the remains of the right wing defeated at Prag; drawing regiments out of Mähren, or whencesoever to be had. Till, by these methods, he is grown 60,000 strong; nearly thrice superior to Bevern; though being a "Fabius Cunctator" (so called by and by), he as yet attempts nothing. Forty thousand in Prag, with Sixty here in the Czaslau

Quarter,[1] that makes 100,000; say his Prussian Majesty has two-thirds of the number: can the Fabius Cunctator attempt nothing, before Prag utterly famish?

Order comes to him from Vienna: "Rescue Prag; straightway go upon it, cost what it like!" Daun does go upon it; advances visibly towards Prag, Bevern obliged to fall back in front of him. Sunday, 12th June, Daun despatches several Officers to Prince Karl at Prag, with notice that, "On the 20th, Monday come a week, he will be in the neighbourhood of Prag with this view:—they, of course, to sally out, and help from rearward." 'Several Officers, under various disguises,' go with that message, June 12th; but none of them could get into the City; and some of them, I judge, must have fallen into the Prussian Hussar Parties:—at any rate, the news they carried did get into the Prussian circuit, and produced an instant resolution there. Early next morning, Monday 13th, King Friedrich, with what disposable force is on the spot,—10,000 capable of being spared from siege-work, and 4,000 more that will be capable of following, under Prince Moritz, in two days,—sets forth in all speed. Joins Bevern, that same night; at Kaurzim, thirty-five miles off, which is about midway from Prag to Czaslau,* and only three miles or so from Daun's quarters that night,—had the King known it, which he did not.

Daun must be instantly gone into; and shall,—if he is there at all, and not fallen back at the first rumour of us, as Friedrich rather supposes. In any case, there are preliminaries indispensable: the 4,000 of Prince Moritz still to come up; secondly, bread to be had for us, which is baking at Nimburg, across the Elbe, twenty miles off; lastly (or rather firstly, and most indispensable of all), Daun to be reconnoitred. Friedrich reconnoitres Daun with all diligence; pushes on everything according to his wont; much obstructed in the reconnoitring by Pandour clouds, under which Daun has veiled himself, which far outnumber our small Hussar force. Daun, as usual,—showing always great skill in regard to camps and positions,—has planted himself in difficult country: a little river with its boggy pools in front; behind and around, an intricate broken country of knolls and swamps, one ridge in it which they even call a *Berg*

[1] Tempelhof, i. 196; Retzow (i. 107, 109) counts 46,000+66,000.

* See Map at p. 140 *a*.

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or Hill, Kamhayek Berg; not much of a Hill after all, but forming a long backbone to the locality, west end of it straight behind Daun's centre, at present. Friedrich's position is from north to south; like Daun's, taking advantage of what heights and brooks there are; and edging northward to be near his bread-ovens: right wing still holds by Kaurzim, left wing looking down on Planian, a little Town on the High Road (*Kaiser-Strasse*) from Prag to Vienna. Little Town destined to get up its name in a day or two,—next little Town to which, twelve miles farther on, is Kolin, secretly destined to become and continue still more famous among mankind. Kolin is close to the Elbe, left or south bank; Elbe hereabouts strikes into his long north-eastern course (to Wittenberg all the way; Pirna, say 150 miles off, is his halfway house in that direction);—strikes off northward hereabouts, making for Nimburg, among other places: Planian, right south of Nimburg, is already fifteen good miles from Elbe.

This is Friedrich's position, Wednesday June 15th and the day following; somewhat nearer his ovens than yesterday. Daun is yet parallel to him, has his centre behind Swoyschitz, an insignificant Village, at the foot of those Kamhayek Heights, which is, ever since, to be found in Maps. Friday 17th, Friedrich's bread-wagons and 4,000 having come in, as doubtless the Pandours report in the proper place, Daun does not quite like his strong position any more, but would prefer a stronger. Friday about sunset, 'great clouds of dust' rise from Daun: changing his position, the Prussians see, if for Pandours and gathering darkness they can at present see little else. Daun, truly, observing the King to have in that manner edged up, towards Planian, is afraid of his right wing from such a neighbour. So that the reader must take his Map again. Or if he care not for such things, let him skip, and leave me solitary to my sad function; till we can meet on easier ground, and report the Battle which ensued. Daun hustles his right wing back out of that dangerous proximity; wheels his whole right wing and centre ninety degrees round, so as to reach out now towards Kolin, and lie on the north slope of the Kamhayek ridge; places his left wing *en potence* (gibbet-wise), hanging round the western *end* of said Kamhayek, its southern extremity at Swoyschitz, its northern at Hradenin, where (not a mile from Planian) his right wing had formerly been;—with other

intricate movements not worth following, under my questionable guidance, on a Map with unpronounceable names. Enough to say that Daun's right wing is now far east at Krecz̆horz, well beyond Chotzemitz, whereabouts his centre now comes to stand (and most of his horse *there*, both the wings being hilly and rough, unfit for horse);—and that this being nearly the last of Daun's shiftings and hustlings for the present, or indeed in essential respects the very last, readers may as well note the above main points in it.

Hustled into this still stronger place, with wheeling and shoving, which lasted to a late hour, Daun composes himself for the night. He lies now, with centre and right looking northward, pretty much parallel to the Planian-Kolin or Prag-Vienna Highway, and about a mile south of the same; extreme posts extending almost to Kolin on that side; left wing well planted *en potence;* Kamhayek ridge, north face and west end of it, completely his on both the exposed or Anti-Prussian faces. Friedrich feels uncertain whether he has not gone his ways altogether; but proposes to ascertain by break of day.

By break of day Friedrich starts, having cleared off certain Pandour swarms visible in places of difficulty, who go on first notice, and without shot fired.[2] Marches through Planian in two columns, along the Kolin Highway and to north of it; marches on, four or five miles farther, nothing visible but the skirts of retiring Pandours,—"Daun's rear-guard probably?"—Friedrich himself is with Ziethen, who has the vanguard, as Friedrich's wont is, eagerly enough looking out; reaches a certain Inn on the wayside (*Wirths-haus* 'of Slatislunz or *Golden-Sun,*' say the Modern Books,

[2] Lloyd, i. 61 et seq. (or Tempelhof's Translation, i. 151-164); Tempelhof's own Account is, i. 179-196; Retzow's, i. 120-149 (fewer errors of detail than usual); Kutzen, *Der Tag von Kolin* (Breslau, 1857), a useful little compilation from many sources. Very incorrect most of the common accounts are; Kausler's *Schlachten*, Jomini, and the like.

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—though I am driven to think it Novomiesto, nearer Planian; but will not quarrel on the subject); Inn of good height for one thing; and there, mounting to the top-story or perhaps the leads, descries Daun, stretching far and wide, leant against the Kamhayek, in the summer morning. What a sight for Friedrich: "Big game *shall* be played, then; death sure, this day, to thousands of men: and to me—?—Well!"

Friedrich calls halt: rest here a little; to consider, examine, settle how. A hot close morning; rest for an hour or two, till our rear from Kaurzim come up: horses and men will be the better for it,—horses can have a mouthful of grass, mouthful of water; some of them 'had no drink last night, so late in getting home.' Poor quadrupeds, they also have to get into a blaze of battle-rage this day, and be blown to pieces a great many of them, —in a quarrel not of their seeking! Horse and rider are alike satisfied on that latter point; silently ready for the task *they* have; and deaf on questions that are bottomless.

At this Hostelry of Novomiesto (not of Slatislunz or "*Golden-Sun*" at all, which is a "Sun" fallen dismally eclipsed in other ways[3]), Friedrich halted for three hours and more; saw Daun developing himself into new Order of

[3] 'The Inn of Slati-Slunz was burnt, about twenty years ago; nothing 'of it but the stone walls now dates from Friedrich's time. It is a biggish 'solid-looking House of two stories (whether ever of three, I could not 'learn); stands pleasantly, at the crown of a long rise from Kolin;—and 'inwardly, alas, in our day, offers little but bad smells and negative quanti-'ties! Only the ground-floor is now inhabited. From the front, your view, 'northward, Nimburg way, across the Elbe Valley, is fertile, wide-waving, 'pretty: but rearward, upstairs,—having with difficulty got permission,— 'you find bare balks, tattered feathers, several hundredweight of pigeon's 'dung, and no outlook at all, except into walls of office-houses and the 'overhanging brow of Heights,—fatal, clearly, to any view of Daun, even 'from a third story!' (*Tourist's Note*, 1858.)—Tempelhof (*ubi suprà*) seems to have known the right place; not Retzow, or almost anybody since: and indeed the question, except for expressly Military people, is of no moment.

Battle, 'every part of his position visible;' considered with his whole might what was to be tried upon him;—and about noon, having made up his mind, called his Generals, in sight of the phenomenon itself there, to give them their various orders and injunctions in regard to the same. The Plan of Fight, which was thought then, and is still thought by everybody, an excellent one,—resting on the "oblique order of attack," Friedrich's favourite mode,—was, if the reader will take his Map, conceivable as follows.

Daun has by this time deployed himself; in three lines, or two lines and a reserve; on the high-lying Champaign south of the Planian-Kolin Great Road; south, say a mile, and over the crests of the rising ground, or Kamhayek ridge, so that from the Great Road you can see nothing of him. His line, swaying here and there a little, to take advantage of its ground, extends nearly five miles, from east to west; pointing towards Planian side, the left wing of it; from Planian, eastward, the way Friedrich has marched, Daun's left wing may be four miles distant. On the other side, Daun's right wing,—main line always pretty parallel to the Highway, and pointing rather southward of Kolin,—reaches to the small Hamlet of Krzeczhorz, which is two miles off Kolin. In front of his centre is a Village called Chotzemitz (from which for a while, in those months, the Battle gets its name, "Battle of Chotzemitz," by Daun's christening): in front of him, to right or to left of Chotzemitz, are some four or even six other Villages (dim rustic Hamlets, invisible from the High Road), every Village of which Daun has well beset with batteries, with good infantry, not to speak of Croat parties hovering about, or dismounted Pandours squatted in the corn. That easternmost Village of his is spelt "Krzeczhorz" (unpronounceable to mankind), a dirty little place; in and round which the Battle had

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its hinge or cardinal point: the others, as abstruse of spelling, all but equally impossible to the human organs, we will forbear to name, except in case of necessity. Half a mile behind Krzeczhorz (let us write it Kreczor, for the future: what can we do?), is a thin little Oak-wood, bushes mainly, but with sparse trees too, which is now quite stubbed out, though it was then important enough, and played a great part in the result of this day's work. Radowesnitz, a pronounceable little Village, half a mile farther or southward of the Oak-bush, is beyond the extremity of Daun's position; low down on a marshy little Brook, which oozes through lakes and swamps towards Kolin, in the northerly direction.

Most or all of these Villages are on little Brooks (natural thirst so leading them): always some little runlet of water, not so swampy when there is any fall for it; in general lively when it gets over the ridge, and becomes visible from this Highway. And it is curious to see what a considerable dell, or green ascending chasm, this little thread of water, working at all moments for thousands of years, has hollowed out for itself in the sloping ground; making a great military obstacle, if you are mounting to attack there. Poor Czech Hamlets all of them, dirty, dark, malodorous, ignorant, abhorrent of German speech;—in what nook those inarticulate inhabitants, diving underground at a great rate this morning, have hidden themselves today, I know not. The country consists of knolls and slopes, with swamps intermediate; rises higher on the Planian side; but except the top of that Kamhayek ridge on the Planian side, and "Friedrich's-Berg" on the Kolin side, there is nothing that you could think of calling a Hill, though many Books (and even Friedrich's Book) rashly say otherwise. Friedrich's-Berg now so called, is on the north side of the Highway: half a mile north-eastward of Slati-

slunz, the malodorous Inn. A conical height of perhaps a hundred and fifty feet; rises rather suddenly from the still-sloping ground, checking the slope there; on which the Austrian populations have built some memorial lately, notable to Tourists. Here Friedrich "stood during the Battle," say they; and the Prussians "had a battery there." Which remains uncertain to me, at least the battery part of it: that Friedrich himself was there, now and then, can be believed; but not that he kept "standing there" for long together. Friedrich's-Berg does command some view of the Kreczor scene, which at times was cardinal, at others not: but Friedrich did not stand anywhere: 'oftenest in the thick of the fire,' say those who saw.

Friedrich, from his Inn near Planian, seeing how Daun deploys himself, considers him impregnable on the left wing; impregnable, too, in front: not so on the Kreczor side, right flank and rear; but capable of being rolled together, if well struck at there. Thither, therefore; that is his vulnerable point. March along his front; quietly parallel in due Order of Battle, till we can bend round, and plunge in upon that. The Van, which consists of Ziethen's Horse and Hülsen's Infantry; Van, having faced to right at the proper moment and so become Left Wing, will attack Kreczor; probably carry it; each Division following will in like manner face to right when it arrives there, and fall on in regular succession in support of Hülsen (at Hülsen's right flank, if Hülsen be found prospering): our Right Wing is to refuse itself, and be as a Reserve,—no fighting on the road, you others, but steady towards Hülsen, in continual succession, all you; no facing round, no fighting anywhere, till we get thither:—"March!"

The word is given about 2 P.M.; and all, on the instant, is in motion; rolls steadily eastward, in two columns, which will become First Line and Second. One

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along the Highway, the second at due distance leftward on the green ground, no hedge or other obstacle obstructing in that part of the world. Daun's batteries, on the right, spit at them in passing, to no purpose; sputters of Pandour musketry, from coverts, there may be: Prussians finely disregarding, pass along; flowing tide-like towards *their* goal and place of choice. An impressive phenomenon in the sunny afternoon; with Daun expectant of them, and the Czech populations well hidden underground!—

Ziethen, vanmost of all, finds Nadasti and his Austrian squadrons drawn across the Highway, hitherward of the Kreczor latitude: Ziethen dashes on Nadasti; tumbles his squadrons and him away; clears the Road, and Kreczor neighbourhood, of Nadasti: drives him quite into the hollow of Radowesnitz, where he stood inactive for the rest of the day. Hülsen now at the level of Kreczor (in the latitude of Kreczor, as we phrased it), halts, faces to right; stiffly presses up, opens his cannon-thunders, his bayonet-charges and platoon-fires upon Kreczor. Stiffly pressing up, in spite of the violent counter-thunders, Hülsen does manage Kreczor without very much delay, completely enough, and like a workman; takes the battery, two batteries; overturns the Infantry;—in a word, has seized Kreczor, and, as new tenant, swept the old, and their litter, quite out. Of all which Ziethen has now the chase, and by no means will neglect that duty. Ziethen, driving the rout before him, has driven it in some minutes past the little Oak-wood above mentioned; and, or rather *but*,—what is much to be noted,—is there taken in flank with cannon-shot and musketry, Daun having put batteries and Croat parties in the Oak-wood; and is forced to draw bridle, and get out of range again.

Hülsen, advancing towards this little Oak-wood, is surprised to discover, not the wood alone, but a strong Austrian force, foot and horse, to rear of it;—such had been Daun's and Nadasti's precaution, on view of those Friedrich phenomena, flowing on from Planian, guessed to be hitherward. At sight of which Wood and foot-party, Hülsen, no new Battalion having yet arrived to second him, pauses, merely cannonading from the distance, till new Battalions shall arrive. Unhappily they did not arrive, or not in due quantity at the set time,—for what reason, by what strange mistake? men still ask themselves. Probably by more mistakes than one. Enough, Hülsen, struggling here all day, with reinforcements never adequate, did take the Wood, and then lose it; did take and lose this and that;—but was unable to make more of it than keep his ground thereabouts. A resolute man, says Retzow, but without invention of his own, or head to mend the mistakes of others. In and about Kreczor, Hülsen did maintain himself with more and more tenacity, till the general avalanche, fruit of said mistakes, swept *him*, quite spasmodically struggling at that period, off to the edge of it, and all the others clean away! Mistakes have been to rightwards, one or even two, the fruit of which, small at first, suffices to turn the balance, and ends in an avalanche, or precipitous descent of ruin on the Prussian side.

One mistake there was, miles westward on the right wing; due to Mannstein, our too impetuous Russian friend. Mannstein well to right, while marching forward according to order, has Croat musketry spitting upon him from amid the high corn, to an inconvenient extent: such was the common lot, which others had borne and disregarded: perhaps it was beyond the average on Mannstein, or Mannstein's patience was less infinite; anyway it provoked

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Mannstein to boil over; and in evil moment he said, "Extinguish me that Croat canaille, then!" Regiment Bornstedt faced to right, accordingly; took to extinguishing the Croat canaille, which of course fled at once, or squatted closer, but came back with reinforcements; drew Mannstein deeper in, fatally delayed Bornstedt, and proved widely ruinous. For now he stopped the way to those following him: regiments marching on to rear of Mannstein see Mannstein halted, volleying with the Austrians; ask themselves, "How? Is there new order come? Attack to be in this point?" And successively fall on to support Mannstein, as the one clear point in such dubiety. So that the whole right wing from Regiment Bornstedt westward is storming up the difficult steeps, in hot conflict with the Austrians there, where success against them had been judged impracticable;—and there is now no reserve force anywhere to be applied to in emergency, for Hülsen's behoof or another's; and the Plan of Battle from Mannstein westward has been fatally overturned. Poor Mannstein, there is no doubt, committed this error, being too fiery a man. Surely to him it was no luxury, and he paid the smart for it in skin and soul: 'badly wounded in this business;' nay, in direct sequel, not many weeks after, killed by it, as we shall see!—

To Mannstein's mistake, Friedrich himself, in his account of Kolin mainly imputes the disaster that followed; and such, then and afterwards, was the universal judgment in military circles; loading the memory of too impetuous Mannstein with the whole.[4] Much talk there was in Prussian military circles; but there must also have been an admirable silence on the part of some. To Three Persons it was known that another strange incident had happened far ahead, far eastward, of Mannstein's position: incident,

[4] See Retzow, i. 135; Tempelhof, i. 214, 220.

which did not by any means tend to alleviate, which could only strengthen and widen, the evil results of Mannstein; and which might have lifted part of the load from Mannstein's memory! Not till the present Century, after the lapse of almost fifty years, was this secret slowly dug out of silence, and submitted to modern curiosity.

The incident is this;—never whispered of for near fifty years (so silent were the three); and endlessly tossed about since that; the sense of it not understood till almost now.[5] The three parties were: King Friedrich; Moritz of Dessau, leading on the centre here; Moritz's young Nephew Franz, Heir of Dessau, a brisk lad of seventeen, learning War here as Aide-de-camp to Moritz: the exact spot is not known to me,—probably the ground near that Inn of Slatislunz, or Golden Sun; between the foot of Friedrich's-Berg and that:—fact indubitable, though kept dark so long. Moritz is marching with the centre, or main battle, that way, intending to wheel and turn hillwards, Kreczor-wise, as per order, certain furlongs ahead; when Friedrich (having, so I can conceive it, seen from his Hill-top, how Hülsen had done Kreczor, altogether prosperous there; and what endless capability there was of prospering to all lengths and speeding the general winning, were Hülsen but supported soon enough, were there any safe short cut to Hülsen) dashed from his Hill-top in hot haste toward Prince Moritz, General of the centre, intending to direct him upon such short cut; and hastily said, with Olympian brevity and fire, "Face to right *here!*" With Jove-like brevity, and in such blaze of Olympian fire as we may imagine. Moritz himself is of brief, crabbed, fiery mind, brief in temper; and answers to the effect, "Impossible to attack the enemy here, your Majesty; postured as

[5] See Retzow, i. 126; Berenhorst; &c. &c.;—then *finally*, Kutzen, pp. 99, 217.

they are; and we with such orders gone abroad!"—"Face to right, I tell you!" said the King, still more Olympian, and too emphatic for explaining. Moritz, I hope, paused, but rather think he did not, before remonstrating the second time; neither perhaps was his voice so low as it should have been: it is certain Friedrich dashed quite up to Moritz at this second remonstrance, flashed out his sword (the only time he ever drew his sword in battle); and now, gone all to mere Olympian lightning and thunder-tone, asks in *this* attitude, "*Will Er* (will He) obey orders, then?"—Moritz, fallen silent of remonstrance, with gloomy rapidity obeys.

Prince Franz, the young Nephew of Moritz, alone witnessed this scene; scene to be locked in threefold silence. In his old age, Franz had whispered it to Berenhorst, his bastard Half-Uncle, a famed military Critic,—who is still in the highest repute that way (Berenhorst's *Kriegskunst*, and other deep Books), and is recognisable, to *lay* readers, for an abstruse strong judgment; with equal strength of abstruse temper hidden behind it, and very privately a deep grudge towards Friedrich, scarcely repressible on opportunity. From Berenhorst it irrepressibly oozed out;[6] much more to Friedrich's disadvantage than it now looks when wholly seen into. Not change of plan, not ruinous caprice on Friedrich's part, as Berenhorst, Retzow, and others would have it; only excess of brevity towards Moritz, and accident of the Olympian fire breaking out. Friedrich is chargeable with nothing, except perhaps (what Moritz knows the evil of) trying for a short cut! Such is now the received interpretation. Prince Franz, to his last day, refused to speak again on the subject;

[6] 'Heinrich von Berenhorst' (a natural son of the Old Dessauer's), 'in his *Betrachtungen über die Kriegskunst*, is the first that alludes to it in print (Leipzig, 1797,—page in *second* edition, 1798, is, i. 219).'

judiciously repentant, we can fancy, of having spoken at all, and brought such a matter into the streets and their pie-powder adjudications.[7] For the present, he is Adjutant to Moritz, busy obeying to the letter.

Friedrich, withdrawing to his Height again, and looking back on Moritz, finds that he is making right in upon the Austrian line; which was by no means Friedrich's meaning, had not he been so brief. Friedrich, doubtless with pain, remembers now that he had said only, "Face to right!" and had then got into Olympian tempest, which left things dark to Moritz. "*Halb-links*, Half to left withal!" he despatches that new order to Moritz, with the utmost speed: "Face to right; *then*, forward half to left." Had Moritz, at the first, got that commentary to his order, there had probably been no remonstrance on Moritz's part, no Olympian scene to keep silent; and Moritz, taking that diagonal direction from the first, had hit in at or below Kreczor, at the very point where he was needed. Alas, for overhaste; short cuts, if they are to be good, ought at least to be made clear! Moritz, on the new order reaching him, does instantly steer half-left: but he arrives now above Kreczor, strikes the Austrian line on this side of Kreczor; disjoined from Hülsen, where he can do no good to Hülsen: in brief, Moritz, and now the whole line with him, have to do as Mannstein and sequel are doing, attack in face, not in flank; and try what, in the proportion of one to two, uphill, and against batteries, they can make of it in that fashion!

And so, from right wing to left, miles long, there is now universal storm of volleying, bayonet-charging, thunder of artillery, case-shot, cartridge-shot, and sulphurous devouring whirlwind; the wrestle very tough and furious,

[7] In *Kutzen*, pp. 217-237, a long dissertation on it.

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especially on the assaulting side. Here, as at Prag, the Prussian troops were one and all in the fire; each doing strenuously his utmost, no complaint to be made of their performance. More perfect soldiers, I believe, were rarely or never seen on any field of war. But there is no reserve left: Mannstein and the rest, who should have been reserve, and at a General's disposal, we see what they are doing! In vain, or nearly so, is Friedrich's tactic or manœuvering talent; what now is there to manœuvre? All is gone up into one combustion. To fan the fire, to be here, there, fanning the fire where need shows: this is now Friedrich's function; 'everywhere in the hottest of the fight,' that is all we at present know of him, invisible to us otherwise. This death-wrestle lasted perhaps four hours; till seven or towards eight o'clock in the June evening; the sun verging downwards; issue still uncertain.

And, in fact, at last the issue turned upon a hair;—such the empire of Chance in War matters. Cautious Daun, it is well known, did not like the aspect of the thing; cautious Daun thinks to himself, "If we get pushed back into that Camp of yesternight, down the Kamhayek Heights, and right into the impassable swamps; the reverse way, Heights now *his*, not ours, and impassable swamps waiting to swallow us? Wreck complete, and surrender at discretion—!"—Daun writes in pencil: "The retreat is to Suchdol" (Kuttenberg way, southward, where we have heights again and magazines); Daun's Aide-de-camp is galloping everywhither with that important Document; and Generals are preparing for retreat accordingly,—one General on the right wing has, visibly to Hülsen and us, his cannon out of battery, and under way rearwards; a welcome sight to Hülsen, who, with imperfect reinforcement, is toughly maintaining himself there all day.

And now the Daun Aide-de-camp, so Chance would have it, cannot find Nostitz the Saxon Commandant of Horse in that quarter; finds a 'Saxon Lieutenant-Colonel B—' ('Benkendorf' all Books now write him plainly), who, by another little chance, had been still left there: "Can the Herr Lieutenant-Colonel tell me where General Nostitz is?" Benkendorf can tell;—will himself take the message: but Benkendorf looks into the important Pencil Document; thinks it premature, wasteful, and that the contrary is feasible; persuades Nostitz so to think; persuades this regiment and that (Saxon, Austrian, horse and foot); though the cannon in retreat go trundling past them: "Merely shifting their battery, don't you see:—Steady!" And, in fine, organises, of Saxon and Austrian horse and foot in promising quantity (Saxons in great fury on the Pirna score, not to say the Striegau, and other old grudges), a new unanimous assault on Hülsen.

The assault was furious, and became ever more so; at length irresistible to Hülsen. Hülsen's horse, pressing on as to victory, are at last hurled back; could not be rallied;[8] fairly fled (some of them); confusing Hülsen's foot,—foot is broken, instantly ranks itself, as the manner of Prussians is; ranks itself in impromptu squares, and stands fiercely defensive again, amid the slashing and careering: wrestle of extreme fury, say the witnesses. "This for Striegau!" cried the Saxon dragoons, furiously sabring.[9] Yes; and is there nothing to account of Pirna, and the later scores? Scores unliquidated, very many still; but the end is, Hülsen is driven away; retreats, Parthian-like, down hill, some space; whose sad example

[8] That of "*Racker, wollt ihr ewig leben*, Rascals, would you live forever?" with the "Fritz, for eight groschen, this day there has been enough!"—is to be counted pure myth; not unsuccessful, in its withered kind.

[9] Archenholtz, i. 100.

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has to spread rightwards like a powder-train, till all are in retreat,—northward, towards Nimburg, is the road;—and the Battle of Kolin is finished.

Friedrich made vehement effort to rally the Horse, to rally this and that; but to no purpose: one account says he did collect some small body, and marched forth at the head of it against a certain battery; but, in his rear, man after man fell away, till Lieutenant-Colonel Grant (not 'Le Grand,' as some call him, and indeed there is an *accent* of Scotch in him, still audible to us here) had to remark, "Your Majesty and I cannot take the battery ourselves!" Upon which Friedrich turned round; and, finding nobody, looked at the Enemy through his glass, and slowly rode away[10]—on a different errand.

Seeing the Battle irretrievably lost, he now called Bevern and Moritz to him; gave them charge of the retreat—"To Nimburg; cross Elbe there" (fifteen good miles away); "and in the defiles of Planian have especial care!" and himself rode off thitherward, his Garde-du-Corps escorting. Retzow says, 'a swarm of fugitive horse-'soldiers, baggage-people, grooms and led horses gathered 'in the train of him: these latter, at one point,' Retzow has heard in Opposition circles, 'rushed up, galloping: "Enemy's hussars upon us!" and set the whole party to 'the gallop for some time, till they found the alarm was 'false.'[11] Of Friedrich we see nothing, except as if by cloudy moonlight in an uncertain manner, through this and the other small Anecdote, perhaps semi-mythical, and true only in the essence of it.

Daun gave no chase anywhere; on his extreme left he had, perhaps as preparative for chasing, ordered out the cavalry; "General Stampach and cavalry from the centre," with cannon, with infantry and appliances, to

[10] Retzow, i. 139. [11] Ib. i. 140.

clear away the wrecks of Mannstein, and what still stands, to right of him, on the Planian Highway yonder. But Stampach found 'obstacles of ground,' wet obstacles and also dry,—Prussian posts, smaller and greater, who would not stir a handbreadth: in fact, an altogether deadly storm of Negative, spontaneous on their part, from the indignant regiments thereabouts, King's First Battalion, and two others; who blazed out on Stampach in an extraordinary manner, tearing to shreds every attempt of his, themselves stiff as steel: "Die, all of us, rather than stir!" And, in fact, the second man of these poor fellows did die there.[12] So that Bevern, Commander in that part, who was absent speaking with the King, found on his return a new battle broken out; which he did not forbid but encourage; till Stampach had enough, and withdrew in rather torn condition. This, if this were some preparative for chasing, was what Daun did of it, in the cavalry way; and this was all. The infantry he strictly prohibited to stir from their position,—"No saying, if we come into the level ground, with such an enemy!"—and passed the night under arms. Far on our left, or what was once our left, Ziethen with all his squadrons, nay Hülsen with most of his battalions, continued steady on the ground; and marched away at their leisure, as rear-guard.

'It seemed,' says Tempelhof, in splenetic tone, 'as if 'Feldmarschall Daun, like a good Christian, would not 'suffer the sun to go down on his wrath. This day, 'nearly the longest in the year, he allowed the Prus-'sian cavalry, which had beaten Nadasti, to stand quiet 'on the field till ten at night' (till nine); 'he did not 'send a single hussar in chase of the infantry. He stood 'all night under arms; and next day, returned to his

[12] Kutzen, p. 138 (from the canonical, or '*Staff-Officers*' enumeration: see *supra*, p. 33 n.).

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'old Camp, as if he had been afraid the King would 'come back. Arriving there himself, he could see, about 'ten in the morning, behind Kaurzim and Planian, the 'whole Prussian Baggage fallen into such a coil that the 'wagons were with difficulty got on way again; never-'theless he let it, under cover of the grenadier battalion 'Manteuffel, go in peace.'[13] A man that for caution and slowness could make no use of his victory!

The Austrian force in the Field this day is counted to have been 60,000; their losses in killed, wounded and missing, 8,114. The Prussians, who began 34,000 in strength, lost 13,773; of whom prisoners (including all the wounded), 5,380. Their baggage, we have seen, was not meddled with: they lost 45 cannon, 22 flags,—a loss not worth adding, in comparison to this sore havoc, for the second time, in the flower of the Prussian Infantry.[14]

The news reached Prag Camp at two in the morning (Sunday 19th): to the sorrowful amazement of the Generals there; who 'stood all silent; only the Prince 'of Prussia breaking out into loud lamentations and ac-'cusations,' which even Retzow thinks unseemly. Friedrich arrived that Sunday evening: and the Siege was raised, next day; with next to no hindrance or injury. With none at all on the part of Daun; who was still standing among the heights and swamps of Planian,—busy singing, or shooting, universal *Te Deum*, with very great rolling fire and other pomp, that day while Friedrich gathered his Siege-goods and got on march.

[13] Tempelhof, i. 195.

[14] Retzow, i. 141 (whose numbers are apt to be inaccurate); Kutzen, p. 144 (who depends on the Canonical *Staff-Officer* Account).

The Maria-Theresa Order, new Knighthood for Austria.

No tongue can express the joy of the Austrians over this victory,—vouchsafed them, in this manner, by Lieutenant-Colonel Benkendorf and the Powers Above. Miraculously, behold, they are not upon the retreat to Suchdol, at double-quick, and in ragged ever-lengthening line; but stand here, keeping rank all night, on the Planian-Kolin upland of the Kamhayek:—behold, they have actually beaten Friedrich; for the first time, not been beaten by him. Clearly beaten that Friedrich, by some means or other. With such a result, too; consider it,—drawn sword was at our throat; and marvellously now it is turned round upon his (if Daun be alert), and we—let us rejoice to all lengths, and sing *Te Deum* and *Te Daunum* with one throat, till the Heavens echo again.

There was quite a hurricane, or lengthened storm, of jubilation and tripudiation raised at Vienna on this victory: New *Order of Maria Theresa,* in suitable Olympian fashion, with no end of regulating and inaugurating,—with Daun the first Chief of it; and "Pensions to Merit" a conspicuous part of the plan, we are glad to see. It subsists to this day: the grandest Military Order the Austrians yet have. Which then deafened the world, with its infinite solemnities, patentings, discoursings, trumpetings, for a good while. As was natural, surely, to that high Imperial Lady with the magnanimous heart; to that loyal solid Austrian People with its pudding-head. Daun is at the top of the Theresa Order, and of military renown in Vienna circles;—of Lieutenant-Colonel Benkendorf I never heard that he got the least pension or

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recognition;—continued quietly a military lion to discerning men, for the rest of his days.[15]

Nay once, on Daun's *Te-Deum* day, he had a kind of recognition;—and even, by good accident, can tell us of it in his own words:[16]

'I was sent for to headquarters by a trumpeter,'—Benkendorf was,—'when all was ready for the *Te Deum*. Feldmarschall Daun 'was pleased to say at sight of me, "That as I had had so much to 'do with the victory, it was but right I should thank our Herr Gott 'along with him." Having no change of clothes,—as the servant who 'was to have a uniform and some linens ready for me, had galloped 'off during the Fight, and our baggage was all gone to rearward,— 'I tried to hustle out of sight among the crowd of Imperial Officers 'all in gala: but the reigning Duke of Würtemberg' (Wilhelmina's Son-in-law, a perverse obstinate Herr, growing ever more perverse; one of Wilhelmina's sad afflictions in these days) 'called me to him, 'and said, "He would give his whole wardrobe, could he wear that 'dusty coat with such honour as I!"'—yes; and tried hard, in his perverse way, for some such thing; but never could, as we shall see.

How lucky that Polish Majesty had some remains of Cavalry still at Warsaw in the Pirna time; that they were made into a Saxon Brigade, and taken into the Austrian service; Brigade of three Regiments, Nostitz for Chief, and this Benkendorf a Lieutenant-Colonel, among them;—and that Polish Majesty, though himself lost, has been the saving of Austria twice within one year!

[15] 'Died at Dresden, General of Cavalry,' 5th May 1801 (Rödenbeck, i. 333, 339).

[16] Kutzen (citing some *Biography* of Benkendorf), p. 143.

CHAPTER V.

FRIEDRICH AT LEITMERITZ, HIS WORLD OF ENEMIES COMING ON.

Of Friedrich's night-thoughts at Nimburg; how he slept, and what his dreams were, we have no account. Seldom did a wearied heart sink down into oblivion on such terms. By narrow miss, the game gone; and with such results ahead. It was a right valiant plunge this that he made, with all his strength and all his skill, home upon the heart of his chief enemy. To quench his chief enemy before another came up: it was a valiant plan, and valiantly executed; and it has failed. To dictate peace from the walls of Vienna: that lay on the cards for him this morning; and at night—? Kolin is lost, the fruit of Prag Victory too is lost; and Schwerin and new tens of thousands, unreplaceable for worth in this world, are lost: much is lost! Courage, your Majesty, all is not lost, you not, and honour not.

To the young Graf von Anhalt, on the road to Nimburg, he is recorded to have said, "Don't you know, then, "that every man must have his reverses (*Mais ne savez-"vous donc pas que chaque homme doit avoir ses revers*)? "It appears I am to have mine."[1] And more vaguely, in the Anecdote-Books, is mention of some stanch ruggedly pious old Dragoon, who brought, in his steel cap, from some fine-flowing well he had discovered, a draught of

[1] Rödenbeck, i. 309.

pure water to the King; old Mother Earth's own gift, through her rugged Dragoon, exquisite refection to the thirsty wearied soul; and spoke, in his Dragoon dialect,—"Never mind, your Majesty! *Der Allmächtige* and we; it shall be mended yet. 'The Kaiserin may get a victory 'for once; but does that send us to the Devil (*davon holt 'uns der Teufel nicht*)!'"—words of rough comfort, which were well taken.

Next morning, several Books, and many Drawings and Sculptures of a dim unsuccessful nature, give us view of him, at Nimburg; sitting silent 'on a *Brunnen-Rohr*' (Fountain Apparatus, waste-pipe or feeding-pipe, too high for convenient sitting); he is stooping forward there, his eyes fixed on the ground, and is scratching figures in the sand with his stick, as the broken troops reassemble round him. Archenholtz says: 'He surveyed 'with speechless feeling the small remnant of his Life-'guard of Foot, favourite First Battalion; 1,000 strong 'yesterday morning, hardly 400 now;'—gone the others, in that furious Anti-Stampach outburst which ended the day's work! 'All soldiers of this chosen Battalion were 'personally known to him; their names, their age, native 'place, their history' (the pick of his Ruppin regiment was the basis of it): 'in one day, Death had mowed them 'down; they had fought like heroes, and it was for him 'that they had died. His eyes were visibly wet, down 'his face rolled silent tears.'[2]

In public I never saw other tears from this King,—though in private I do not warrant him; his sensibilities, little as you would think it, being very lively and intense. "To work, however!" This King can shake away such things; and is not given overmuch to retrospection on the unalterable Past. 'Like dewdrops from the lion's

[2] Archenholtz, i. 104, 101; Kutzen, pp. 259, 138; Retzow, i. 142.

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mane' (as is figuratively said); the lion swiftly rampant again! There was manifold swift ordering, considering and determining, at Nimburg, that day; and towards night Friedrich shot rapidly into Headquarters at Prag, where, by order, there is, as the first thing of all, a very rapid business going on, well forward by the time he arrives.

To fold one's Siege-gear and Army neatly together from those Two Hill-tops, and march away with them safe, in sight of so many enemies: this has to be the first and rapidest thing; if this be found possible, as one calculates it may. After which, the world of enemies, held in the slip so long, will rush in from all the four winds, —unknown whitherward; one must wait to see whitherward and how.

Friedrich's History for the remaining six months of this Year falls, accordingly, into three Sections. Section *first:* Waiting how and towards what objects his enemies, the Austrians first of all, will advance;—this lasts for about a month; Friedrich waiting mainly at Leitmeritz, on guard there both of Saxony and of Silesia, till this slowly declare itself. Slowly, perhaps almost stupidly, but by no means satisfactorily to Friedrich, as will be seen! After which, Section *second* of his History lasts above two months; Friedrich's enemies being all got to the ground, and united in hope and resolution to overwhelm and abolish him; but their plans, positions, operations so extremely various that, for a long time (end of August to beginning of November), Friedrich cannot tell what to do with them; and has to scatter himself into thin threads, and roam about, chiefly in Thüringen and the West of Saxony, seeking something to fight with, and finding nothing; getting more and more impatient of such paltry misery; at times nigh desperate; and habi-

tually drifting on desperation as on a lee shore in the night, despite all his efforts. Till, in Section *third*, which goes from November 5th, through December 5th, and into the New Year, he does find what to do; and does it,—in a forever memorable way.

Three Sections; of which the reader shall successively have some idea, if he exert himself; though it is only in snatches, suggestive to an active fancy, that we can promise to dwell on them, especially on the First Two, which lie pretty much *un*surveyable in those chaotic records, like a world-wide coil of thrums. Let us be swift, in Friedrich's own manner; and try to disemprison the small portions of essential! Here, partly from Eyewitnesses, are some Notes in regard to Section First:[3]

'*Sunday, 19th June*, At 2 A.M., Major Grant arrives at Prag' (must have started instantly after that of "We two cannot take the battery, your Majesty!")—'goes to Prince Ferdinand of Brunswick, 'interim Commander on the Ziscaberg, with order To raise Siege. 'Consternation on the part of some; worse, on the Prince of Prus-'sia's part; the others kept silence at least,—and set instantly to 'work. On both Hills, the cannons are removed (across Moldau 'the Zisca-Hill ones), batteries destroyed, Siege-gear neatly gathered 'up, to go in wagons to Leitmeritz, thence by boat to Dresden: all 'this lies ready done, the dangerous part of it done, when Friedrich 'arrives.

'*Monday, 20th*, before sunrise, Siege raised. At three in the 'morning, Friedrich marches from the Ziscaberg; to eastward he, to 'Alt-Buntzlau, thence to Alt-Lissa,'—Nimburg way, with what objects we shall see. 'Marshal Keith's fine performance. Keith, from 'the Weissenberg, does not march, such packing and loading still; 'all the baggages and artilleries being with Keith. Not till four in 'the afternoon did Keith march; but beautifully then; and folded 'himself away,—rearguard under Schmettau "retreating chequer-

[3] Westphalen, *Geschichte der Feldzüge des Herzogs Ferdinand* (and a Private Journal of W.'s there), ii. 13-19; Retzow; &c.

'wise," nothing but Tolpatcheries attempting on him,—westward, 'Budin-ward, without loss of a linstock, not to speak of guns. Very 'prettily done on the part of Keith. By Budin, to Leitmeritz, he; 'where the King will join him shortly.'

Friedrich's errand in Alt-Lissa, eastward, while Keith went westward, was, To be within due arm's-length of the Moritz-Bevern, or beaten Kolin Army, which is coming up that way; intending to take post, and do its best, in those parts, with Zittau Magazine and the Lausitz to rear of it. One of our Eyewitnesses, a Herr Westphalen, Ferdinand of Brunswick's Secretary,—who, with his Chief, got into wider fields before long,—yields these additional particulars face to face:

'*Tuesday*, 21*st June* 1757. King's Headquarters in Lissa or 'neighbourhood till Friday next; which is central for both these 'movements,—Thursday, orders seven regiments of horse to rein-'force Keith. No symptom yet of pursuit anywhere.

'*Friday*, 24*th*. Prince Moritz with the Kolin Army made ap-'pearance, all safe, and is to command here; King intending for 'Keith. After dinner, and the due interchange of battalions to that 'end, King sets off, with Prince Henri, towards Keith; Headquarter 'in Alt-Buntzlau again. *Saturday Night*, at Melnick;* *Sunday*, 'Gastorf: *Monday Night*, 27*th June*, Leitmeritz; King lodges in 'the Cathedral Close, in sight of Keith, who is on the opposite side 'of Elbe,—but the town has a Bridge for tomorrow. "Never was "a quieter march; not the shadow of a Pandour visible. The "Duke" (Ferdinand, my Chief, Chatham's jewel that is to be, and precious to England) "has suffered much from a"—in fact, from 'a *cours de ventre*, temporary bowel-derangement, which was very 'troublesome, owing to the excessive heats by day, and coldness of 'the nights.

'*Tuesday*, 28*th*. Junction with Keith,—Bridge rightly secured, 'due party of dragoons and foot left on the right bank, to occupy 'a height which covers Leitmeritz. "Clearing of the Pascopol" '(that is, sweeping the Pandours out of it), is the first business;

* Map at p. 140 *a*.

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'Colonel Loudon with his Pandours, a most swift sharp-cutting man, 'being now here in those parts; doing a deal of mischief. Three 'days ago, Saturday 25th, Keith had sent seven battalions, with 'the proper steel-besoms, on that Pascopol affair; Tuesday, on junc- 'tion, Majesty sends three more: job done on Wednesday; reported '"done,"—though I should not be surprised,' says Westphalen, 'if 'some little highway robbery still went on among the Mountains 'up there.'

No;—and before quitting hold, what is this that Loudon (on the very day of the King's arrival, June 27th), on the old Field of Lobositz over yonder, has managed to do! General Mannstein, wounded at Kolin, happened, with others in like case, to be passing that way, towards Dresden and better surgery,—when Loudon's Croats set upon them, scattering their slight escort: "Quarter, on surrender! Prisoners?" "Never!" answered Mannstein; "Never!" that too impetuous man, starting out from his carriage, and snatching a musket: and was instantly cut down there. And so ends;—a man of strong head, and of heart only too strong.[4]

From Prag onwards, here has been a delicate set of operations; perfectly executed,—thanks to Friedrich's rapidity of shift, and also to the cautious slowly-puzzling mind of Daun. Had Daun used any diligence, had Daun and Prince Karl been broad awake, together or even singly! But Friedrich guessed they seldom or never were; that they would spend some days in puzzling; and that, with despatch, he would have time for everything. Daun, we could observe, stood singing *Te Deum*, greatly at leisure, in his old Camp, 20th June, while Friedrich, from the first gray of morning, and diligently all day long, was withdrawing from the trenches of Prag,

[4] Preuss, ii. 58; *Militair-Lexikon*, iii. 10.

—Friedrich's people, self, and goods getting folded out in the finest gradation, and with perfect success; no Daun to hinder him,—Daun leisurely doing *Te Deum*, forty miles off, helping on the *wrong* side by that exertion![5]—'Poor Browne, he is dead of his wounds, in Prag yonder,' writes Westphalen in his Leitmeritz Journal, 'news came 'to us, July 1st: men said, "Ah, that was why they lay 'asleep."'

Till June 26th, Daun and Karl had not united; nor, except sending out Loudon and Croats, done anything, either of them. Sunday, June 26th, at Podschernitz on the old Field of Prag, a week and a day after Kolin, they did get together; still seemingly a little puzzled, "Shall we follow the King? Shall we follow Moritz and Bevern?"—nothing clear for some time, except to send out Pandour parties upon both. Moritz, since parting with the King in Alt-Buntzlau neighbourhood, has gone northward some marches, thirty miles or so, to *Jung*-Buntzlau,—meeting of Iser and Elbe, surely a good position:—Moritz, on receipt of these Pandour allowances of his, writes to the King, "Shall we retreat on Zittau, then, your Majesty? Straight upon Zittau?" Fancy Friedrich's astonishment;—who well intends to eat the Country first, perhaps to fight if there be chance, and at least to lie *outside* the doors of Silesia and the Lausitz, as well as of Saxony here!—and answers, with his own hand, on the instant: "Your Dilection will not be so mad!"[6] And at once recals Moritz, and appoints the Prince of Prussia to go and take command. Who directly went;—a most important step for the King's interests and his own. Whose fortunes in that business we shall see before long!—

[5] Cogniazo, ii. 367.

[6] In Preuss, ii. 58, the pungent little Autograph in full.

28th June 1757.

At Leitmeritz the King continues four weeks, with his Army parted in this way; waiting how the endless hostile element, which begirdles his horizon all round, will shape itself into combinations, that he may set upon the likeliest or the needfullest of these, when once it has disclosed itself. Horizon all round is black enough: Austrians, French, Swedes, Russians, Reichs Army; closer upon him or not so close, all are rolling in: Saxony, the Lausitz and Silesia, Brandenburg itself, it is uncertain which of these may soonest require his active presence.

The very day after his arrival in Leitmeritz,—Tuesday, 28th of June, while that junction with Keith was going on, and the troops were defiling along the Bridge for junction with Keith,—a heavy sorrow had befallen him, which he yet knew not of. An irreparable Domestic loss; sad complement to these Military and other Public disasters. Queen Sophie Dorothee, about whose health he had been anxious, but had again been set quiet, died at Berlin that day.[7] In her seventy-first year: of no definite violent disease; worn down with chagrins and apprehensions, in this black whirlpool of Public troubles. So far as appears, the news came on Friedrich by surprise:—"bad cough," we hear of, and of his anxieties about it, in the Spring time; then again of "improvement, recovery, in the fine weather;"—no thought, just now, of such an event: and he took it with a depth of affliction, which my less informed readers are far from expecting of him.

July 2d, the news came: King withdrew into privacy; to weep and bewail under this new pungency of grief, superadded to so many others. Mitchell says: 'For 'two days he had no levee; only the Princes dined with 'him' (Princes Henri and Ferdinand; Prince of Prussia is

[7] Monbijou, 28th June 1757; born at Hanover, 27th March 1687.

gone to Jung-Buntzlau, would get the sad message there, among his other troubles): 'yesterday, July 3d, King 'sent for me in the afternoon,—the first time he has 'seen anybody since the news came:—I had the honour 'to remain with him some hours in his closet. I must 'own to your Lordship I was most sensibly afflicted to 'see him indulging his grief, and giving way to the 'warmest filial affections; recalling to mind the many 'obligations he had to her late Majesty; all she had suf- 'fered, and how nobly she bore it; the good she did to 'everybody; the one comfort he now had, to think of 'having tried to make her last years more agreeable.'[8] In the thick of public business, this kind of mood to Mitchell seems to have lasted all the time of Leitmeritz, which is about three weeks yet: Mitchell's Notebooks and Despatches, in that part, have a fine Biographic interest; the wholly human Friedrich wholly visible to us there as he seldom is. Going over his past Life to Mitchell; brief, candid, pious to both his Parents;—inexpressibly sad; like moonlight on the grave of one's Mother, silent that, while so much else is too noisy!—

This Friedrich, upon whom the whole world has risen like a mad Sorcerer's-Sabbath, how safe he once lay in his cradle, like the rest of us, mother's love wrapping him soft:—and now! These thoughts commingle in a very tragic way with the avalanche of public disasters which is thundering down on all sides. Warm tears the meed of this new sorrow; small in compass, but greater in poignancy than all the rest together. "My poor old Mother, oh, my Mother, that so loved me always, and would have given her own life to shelter mine!"—It was

[8] *Papers and Memoirs*, i. 253; Despatch to Holderness, 4th July (slightly abridged);—see ib. i. 357-359 (Private Journal). Westphalen, ii. 14. See *Œuvres de Frédéric*, iv. 182.

at Leitmeritz, as I guess, that Mitchell first made decisive acquaintance, what we may almost call intimacy, with the King: we already defined him as a sagacious, long-headed, loyal-hearted diplomatic gentleman, Scotch by birth and by turn of character; abundantly polite, vigilant, discreet, and with a fund of general sense and rugged veracity of mind; whom Friedrich at once recognised for what he was, and much took to, finding a hearty return withal; so that they were soon well with one another, and continued so. Mitchell, as orders were, 'attended the King's person' all through this War, sometimes in the blaze of battle itself and nothing but cannon-shot going, if it so chanced; and has preserved, in his multifarious Papers, a great many traits of Friedrich, not to be met with elsewhere.

Mitchell's occasional society, conversation with a man of sense and manly character, which Friedrich always much loved, was, no doubt, a resource to Friedrich in his lonely roamings and vicissitudes in those dark years. No other British Ambassador ever had the luck to please him or be pleased by him,—most of them, as Ex-Exchequer Legge and the like Ex-Parliamentary people, he seems to have considered dull, obstinate, wooden fellows, of fantastic, abrupt, rather abstruse kind of character, not worth deciphering;—some of them, as Hanbury Williams, with the mischievous tic (more like galvanism or St. Vitus'-dance) which he called "wit," and the inconvenient turn for plotting and intriguing, Friedrich could not endure at all, but had them as soon as possible recalled,—of course, not without detestation on their part.

At Leitmeritz, it appears, he kept withdrawn to his closet, a good deal; gave himself up to his sorrows and his thoughts; would sit many hours drowned in tears, weeping bitterly like a child or a woman. This is strange

to some readers; but it is true,—and ought to alter certain current notions. Friedrich, flashing like clear steel upon evil-doers and mendacious unjust persons and their works, is not by nature a cruel man, then, or an unfeeling, as Rumour reports? Reader, no, far the reverse;—and public Rumour, as you may have remarked, is apt to be an extreme blockhead, full of fury and stupidity on such points, and had much better hold its tongue till it know in some measure. Extreme sensibility is not sure to be a merit; though it is sure to be reckoned one, by the greedy dim fellows looking idly on: but, in any case, the degree of it that dwelt (privately, for most part) in Friedrich was great; and to himself it seemed a sad rather than joyful fact. Speaking of this matter, long afterwards, to Garve, a Silesian Philosopher, with whom he used to converse at Breslau, he says;—or let dull Garve himself report it, in the literal third-person:

'And herein, I,' the Herr Garve (venturing to dispute, or qualify, on one of his Majesty's favourite topics) 'believe, lies the real 'ground of "happiness:" it is the capacity and opportunity to ac- 'complish great things. This the King would not allow; but said, 'That I did not sufficiently take into account the natural feelings, 'different in different people, which, when painful, embittered the 'life of the highest as of the lowest. That, in his own life, he had 'experienced the deepest sufferings of this kind: "And," added 'he, with a touching tone of kindness and familiarity which never 'occurred again in his interviews with me, "if you (*Er*) knew, for "instance, what I underwent on the death of my Mother, you would "see that I have been as unhappy as any other, and unhappier than "others, because of the greater sensibility I had (*weil ich mehr "Empfindlichkeit gehabt habe*)."'[9]

[9] *Fragmente zur Schilderung des Geistes, des Charakters und der Regierung Friedrichs des Zweiten*, von Christian Garve (Breslau, 1798), i. 314-316. An unexpectedly dull Book (Garve having talent and reputation); kind of monotonous Preachment upon Friedrich's character; almost nothing but the above fraction now derivable from it.

There needed not this new calamity in Friedrich's lot just now! From all points of the compass, his enemies, held in check so long, are flooding on: the confluence of disasters and ill tidings, at this time, very great. From Jung-Buntzlau, close by, his Brother's accounts are bad; and grow ever worse,—as will be seen! On the extreme West, 'July 3d,' while Friedrich at Leitmeritz sat weeping for his Mother, the French take Embden from him; 'July 5th,' the Russians, Memel, on the utmost East. June 30th, six days before, the Russians, after as many months of haggling, did cross the Border; 37,000 of them on this point; and set to bombarding Memel from land and sea. Poor Memel (garrison only 700) answered very fiercely, 'sank two of their gunboats' and the like; but the end was as we see,—Feldmarschall Lehwald able to give no relief. For there were above 70,000 other Russians (Feldmarschall Apraxin with these latter, and Cossacks and Calmucks more than enough) crossing elsewhere, south in Tilsit Country, upon old Lehwald.[10] Lehwald, with 30,000, in such circumstances—what is to become of Preussen and him! Nearer hand, the Austrians, the French, the very Reichs Army, do now seem intent on business.

The Reichs Execution Army, we saw how Mayer and the Battle of Prag had checked it in the birth-pangs; and given rise to pangs of another sort; the poor Reichs Circles generally exclaiming, "What! Bring the war into our own borders? Bring the King of Prussia on our own throats!"—and stopping short in their enlistments and preparations; in vain for Austrian Officials to urge them. Watching there, with awe-struck eye, while the 12,000 bombs flew into Prag.

The Battle of Kolin has reversed all that; and the

[10] *Helden-Geschichte*, iv. 407-413.

poor old Reich is again bent on business in the Execution way. Drumming, committeeing, projecting and endeavouring with all her might, in all quarters; and, from and after the event of Kolin, holding visible Encampment, in the Nürnberg Country; fractions of actual troops assembling there. 'On the Plains of Fürth, between Fürth 'and Farrenbach, east side the River Regnitz, there was 'the Camp pitched,' says my Anonymous Friend; who gives me a cheerful Copperplate of the thing: red pennons, blue, and bright mixed colours; generals' tents; order-of-battle, and respective rallying points: with Bamberg Country in front, and the peaks of the Pine Mountains lying pleasantly behind: a sight for the curious.[11] It is the same ground where Mayer was careering lately; neighbouring nobility and gentry glad to come in gala, and dance with Mayer. Hither, all through July, come contingents straggling in, thicker and thicker; 'August 8th,' things now about complete, the Bishop of Bamberg came to take survey of the Reichs-Heer (Bishop's remarks not given); August 10th, came the young reigning Duke of Hildburghausen (Duke's grand-uncle is to be Commander), on like errand; August 11th, the Reichs-Heer got on march. Westward ho!—readers will see towards what.

A truly *elende*, or miserable, Reichs Execution Army (as the *mis*printer had made it); but giving loud voice in the Gazettes; and urged by every consideration to do something for itself. Prince of Hildburghausen,—a general of small merit, though he has risen in the Austrian service, and we have seen him with Seckendorf in old Turk times,—has, for his Kaiser's sake, taken the com-

[11] J. F. S. (whom I named *Anonymous of Hamburg* long since; who has boiled down, with great diligence, the old Newspapers, and gives a great many dates, notes &c., without Index), i. 211, 224 (the Copperplate).

mand; sensible perhaps that glory is not likely to be rife here; but willing to make himself useful. Kaiser and Austria urge, everywhere, with all their might: Prince of Hessen-Darmstadt, who lay on the Weissenberg lately, one of Keith's distinguished seconds there and a Prussian Officer of long standing, has, on Kaiser's order, quitted all that, and become Hildburghausen's second here, in the Camp of Fürth; thinking the path of duty lay that way,—though his Wife, one of the noble women of her age, thought very differently.[12] A similar Kaiser's order, backed by what Law-thunder lay in the Reich, had gone out against Friedrich's own Brothers, and against every Reichs Prince who was in Friedrich's service; but, except him of Hessen-Darmstadt, none of them had much minded.[13] I did not hear that his strategic talent was momentous: but Prussia had taught him the routine of right soldiering, surely to small purpose; and Friedrich, no doubt, glanced indignantly at this small thing, among the many big ones.

From about the end of June, the Reichs Army kept dribbling in: the most inferior Army in the world; no part of it well drilled, most of it not drilled at all; and for variety in colour, condition, method, and military and pecuniary and other outfit, beggaring description. Hildburghausen does his utmost; Kaiser the like. The number should have far exceeded 50,000; but was not, on the field, of above half that number: 25,000; add at last 8,000 Austrian troops, two regiments of them cavalry; good these 8,000, the rest bad,—that was the Reichs

[12] Her Letter to Friedrich, 'Berlin, 30th October 1757,' *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxvii. 11. 185.

[13] In Orlich, *Fürst Moritz von Anhalt Dessau* (Berlin, 1842), pp. 74, 75, Prince Moritz's rather mournful Letter on the subject, with Friedrich's sharp Answer.

Execution Army; most inferior among Armies; and considerable part of it, all the Protestant part, privately wishing well to Friedrich, they say. Drills itself multifariously in that Camp between Fürth and Farrenbach, on the east side of Regnitz River. Fancy what a sight to Wilhelmina, if she ever drove that way; which I think she hardly would. The Baireuth contingent itself is there; the Margraf would have held out stiff on that point; but Friedrich himself advised compliance. Margraf of Anspach,—perverse tippling creature, ill with his Wife, I doubt,—has joyfully sent his legal hundreds; will vote for the Reichs Ban against this worst of Germans, whom he has for Brother-in-law. Dark days in the heart of Wilhelmina, those of the Camp at Fürth. Days which grow ever darker, with strange flashings-out of empyrean lightning from that shrill true heart; no peace more, till the noble heroine die!—

This *elende* Reichs-Heer, miserable "Army of the Circles," is mockingly called "the Hoopers, Coopers (*Tonneliers*)," and gets quizzing enough, under that and other titles, from an Opposition Public. Far other from the French and Austrians; who are bent that it should do feats in the world, and prove impressive on a robber King. Thus too, "for Deliverance of Saxony," to cooperate with Reichs-Heer in that sacred object, thanks to the zeal of Pompadour, Prince de Soubise has got together, in Elsass, a supplementary 30,000 (40,330 said Theory, but Fact never quite so many); and is passing them across the Rhine, in Frankfurt Country, all through July, while the drilling at Fürth goes on. With these, Soubise, simultaneously getting under way, will steer north-eastward; join the Reichs-Heer about Erfurt, before August end; and—and we shall see what becomes of the combined Soubise and Reichs Army after that!

It must be owned, the French, Pompadour and love of glory urging, are diligent since the event of Kolin. In select Parisian circles, the Soubise Army, or even that of D'Estrées altogether,—produced by the tears of a filial Dauphiness,—is regarded as a quasi-sacred, or uncommonly noble thing; and is called by her name, "*L'Armée de la Dauphine*," or for shortness, "*La Dauphine*" without adjunct. Thus, like a kind of chivalrous Bellona, vengeance in her right hand, tears and fire in her eyes, *The Dauphiness* advances; and will join Reichs-Heer at Erfurt before August end. Such the will of Pompadour; Richelieu encouraging, for reasons of his own. Soubise, I understand, is privately in pique against poor D'Estrées;[14] and intends to eclipse him by a higher style of diligence; though D'Estrées too is doing his best.

July 3d, we saw the D'Estrées people taking Embden; D'Estrées, quiet so long in his Camp at Bielefeld, had at once bestirred himself, Kolin being done;—shot out a detachment leftwards, and Embden had capitulated that day. Adieu to the Shipping Interests there, and to other pleasant things! 'July 9th, after sunset,' D'Estrées himself got on march from Bielefeld; set forth, in the cool of night, 60,000 strong, and 10,000 more to join him by the road (the rest are left as garrisons, reserves,—1,000 marauders of them swing as monitory pendulums, on their various trees, for one item),—direct towards Hanover and Royal Highness of Cumberland; who retreats, and has retreated, behind the Ems, the Weser, back, ever back; and, to appearance, will make a bad finish yonder.

[14] 'Reappeared unexpectedly in Paris' (from D'Estrées's Army), '22d June' (four days after Kolin); got up this *Dauphiness Army*, by aid of Pompadour, with Richelieu, &c.: *Barbier*, iv. 227, 231. Richelieu 'busy at Strasburg lately' (29th July: Collini's *Voltaire*, p. 191).

To Friedrich, waiting at Leitmeritz, all these things are gloomily known; but the most pressing of them is that of the Austrians and Jung-Buntzlau close by. Let us give some utterances of his to Wilhelmina, nearly all we have of direct from him in that time; and then hasten to the Prince of Prussia there:

Friedrich to Wilhelmina (at Baireuth).

Leitmeritz, 1st July 1757. * * 'Sensible as heart can be to 'the tender interest you deign to take in what concerns me. Dear 'Sister, fear nothing on my score: men are always in the hand of 'what we call Fate' ("Predestination, *Gnadenwahl*,"—Pardon us, Papa!—'*ce qu'on nomme le destin*'); accidents will befal people, 'walking on the streets, sitting in their room, lying in their bed; 'and there are many who escape the perils of war.' * * 'I think, 'through Hessen will be the safest route for your Letters, till we 'see;—and not to write just now except on occasions of importance. 'Here is a piece in cipher; anonymous,'—intended for the Newspapers, or some such road.

July 5th. 'By a Courier of Plotho's, returning to Regensburg' (who passes near you), 'I write to apprise my dear Sister of the 'new misery which overwhelms us. We have no longer a Mother. 'This loss puts the crown on my sorrows. I am obliged to act; 'and have not time to give free course to my tears. Judge, I pray 'you, of the situation of a feeling heart put to so cruel a trial. All 'losses in the world are capable of being remedied; but those which 'Death causes are beyond the reach of hope.'

July 7th. 'You are too good; I am ashamed to abuse your 'indulgence. But do, since you will, try to sound the French, what 'conditions of Peace they would demand; one might judge as to 'their intentions. Send that Mirabeau (*ce M. de Mirabeau*) to 'France. Willingly will I pay the expense. He may offer as much 'as five million thalers' (750,000*l.*) 'to the Favourite' (yes, even to the Pompadour) 'for Peace alone. Of course, his utmost discretion 'will be needed;'—should the English get the least wind of it! But if they are gone to St. Vitus, and fail in every point, what can one do? *Ce M. de Mirabeau*, readers will be surprised to learn, is an

13th July 1757.

Uncle of the great Mirabeau's; who has fallen into roving courses, gone abroad insolvent; and "directs the Opera at Baireuth," in these years!—One Letter we will give in full:

'Leitmeritz, 13th July 1757.

'MY DEAREST SISTER,—Your Letter has arrived: I see in it 'your regrets for the irreparable loss we have had of the best and 'worthiest Mother in this world. I am so struck down with all 'these blows from within and without, that I feel myself in a sort 'of stupefaction.

'The French have just laid hold of Friesland' (seized Embden, July 3d); 'are about to pass the Weser: they have instigated the 'Swedes to declare War against me; the Swedes are sending 17,000 'men' (rather more if anything; but they proved beautifully ineffectual) 'into Pommern,'—will be burdensome to Stralsund and the poor country people mainly; having no Captain over them but a hydra-headed National Palaver at home, and a Long-pole with Cocked-hat on it here at hand. 'The Russians are besieging Memel' (have taken it, ten days ago): 'Lehwald has them on his front and 'in his rear. The Troops of the Reich,' from your Plains of Fürth yonder, 'are also about to march. All this will force me to evacuate 'Bohemia, so soon as that crowd of Enemies gets into motion.

'I am firmly resolved on the extremest efforts to save my Coun-'try. We shall see (*quitte à voir*) if Fortune will take a new thought, 'or if she will entirely turn her back upon me. Happy the moment 'when I took to training myself in philosophy! There is nothing 'else that can sustain the soul in a situation like mine. I spread 'out to you, dear Sister, the detail of my sorrows: if these things 'regarded only myself, I could stand it with composure; but I am 'bound Guardian of the safety and happiness of a People which has 'been put under my charge. There lies the sting of it: and I shall 'have to reproach myself with every fault, if, by delay or by over-'haste, I occasion the smallest accident; all the more as, at present, 'any fault may be capital.

'What a business! Here is the liberty of Germany, and that 'Protestant Cause for which so much blood has been shed; here are 'those Two great Interests again at stake; and the pinch of this 'huge game is such, that an unlucky quarter of an hour may es-'tablish over Germany the tyrannous domination of the House of

'Austria forever! I am in the case of a traveller who sees himself 'surrounded and ready to be assassinated by a troop of cutthroats, 'who intend to share his spoils. Since the League of Cambrai' (1508-1510, with a Pope in it and a Kaiser and Most Christian King, iniquitously sworn against poor Venice;—to no purpose, as happily appears), 'there is no example of such a Conspiracy as that 'infamous Triumvirate' (Austria, France, Russia) 'now forms against 'me. Was it ever seen before that three great Princes laid plot in 'concert to destroy a Fourth, who had done nothing against them? 'I have not had the least quarrel either with France or with Russia, 'still less with Sweden. If, in common life, three citizens took it 'into their heads to fall upon their neighbour, and burn his house 'about him, they very certainly, by sentence of tribunal, would be 'broken on the wheel. What! and will Sovereigns, who maintain 'these tribunals and these laws in their States, give such example 'to their subjects?—'Happy, my dear Sister, is the obscure man, 'whose good sense, from youth upwards, has renounced all sorts 'of glory; who, in his safe low place, has none to envy him, and 'whose fortune does not excite the cupidity of scoundrels!

'But these reflections are vain. We have to be what our birth, 'which decides, has made us in entering upon this world. I reck- 'oned that, being King, it beseemed me to think as a Sovereign; and 'I took for principle, that the reputation of a Prince ought to be 'dearer to him than life. They have plotted against me; the Court 'of Vienna has given itself the liberty of trying to maltreat me; my 'honour commanded me not to suffer it. We have come to War; a 'gang of robbers falls on me, pistol in hand: that is the adventure 'which has happened to me. The remedy is difficult: in desperate 'diseases there are no methods but desperate ones.

'I beg a thousand pardons, dear Sister: in these three long pages 'I talk to you of nothing but my troubles and affairs. A strange 'abuse it would be of any other person's friendship. But yours, 'my dear Sister, yours is known to me; and I am persuaded you 'are not impatient when I open my heart to you:—a heart which 'is yours altogether; being filled with sentiments of the tenderest 'esteem, with which I am, my dearest Sister, your' (in truth, affectionate Brother at all times) 'F.'[15]

[15] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxvii. i. 294, 295, 296-8.

Prince August Wilhelm finds a bad Problem at Jung-Buntzlau; and does it badly: Friedrich thereupon has to rise from Leitmeritz, and take the Field elsewhere, in bitter Haste and Impatience, with Outlooks worse than ever.

The Prince of Prussia's Enterprise had its intricacies; but, by good management, was capable of being done. At least, so Friedrich thought;—though, in truth, it would have been better had Friedrich gone himself, since the chief pressure happened to fall there! The Prince has to retire, Parthian-like, as slowly as possible, with the late Kolin or Moritz-Bevern Army, towards the Lausitz, keeping his eye upon Silesia the while; of course securing the passes and strong places in his passage, for defence of his own rear at lowest; especially securing Zittau, a fine opulent Town, where his chief Magazine is, fed from Silesia now. The Army is in good strength (guess 30,000), with every equipment complete; in discipline, in health and in heart, such as beseems a Prussian Army,—probably longing rather, if it venture to long or wish for anything not yet commanded, to have a stroke at those Austrians again, and pay them something towards that late Kolin score.

The Prince arrived at Jung-Buntzlau, June 30th; Winterfeld with him, and, at his own request, Schmettau. The Austrians have not yet stirred: if they do, it may be upon the King, it may be upon the Prince: in three or even in two marches, Prince and King can be together,—the King only too happy, in the present oppressive coil of doubts, to find the Austrians ready for a new passage of battle, and an immediate decision. The Austrians did, in fact, break out,—seemingly, at first, upon

the King; but in reality upon the Prince, whom they judge safer game; and the matter became much more critical upon him than had been expected.

The Prince was thought to have a good judgment (too much talk in it, we sometimes feared), and fair knowledge in military matters. The King, not quite by the Prince's choice, has given him Winterfeld for Mentor; Winterfeld, who has an excellent military head in such matters, and a heart firm as steel,—almost like a second self in the King's estimation. Excellent Winterfeld;—but then there are also Schmettau, Bevern and others, possibly in private not too well affected to this Winterfeld. In fact, there is rather a multitude of Counsellors;—and an ingenuous fine-spirited Prince, perhaps more capable of eloquence on the Opposition side, than of condensing into real wisdom a multitude of counsels, when the crisis rises, and the affair becomes really difficult. Crisis did rise: the victorious Austrians, after such delay, had finally made up their minds to press this one a little, this one rather than the King, and hang upon his skirts; Daun and Prince Karl set out after him, just about the time of his arrival,—"70,000 strong," the Prince hears, including plenty of Pandours. Certain it is, the poor Prince's mind did flounder a good deal; and his procedures succeeded extremely ill on this occasion. Certain, too, that they were extremely ill taken at headquarters: and that he even died soon after,—chiefly of broken heart, said the censorious world. It is well known how Europe rang with the matter for a long while; and Books were printed, and Documents, and *Collections by a Master's Hand*.[16] We,

[16] *Lettres Secrètes touchant la Dernière Guerre; de Main de Maître; divisées en deux parties* (Francfort et Amsterdam, 1772): this is the Prince's own Statement, Proof in hand. By far the clearest Account is in *Schmettau's Leben* (by his Son), pp. 353-384. See also Preuss, ii. 57-61, and especially ii. 407.

who can spend but a page or two on it, must carefully stand by the essential part.

'*June 30th—July 3d*, Prince at Jung-Buntzlau, in chief com-
'mand. Besides Winterfeld, the Generals under him are Ziethen,
'Schmettau, Fouquet, Retzow, Goltz, and two others who need not
'be of our acquaintance. Impossible to stay there, thinks the Prince,
'thinks everybody; and they shift to Neuschloss, westward thirty
'miles. July 1st, Daun had crossed the Elbe (Daun let us say for
'brevity, though it is Daun and Karl, or even Karl *and* Daun, Karl
'being chief, and capable of saying so at times, though Daun is
'very splendent since Kolin),—crossed the Elbe above Brandeis;
'Nadasti, with precursor Pandours, now within an hour's march of
'Jung-Buntzlau;—and it was time to go.

'*July 3d-6th*, At Neuschloss, which is thought a strong posi-
'tion, key of the localities there, and nearer Friedrich too, the Prince
'staid not quite four days; shifted to Böhm (Böhm*isch*) Leipa,
'*July 7th*,—rather off from Leitmeritz, but a march towards Zit-
'tau, where the provisions are.* "A bad change," said the Prince's
'friends afterwards; "change advised by Winterfeld,—who never
'mentioned that circumstance to his Majesty, many as he did men-
'tion, not in the best way!"—Prince gets to Böhm Leipa, July 7th;
'stays there, in questionable circumstances, nine days.

'Böhm Leipa is still not above thirty miles north-eastward of
'the King; and it is about the same distance south-westward from
'Zittau, out of which fine Town, partly by cross-roads, the Prince
'gets his provisions on this march. From Zittau hitherward, as far
'as the little Town of Gabel, which lies about half way, there is
'broad High Road, the great Southern *Kaiser-Strasse:* from Gabel,
'for Böhm Leipa, you have to cross south-westward by country
'roads; the keys to which, especially Gabel, the Prince has not
'failed to secure by proper garrison parties. And so, for about a
'week, not quite uncomfortably, he continues at Böhm Leipa; get-
'ting in his convoys from Zittau. Diligently scanning the Pandour
'stragglings and sputterings round him, which are clearly on the
'increasing hand. Diligently corresponding with the King, mean-

* Map at p. 140*a*.

'while; who much discourages undue apprehension, or retreat 'movement till the last pinch. "Edging backward, and again 'backward, you come bounce upon Berlin one day, and will then 'have to halt!"—which is not pleasant to the Prince. But, in- 'disputably, the Pandour spurts on him do become Pandour gush- 'ings, with regulars also noticeable: it is certain the Austrians 'are out,—pretending first to mean the King and Leitmeritz; 'but knowing better, and meaning the Prince and Böhm Leipa 'all the while.'—By way of supplement, take Daun's positions in the interim:

Daun and Karl were at Podschernitz, 26th June; 1st July, cross the Elbe, above Brandeis (Nadasti now within an hour's march of Jung-Buntzlau); 7th July (day while the Prince is flitting to Böhm Leipa), Daun is through Jung-Buntzlau to Münchengrätz; thence to Liebenau; 14th, to Niemes, not above four miles from the Prince's rightmost outpost (rightmost or eastmost, which looks away from his Brother); while a couple of advanced parties, Beck and Macguire, hover on his flank Zittau-ward, and Nadasti (if he knew it) is pushing on to rear.

'*Thursday*, 14*th July*, About six in the evening, at Böhm 'Leipa, distinct cannon-thunder is heard from north-east: "Evi- 'dently Gabel getting cannonaded, and our wagon convoy" (empty, 'going *to* Zittau for meal, General Puttkammer escorting) "is in a 'dangerous state!" And by and by hussar parties of ours come in, 'with articulate news to that bad effect: "Gabel under hot attack 'of regulars; Puttkammer with his 3,000 vigorously defending, will 'expect to be relieved within not many hours!" Here has the crisis 'come. Crisis sure enough;—and the Prince, to meet it, summons 'that refuge of the irresolute, a Council of War.

'Winterfeld, who is just come home in these moments, did not 'attend;—not, till three next morning. Winterfeld had gone to 'bed; fairly "tired dead," with long marching and hurrying about. 'To the poor Prince there are three courses visible. Course *first*, 'That of joining the King at Leitmeritz. Gabel, Zittau lost in that 'case; game given up;—reception likely to be bad at Leitmeritz! 'Course *second*,—the course Friedrich himself would at once have 'gone upon, and been already well a-head with,—That of instantly 'taking measures for the relief of Puttkammer. Dispute Gabel to

16th July 1757.

'the last; retreat, on loss of it, Parthian-like, to Zittau, by that 'broad Highway, short and broad, whole distance hence only thirty 'miles. "Thirty miles," say the multitude of Counsellors: "Yes; 'but the first fifteen, *to* Gabel, is cross-road, hilly, difficult; they 'have us in flank!" "We are 25,000," urges the Prince; "fifteen 'miles is not much!" The thing had its difficulties: the Prince 'himself, it appears, faintly thought it feasible: "25,000 we; 20,000 'they; only fifteen miles," said he. But the variety of Counsellors: "Cross-roads, defiles, flank-march, dangerous," said they. And so 'the *third* course, which was incomparably the worst, found favour 'in Council of War: That of leaving Gabel and Puttkammer to 'their fate; and of pushing off for Zittau leftwards through the 'safe Hills, by Kamnitz, Kreywitz, Rumburg;—which, if the reader 'look, is by a circuitous, nay quite parabolic course, twice or thrice 'as far:—"In that manner, let us save Zittau and our Main Body!" 'said the Council of War. Yes, my friends; a cannon-ball, endea- 'vouring to get into Zittau from the town-ditch, would have to 'take a parabolic course;—and the cannon-ball would be speedy 'upon it, and not have Hill roads to go by! This notable para- 'bolic circuit of narrow steep roads may have its difficulties for an 'Army and its baggages!' Enough, the poor Prince adopted that worst third course; and even made no despatch in getting into it; and it proved ruinous to Zittau, and to much else, his own life partly included.

'*July* 16*th*-22*d*. Thursday night, or Friday 3 A.M., that third 'and incomparably worst course was adopted: Gabel, Puttkammer 'with his wagons, ensigns, kettledrums, all this has to surrender 'in a day: High Road to Zittau, for the Austrians, is a smooth 'march, when they like to gather fully there, and start. And in 'the Hills, with their jolts and precipitous windings, infested too 'by Pandours, the poor Prussian Main Body, on its wide parabolic 'circuit, has a time of it! Loses its pontoons, loses most of its 'baggage; obliged to set fire, not to the Pandours, but to your own 'wagons, and necessaries of army life; encamps on bleak heights; 'no food, not even water; road quite lost, road to be rediscovered 'or invented; Pandours sputtering on you out of every bush and 'hollow, your peasant wagoners cutting traces and galloping off:— 'such are the phenomena of that march by circuit leftward, on the

'poor Prince's part. March began, soon after midnight, *Saturday* '16*th*, Schmettau as vanguard; and'—

And, in fine, by *Friday* 22*d*, after not quite a week of it, the Prince, curving from northward (in parabolic course, *less* speedy than the cannon-ball's would have been) into sight of Zittau,—behold, there *are* the Austrians far and wide to left of us, encamped impregnable behind the Neisse River there! They have got the Eckart's Hill, which commands Zittau:—and how to get into Zittau and our magazines, and how to subsist if we were in? The poor Prince takes post on what Heights there are, on his own side of the Neisse; looks wistfully down upon Zittau, asking How?

About stroke of noon the Austrians, from their Eckartsberg, do a thing which was much talked of. They open battery of red-hot balls upon Zittau; kindle the roofs of it, shingle-roofs in dry July; set Zittau all on blaze, the 10,000 innocent souls shrieking in vain to Heaven and Earth; and before sunset Zittau is ashes and red-hot walls, not Zittau but a cinder-heap,—Prussian Garrison not hurt, nor Magazine as yet; Garrison busy with buckets, I should guess, but beginning to find the air grow very hot. On the morrow morning, Zittau is a smouldering cinder-heap, hotter and hotter to the Prussian Garrison; and does not exist as a City.

One of the most inhuman actions ever heard of in War, shrieks universal Germany; asks itself what could have set a chivalrous Karl upon this devil-like procedure? "Protestants these poor Zittauers were; shone in commerce; no such weaving, industrying, in all Teutschland elsewhere: Hah! An eye-sorrow, they, with their commerce, their weavings, and industryings, to Austrian Papists, who cannot weave or trade?" that was finally the

guess of some persons;—wide of the mark, we may well judge. Prince Xavier of Saxony, present in the Camp too, made no remonstrance, said others. Alas, my friends, what could Xavier probably avail, the foolish fellow, with only three regiments? Prince Karl, it was afterwards evident, could have got Zittau unburnt; and could even have kept the Prussians out of Zittau altogether. Zittau surely would have been very useful to Prince Karl. But overnight (let us try to fancy it so), not knowing the Prussian possibilities, Prince Karl, screwed to the devilish point, had got his furnaces lighted, his red-hot balls ready; and so, hurried on by his Pride and by his other Devils, had—There are devilish things sometimes done in War. And whole cities are made ashes by them. For certain, here is a strange way of commencing your "Deliverance of Saxony!" And Prince Karl carries, truly, a brand-mark from this conflagration, and will till all memory of him cease. As to Zittau, it rebuilt itself. Zittau is alive again; a strong stone city, in our day. On its new-built Townhouse stands again "*Benefacere et male audire regium est*, To do well, and be ill spoken of, is the part of kings" (amazingly true of them,—when they are not shams). What times for Herrnhuth; preparing for its Christian Sabbath, under these omens near by!

The Prince of Prussia tells us, he 'early next morning (Saturday, 23d July) had his tents pitched;' which was but an unavailing procedure, with poor Zittau gone such a road. "Bring us bread out of that ruined Zittau," ordered the Prince: his Detachment returns ineffectual, "So hot, we cannot march in." And the Garrison Colonel (one Dierecke and five battalions are garrison) sends out word: "So hot, we cannot stand it." "Stand it yet a very little; and—!" answers the Prince: but Dierecke and battalions cannot, or at least cannot long enough;

and set to marching out. In firm order, I have no doubt, and with some modicum of bread: but the tumbling of certain burnt walls parted Colonel and men, in a sad way. Colonel himself, with the colours, with the honours (none of his people, it seems, though they were scattered loose), was picked up by an Austrian party, and made prisoner. A miserable business, this of Zittau!

Next evening, Sunday, after dark, Prince of Prussia strikes his tents again; rolls off in a very unsuccinct condition; happily unchased, for he admits that chase would have been ruinous. Off towards Löbau (what nights for Zinzendorf and Herrnhuth, as such things tumble past them!); thence towards Bautzen; and arrives in the most lugubrious torn condition any Prussian General ever stood in. Reaches Bautzen on those terms;—and is warned that his Brother will be there in a day or two.

One may fancy Friedrich's indignation, astonishment and grief, when he heard of that march towards Zittau through the Hills by a parabolic course; the issue of which is too guessable by Friedrich. He himself instantly rises from Leitmeritz; starts, in fit divisions, by the Pascopol, by the Elbe passes, for Pirna; and, leaving Moritz of Dessau with a 10,000 to secure the Passes about Pirna, and Keith to come on with the Magazines, hastens across for Bautzen, to look into these advancing triumphant Austrians, these strange Prussian proceedings. On first hearing of that side-march, his auguries had been bad enough;[17] but the event has far surpassed them. Zittau gone; the Army hurrying home, as if in flight, in that wrecked condition; the door of Saxony, door of Silesia left wide open,—Daun has only to choose! Day

[17] Letter to Wilhelmina, 'Linay, 22d July' (second day of the march from Leitmeritz): *Œuvres*, xxvii. 1. 298.

22d–26th July 1757.

by day, as Friedrich advanced to repair that mischief, the news of it have grown worse on him. Days rife otherwise in mere bad news. The Russians in Memel, Preussen at their feet; Soubise's French and the Reichs Army pushing on for Erfurt, to "deliver Saxony," on that western side: and from the French-English scene of operations— In those same bad days, Royal Highness of Cumberland has been doing a feat worth notice in the above connexion! Read this, from an authentic source:

'*Hastenbeck*, 22*d*-26*th July* 1757. Royal Highness, hitching back 'and back, had got to Hameln, a strong place of his on the safe side 'of the Weser; and did at last, Hanover itself being now nigh, call 'halt; and resolve to make a stand. July 22d' (very day while the Prince of Prussia came in sight of Zittau, with the Austrians hanging over it), 'Royal Highness took post in that favourable vicinity 'of Hameln; at perfect leisure to select his ground: and there sat 'waiting D'Estrées,—swamps for our right wing, and the Weser not 'far off; small Hamlet of Hastenbeck in front, and a woody knoll 'for our left;—totally inactive for four days long; attempting no-'thing upon D'Estrées and his intricate shufflings, but looking idly 'noonward to the courses of the sun, till D'Estrées should come up. 'Royal Highness is much swollen into obesity, into flabby torpor; a 'changed man since Fontenoy times; shockingly inactive, they say, 'in this post at Hastenbeck. D'Estrées, too, is ridiculously cautious, "has manœuvered fifteen days in advancing about as many British "miles." D'Estrées did at last come up (July 25th), nearly two to 'one of Royal Highness,—72,000 some count him, but considerably 'anarchic in parts, overwhelmed with Court Generals and Princes of 'the Blood, for one item;—and decides on attacking, next morn-'ing. D'Estrées duly went to reconnoitre, but unluckily "had mist "suddenly falling."—"Well; we must attack, all the same!"

'And so, 26*th July*, Tuesday, there ensued a *Battle of Hasten-'beck:* the absurdest Battle in the world; and which ought, in fair-'ness, to have been lost by *both*, though Royal Highness alone had the 'ill luck. Both Captains behaved very poorly; and each of them had 'a subaltern who behaved well. D'Estrées, with his 70,000 *versus*

'40,000 posted there, knows nothing of Royal Highness's position; 'sees only Royal Highness's left wing on that woody Height; and, 'after hours of preliminary cannonading, sends out General Chevert 'upon that. Chevert, his subaltern' (a bit of right soldier-stuff, the Chevert whom we knew at Prag, in old Belleisle times), 'goes upon 'it like fury; whom the Brunswick Grenadiers resist in like humour, 'hotter and hotter. Some hard fighting there, on Royal Highness's 'left; Chevert very fiery, Grenadiers very obstinate; till, on the 'centre, westward, in Royal Highness's chief battery there, some 'spark went the wrong way, and a powder-wagon shot itself aloft 'with hideous blaze and roar; and in the confusion, the French 'rushed in, and the battery was lost. Which discouraged the Gre- 'nadiers; so that Chevert made some progress upon them, on their 'woody Height, and began to have confident hope.

'Had Chevert known, or had D'Estrées known, there was, close 'behind said Height, a Hollow, through which these Grenadiers 'might have been taken in rear. Dangerous Hollow, much ne- 'glected by Royal Highness, who has only General Breitenbach with 'a weak party there. This Breitenbach, happening to have a head 'of his own, and finding nothing to do in that Hollow or to right- 'ward, bursts out, of his own accord, on Chevert's left flank; can- 'nonading, volleying, horse-charging;—the sound of which ("Hah, 'French there too!") struck a damp through Royal Highness, who 'instantly ordered retreat, and took the road. What singular ill 'luck that *sound* of Breitenbach to Royal Highness! For observe, 'the *effect* of Breitenbach,—which was, to recover the lost battery '(gallant young Prince of Brunswick, "Hereditary Prince," or Duke 'that is to be, striking in upon it with bayonet-charge at the right 'moment),—made D'Estrées too order retreat! "Battle lost," thinks 'D'Estrées;—and with good cause, had Breitenbach been supported 'at all. But no subaltern durst; and Royal Highness himself was 'not overtakeable, so far on the road. Royal Highness wept on hear- 'ing; the Brunswick Grenadiers too are said to have wept (for rage); 'and probably Breitenbach and the Hereditary Prince.'[18]

This is the last of Royal Highness's exploits in War. The retreat had been ordered "To Hanover;" but the baggage by mistake

[18] Mauvillon, i. 228; Anonymous of Hamburg, i. 206 (who gives a Plan and all manner of details, if needed by anybody); Kausler; &c. &c.

29th July 1757.
took the road for Minden; and Royal Highness followed thither,—much the same what road he or it takes. Friedrich might still hope he would retreat on Magdeburg; 40,000 good soldiers might find a Captain there, and be valuable against a D'Estrées and Soubise in those parts. But no; it was through Bremen Country, to Stade, into the Sea, that Royal Highness, by ill luck, retreated! He has still one great vexation to give Friedrich,—to us almost a comfort, knowing what followed out of it;—and will have to be mentioned one other time in this History, and then go over our horizon altogether.

Whether Friedrich had heard of Hastenbeck the day his Brother and he met (July 29th, at Bautzen), I do not know: but it is likely enough he may have got the news that very morning; which was not calculated to increase one's good humour! His meeting with the Prince is royal, not fraternal, as all men have heard. Let us give, with brevity, from Schmettau Junior, the exact features of it; and leave the candid reader, who has formed to himself some notion of kingship and its sorrows and stern conditions (having perhaps himself something of kingly, in a small potential way), to interpret the matter, and make what he can of it:

'*Bautzen, 29th July* 1757. The King with reinforcement is 'coming hither, from the Dresden side; to take up the reins of this 'dishevelled Zittau Army; to speed with it against the Austrians, 'and, if humanly possible, lock the doors of Silesia and Saxony again, 'and chase the intruders away. Prince of Prussia and the other 'Generals have notice, the night before: "At 4 A.M. to-morrow '(29th), wait his Majesty." Prince and Generals wait accordingly, 'all there but Goltz and Winterfeld; they not, which is noted.

'For above an hour, no King; Prince and Generals ride forward: '—there is the King coming; Prince Henri, Duke Ferdinand of 'Brunswick, and others in his train. King noticing them, at about '300 paces distance, drew bridle; Prince of Prussia did the like, 'train and he saluting with their hats, as did the King's train in re-

'turn. King did not salute;—on the contrary, he turned his horse 'round, and dismounted, as did everybody else on such signal. King 'lay down on the ground, as if waiting the arrival of his Vanguard; 'and bade Winterfeld and Goltz sit by him.' Poor Prince of Prussia, and battered heavy-laden Generals! 'After a minute or two, Goltz 'came over and whispered to the Prince. "Hither, *meine Herren*, 'all of you; a message from his Majesty!" cried the Prince. Where-'upon, to Generals and Prince, Goltz delivered, in equable official 'tone, these affecting words: "His Majesty commands me to inform "your Royal Highness, That he has cause to be greatly discontented "with you; that you deserve to have a Court-martial held over you, "which would sentence you and all your Generals to death; but "that his Majesty will not carry the matter so far, being unable "to forget that in the Chief General he has a Brother!"'[19]

The Prince answered, He wanted only a Court-martial; and the like, in stiff tone. Here is the Letter he writes next day to his Brother, with the Answer:

Prince of Prussia to the King.

'Bautzen, 30th July 1757.

'My dear Brother,—The Letters you have written me, and 'the reception I yesterday met with, are sufficient proof that, in 'your opinion, I have ruined my honour and reputation. This 'grieves, but it does not crush me, as in my own mind I am not 'conscious of the least reproach. I am perfectly convinced that I 'did not act by caprice: I did not follow the counsels of people 'incapable of giving good ones; I have done what I thought to 'be suitablest for the Army. All your Generals will do me that 'justice.

'I reckon it useless to beg of you to have my conduct inves-'tigated: this would be a favour you would do me; so I cannot 'expect it. My health has been weakened by these fatigues, still 'more by these chagrins. I have gone to lodge in the Town, to 'recruit myself.

'I have requested the Duke of Bevern to present the Army

[19] Schmettau, pp. 384-5.

30th July 1757.

'Reports; he can give you explanation of everything. Be assured, 'my dear Brother, that in spite of the misfortunes which over- 'whelm me, and which I have not deserved, I shall never cease to 'be attached to the State; and as a faithful member of the same, 'my joy will be perfect when I learn the happy issue of your Enter- 'prises. I have the honour to be,'—AUGUST WILHELM.[20]

King's Answer, the same day.

'Camp near Bautzen, 30th July 1757.

'MY DEAR BROTHER,—Your bad guidance has greatly deranged 'my affairs. It is not the Enemy, it is your ill-judged measures 'that have done me all this mischief. My Generals are inexcusable; 'either for advising you so ill, or in permitting you to follow resolu- 'tions so unwise. Your ears are accustomed to listen to the talk of 'flatterers only. Daun has not flattered you;—behold the conse- 'quences. In this sad situation, nothing is left for me but trying 'the last extremity. I must go and give battle; and if we cannot 'conquer, we must all of us have ourselves killed.

'I do not complain of your heart; but I do of your incapacity, 'of your want of judgment in not choosing better methods. A man 'who' (like me; mark the phrase, from such a quarter!) 'has but 'a few days to live need not dissemble. I wish you better fortune 'than mine has been; and that all the miseries and bad adven- 'tures you have had may teach you to treat important things with 'more of care, more of sense, and more of resolution. The greater 'part of the misfortunes which I now see to be near comes only from 'you. You and your Children will be more overwhelmed by them 'than I. Be persuaded nevertheless that I have always loved you, 'and that with these sentiments I shall die.—FRIEDRICH.'[21]

As the King went off, to the Heights of Weissenberg, Zittau way, to encamp there against the Austrians, that same evening, the Prince did not answer this Letter,—except by asking verbally through Lieutenant-Colonel Lentulus (a mute Swiss figure, much about the King, who often turns up in these Histories), "for leave to

[20] *Main de Maître*, p. 21. [21] Ib. p. 22.

return to Dresden by the first escort."—"Depends on himself;—an escort is going this night!" answered Friedrich. And the Prince went accordingly; and, by two stages, got into Dresden with his escort on the morrow. And had, not yet conscious of it, quitted the Field of War altogether; and was soon about to quit the world, and die, poor Prince. Died within a year, 12th June 1758, at Oranienburg, beside his Family, where he had latterly been.[22]—Winterfeld was already gone, six months before him; Goltz went, shortly after him; the other Zittau Generals all survived this War.

The poor Prince's fate, as natural, was much pitied; and Friedrich, to this day, is growled at for "inhuman treatment" and so on. Into which question we do not enter, except to say that Friedrich too had his sorrows; and that probably his concluding words, "with these sentiments I shall die," were perfectly true. *Main de Maître* went widely abroad over the world. The poor Prince's words and procedures were eagerly caught up by a scrutinising public,—and some of the former were not too guarded. At Dresden, he said, one morning, calling on a General Finck whom we shall hear of again: "Four "such disagreeing, thin-skinned, high-pacing (*uneinige*, "*piquirte*) Generals as Fouquet, Schmettau, Winterfeld "and Goltz, about you, what was to be done!" said the Prince to Finck.[23]

His Wife, when at last he came to Oranienburg, nursed him fondly; that is one comfortable fact. Prince Henri, to the last, had privately a grudge of peculiar intensity, on this score, against all the peccant parties, King not excepted. As indeed he was apt to have, on various scores, the jealous, too vehement little man.

Friedrich's humour at this time I can guess to have

[22] Preuss, ii. 60 (ib. 78).

[23] Ib. ii. 79 n.: see ib. 60, 78.

been well-nigh desperate. He talks once of "a horse, on too much provocation, getting the bit between its teeth; regardless thenceforth of chasms and precipices:"[24]—though he himself never carries it to that length; and always has a watchful eye, when at his swiftest! From Weissenberg, that night, he drives-in the Pandours on Zittau and the Eckartsberg; but the Austrians don't come out. And, for three weeks, in this fierce necessity of being speedy, he cannot get one right stroke at the Austrians; who sit inexpugnable upon their Eckart's Hill, bristling with cannon; and can in no way be manœuvered down, or forced or enticed into Battle. A baffling, bitterly impatient three weeks;—two of them, the worst two, he spends at Weissenberg itself, chasing Pandours, and scuffling on the surface, till Keith and the Magazine-train come up;—even writing Verses now and then, when the hours get unendurable otherwise!

The instant Keith and the Magazines are come, he starts for Bernstadt; 56,000 strong after this junction:—and a Prussian Officer, dating 'Bernstädtel' (Bernstadt on the now Maps), '21st August 1757,' sends us this account; which also is but of preliminary nature:

'*August 15th*, Majesty left Weissenberg, and marched hither, 'much to the enemy's astonishment, who had lain perfectly quiet 'for a fortnight past, fancying they were a mastiff on the door-sill 'of Silesia: little thinking to be trampled on in this unceremonious 'way! General Beck, when our hussars of the vanguard made ap-'pearance, had to saddle and ride as for life, leaving every rag of 'baggage, and forty of his Pandours captive. Our hussars stuck to 'him, chasing him into Ostritz, where they surprised General Nadasti 'at dinner; and did a still better stroke of business: Nadasti him-'self could scarcely leap on horseback and get off; left all his field-'equipage, coaches, horses, kitchen-utensils, flunkies seventy-two in

[24] Letter to Wilhelmina, 'Linay, 22d July' (cited above).

'number,—and, what was worst of all, a secret box, in which was 'found certain Dresden Correspondences of a highly treasonous cha-'racter, which now the writers there may quake to think of;'—if Friedrich, or we, could take much notice of them, in this press of hurries![25]

Next day, August 16th, Friedrich detached five battalions to Görlitz;—Prince Karl (he calls it *Daun*) still camping on the Eckartsberg;—and himself, about 4 P.M., with the main Army, marched up to those Austrians on their Hill, to see if they would fight.[26] No, they wouldn't: they merely hustled themselves round so as to face him; face him, and even flank him with cannon batteries if he came too near. Steep ground, 'precipitous front of rocks,' in some places. 'A hollow before their front; Village 'of Wittgenau there, and three roads through it, *one* 'of them with width for wheels;' Daun sitting inaccessible, in short. Next day, Winterfeld, with a detached Division, crossed the Neisse, tried Nadasti: "Attack Nadasti, on his woody knoll at Hirschfeld yonder; they will have to rise and save him!" In vain, that too; they let Nadasti take his own luck: for four days (16th-20th August) everything was tried, in vain.

No Battle to be had from these Austrians. And it would have been so infinitely convenient to us: Reichs Army and Soubise's French are now in the actual precints of Erfurt (August 25th, Soubise took quarter there); Royal Highness of Cumberland is staggering back into the Sea; Richelieu's French (not D'Estrées's any more, D'Estrées being superseded in this strange way) are aiming, it is thought, towards Magdeburg, had they once done with Royal Highness; Swedes are getting hold of Pommern; Russians, in huge force, of Preussen: how comfortable to have had our Austrians finished before

[25] *Helden-Geschichte*, iv. 596-599. [26] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, iv. 137.

going upon the others! For four days more (August 20th-24th), Friedrich arranges his Army for watching the Austrians, and guarding Silesia;—Bevern and Winterfeld to take command in his absence:—and, August 25th, has to march, with a small Division, which, at Dresden, he will increase by Moritz's, now needless in the Pirna Country; towards Thüringen; to look into Soubise and the Reichs Army, as a thing that absolutely cannot wait. Arrives in Dresden, Monday, August 29th; and—Or let the old Newspaper report it, with the features of life:

'*Dresden, 29th August* 1757, This day, about noon, his Majesty, 'with a part of his Army from the Upper Lausitz, arrived at the 'Neustadt here. Though the kitchen had been appointed to be set 'up at what they call The Barns (*Die Scheunen*), his Majesty was 'pleased to alight in Königsbrück Street, at the new House of 'Brühl's Chamberlain, Haller; and there passed the night. Tues-'day evening, 30th, his Majesty the King, with his Lifeguards of 'Horse and of Foot, also with the Gens d'Armes and other Batta-'lions, marched through the City, about a mile out on the Freiberg 'road, and took quarter in Klein Hamberg. The 31st, all the Army 'followed,'—a poor 23,000, Moritz and he, that was all![27]—'the 'King's field-equipage, which had been taken from the Brühl Palace 'and packed in twelve wagons, went with them.'[28]

[27] '22,360' (Tempelhof, i. 228).

[28] Rödenbeck, p. 316; Preuss, ii. 84 n.; Mitchell's Interview (*Memoirs and Papers*, i. 270).

CHAPTER VI.

DEATH OF WINTERFELD.

BEFORE going upon this forlorn march of Friedrich's, one of the forlornest a son of Adam ever had, we must speak of a thing which befel to rearward, while the march was only half-done, and which greatly influenced it and all that followed. It was the seventh day of Friedrich's march, not above eighty miles of it yet done, when Winterfeld perished in fight. No Winterfeld now to occupy the Austrians in his absence; to stand between Silesia and them, or assist him farther in his lonesome struggle against the world. Let us spend a moment on the exit of that brave man: Bernstädt-Görlitz Country, September 7th, 1757.

The Bevern Army, 36,000 strong, is still there in its place in the Lausitz, near Görlitz; Prince Karl lies quiet in his near Zittau, ever since he burnt that Town, and stood four days in arms unattackable by Friedrich with prospect of advantage. The Court of Vienna cannot comprehend this state of inactivity: "Two to one, and a mere Bevern against you, the King far away in Saxony upon his desperate Anti-French mission there: why not go in upon this Bevern? The French, whom we are by every courier passionately importuning to sweep Saxony clear, what will they say of this strange mode of sweeping Silesia clear?" Maria Theresa and her Kriegs-Hofrath are much exercised with these thoughts, and with French and other remonstrances that come. Maria Theresa and

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her Kriegs-Hofrath at length despatch their supreme Kaunitz, Graf Kaunitz in person, to stir up Prince Karl, and look into the matter with his own wise eyes and great heart. Prince Karl, by way of treat to this high gentleman, determines on doing something striking upon Bevern.

Bevern lies with his main body about Görlitz, in and to westward of Görlitz, a pleasant Town on the left bank of the Neisse (readers know there are Four Neisses, and which of them this is), with fine hilly country all round, bulky solitary Heights and Mountains rising out of fruitful plains,—two Hochkirchs (*High-Kirks*), for example, are in this region, one of which will become extremely notable next year:—Bevern has a strong camp leaning on the due Heights here, with Görlitz in its lap; and beyond Görlitz, on the right bank of the Neisse, united to him by a Bridge, he has placed Winterfeld with 10,000, who lies with his back to Görlitz, proper brooks and fencible places flanking him, has a Dorf (*Thorp*) called Moys in *his* lap; and, some short furlong beyond Moys, a 2,000 of his grenadiers planted on the top of a Hill called the Moysberg, called also the Holzberg (*Woodhill*) and Jäkelsberg, of which the reader is to take notice. Fine outpost, with proper batteries atop, with hussar squadrons and hussar pickets sprinkled about; which commands a far outlook towards Silesia, and in marching thither, or in continuing here, is useful to have in hand,—were it not a little too distant from the main body. It is this Jäkelsberg, capable of being snatched if one is sudden enough, that Prince Karl decides on:* it may be good for much or for little to Prince Karl; and, if even for nothing, it will be a brilliant affront upon Winterfeld and Bevern, and more or less charming to Kaunitz.

* See Map, p. 140*a*.

Winterfeld, the ardent enterprising man, King's other self, is thought to be the mainspring of affairs here (small thanks to him privately from Bevern, add some): and is stationed in the extreme van, as we see; Winterfeld is engaged in many things besides the care of this post; and indeed where a critical thing is to be done, we can imagine Winterfeld goes upon it. "We must try to stay here till the King has finished in Saxony!" says Winterfeld always. To which Bevern replies, "Excellent, truly; but how?" Bevern has his provender at Dresden, sadly far off; has to hold Bautzen garrisoned, and gets much trouble with his convoys. Better in Silesia, with our magazines at hand, thinks Bevern, less mindful of other considerations.

Tuesday, September 6th, Prince Karl sends Nadasti to the right bank of the River, forward upon Moys, to do the Jäkelsberg before day tomorrow: only some 2,000 grenadiers on it; Nadasti has with him 15,000, some count 20,000 of all arms, artillery in plenty; surely sufficient for the Jäkelsberg; and Daun advances, with the main body, on the other side of the River, to be within reach, should Moys lead to more serious consequences. Nadasti diligently marches all day; posts himself at night within few miles of Moys; gets his cannon to the proper Hills (*Gallows* Hill and others), his Croats to the proper Woods; and, before daylight on the morrow, means to begin upon the Moys Hill and its 2,000 grenadiers.

Wednesday morning, at the set hour, Nadasti, with artillery bursting out and quivering battle-lines, is at work accordingly; hurls up 1,000 Croats, for one item, and regulars to the amount of 'forty companies in three lines.' The grenadiers, somewhat astonished, for the morning was misty and their hussar-posts had come hastily in, stood upon their guard, like Prussian men; hurled back

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the 1,000 Croats fast enough; stubbornly repulsed the regulars too, and tumbled them down hill with bullet-storm for accompaniment; gallantly foiling this first attempt of Nadasti's. Of course Nadasti will make another, will make ever others: capture of the Jäkelsberg can hardly be doubtful to Nadasti.

Winterfeld was not at Moys, he was at Görlitz, just got in from escorting an important meal-convoy hither out of Bautzen; and was in conference with Bevern, when rumour of these Croat attacks came in at the gallop from Moys. Winterfeld made little of the rumours: he had heard of some attack intended, but it was to have been overnight, and has not been. "Mere foraging of Croat rabble, like yesterday's!" said Winterfeld, and continued his present business. In few minutes the sound of heavy cannonading convinced him. "Haha, there are my guests," said he; "we must see if we cannot entertain them right!" sprang to horseback, ordered on, double-quick, the three regiments nearest him, and was off at the gallop,—too late; or, alas, too *early* we might rather say! Arriving at the gallop, Winterfeld found his grenadiers and their insufficient reinforcements rolling back, the Hill lost; Winterfeld 'sprang to a fresh horse,' shot his lightning glances and energies to this hand and that; stormfully rallied the matter, recovered the Hill; and stormfully defended it, for, I should guess, an hour or more; and might still have done one knows not what, had not a bullet struck him through the breast, and suddenly ended all his doings in this world.

Three other reasons the Prussians give for loss of their Hill, which are of no consequence to them or to us in comparison. First, that Bevern, on message after message, sent no reinforcement; that Winterfeld was left to his own 10,000, and what he and they could make of it.

Bevern is jealous of Winterfeld, hint they, and willing to see his impetuous audacity checked. Perhaps only cautious of getting into a general action for what was intrinsically nothing? Second, that two regiments of Infantry, whom Winterfeld detached double-quick to seize a couple of villages (Leopoldshayn, Hermsdorf) on his right, and therefrom fusillade Nadasti on flank, found the villages already occupied by thousands of Croats, with regular foot and cannon-batteries, and could in no wise seize them. This was a great reverse of advantage. Third, that an Aide-de-Camp made a small misnomer, misreport of one word, which was terribly important: "Bring me hither Regiment Manteuffel!" Winterfeld had ordered. The Aide-de-Camp reported it "Grenadiers Manteuffel:" upon which, the grenadiers, who were posted in a walled garden, an important point to Winterfeld's right, came instantly to order; and Austrians instantly rushed in to the vacant post, and galled Winterfeld's other flank by their fire.[1]

Enough, Winterfeld lay bleeding to death, the Hill was lost, Prussians drawing off slowly and back-foremost, about two in the afternoon; upon which the Austrians also drew off, leaving only a small party on the Hill, who voluntarily quitted it next morning. Next morning, likewise, Winterfeld had died. The Hill was, except as bravado, and by way of comfort to Kaunitz, nothing for the Austrians; but the death of Winterfeld, which had come by chance to them in the business, was probably a great thing. Better than two pitched battles gained: who shall say? He was a shining figure, this Winterfeld; dangerous to the Austrians. The most shining figure in the Prussian Army, except its Chief; and had great thoughts

[1] Abundant Accounts in Seyfarth, ii. (*Beylagen*), 162-183; *Helden-Geschichte*, iv. 615-633; Retzow, i. 216-221.

Chaber
Czimitz
Seltz
Liessoley
Belvedere Park
Wellestawin
Hradschin
PRAG
Weissen Berg
Wischerad
Nusel
Prossik
Libeer
Tuchomirzitz
Planian
Podschernitz
Kaurzim
Kolin
Kuttenberg
Czaslau
Kuttenberg
Kuttenberg
Kuttenberg

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in his head. Prussia is not skilful to celebrate her Heroes, —the Prussian Muse of History, choked with dry military pipeclay, or with husky cobwebbery and academic pedantry, how can she?—but if Prussia can produce heroes worth celebrating, that is the one important point. Apart from soldiership, and the outward features which are widely different, there is traceable in Winterfeld some kinship in soul to English Chatham his contemporary; though he has not had the fame of Chatham.

Winterfeld was by no means universally liked; as what brave man is or can be? Too susceptible to flattery; too this, too that. He is, one feels always, except Friedrich only, the most shining figure in the Prussian Army; and it was not unnatural he should be Friedrich's one friend,—as seems to have been the case. Friedrich, when this Job's-message reached him (in Erfurt Country, eight days hence), was deeply affected by it. To tears, or beyond tears, as we can fancy. "Against my multitude of "enemies, I may contrive resources," he was heard to say; "but I shall find no Winterfeld again!" Adieu, my one friend, real Peer, sole companion to my lonely pilgrimage in these perilous high regions.

'The Prince of Prussia, contrariwise' (says a miserable little Note, which must not be withheld), 'brightened up at the news: "I "shall now die much more content, knowing that there is one so bad "and dangerous man fewer in the Army!" And, six months after, 'in his actual death-moments, he exclaimed: "I end my life, the "last period of which has cost me so much sorrow; but Winterfeld "is he who shortened my days!"'[2]—Very bitter Opposition humours circulating, in their fashion, there as elsewhere in this world!

Bevern, the millstone of Winterfeld being off his neck, has become a more responsible, though he feels himself

[2] Preuss, ii. 78; citing Retzow.

a much-delivered man. Had not liked Winterfeld, they say; or had even hated him, since those bad Zittau times. Can now, at any rate, make for Schlesien and the meal-magazines, when he sees good. He will find meal readier there; may he find other things corresponding! Nobody now to keep him painfully manœuvering in these parts; with the King's Army nearer to him, but meal not. . .

On the third day after (September 10th), Bevern, having finished packing, took the road for Schlesien; Daun and Karl attending him; nothing left of Daun and Karl in those Saxon Countries,—except, at Stolpen, out Dresden-wards, some Reserve-post or Rearguard of 15,000, should we chance to hear of that again. And from the end of September onwards, Bevern's star, once somewhat bright at Reichenberg, shot rapidly downwards, under the horizon altogether; and there came, post after post, such news out of Schlesien,—to say nothing of that Stolpen Party,—as Friedrich had never heard before.

CHAPTER VII.

FRIEDRICH IN THÜRINGEN, HIS WORLD OF ENEMIES ALL COME.

THE Soubise-Hildburghausen people had got rendezvoused at Erfurt about August 25th; 50,000 by account, and no Enemy within 200 miles of them; and in the Versailles circles it had been expected they would proceed to the "Deliverance of Saxony" straightway. What is to hinder? —Friedrich, haggling with the Austrians at Bernstadt, could muster but a poor 23,000, when he did march towards Erfurt. In those same neighbourhoods, within reach of Soubise, is the Richelieu, late D'Estrées, Army; elated with Hastenbeck, comfortably pushing Royal Highness of Cumberland, who makes no resistance, step by step, into the sea; victoriously plundering, far and wide, in those countries, Hanover itself the Headquarter. In the Versailles circles, it is farther expected that Richelieu, "Conqueror of Minorca," will shortly besiege and conquer Magdeburg, and so crown his glories. Why not; were the "Deliverance of Saxony" complete?

The whole of which turned out greatly otherwise, and to the sad disappointment of Versailles. The Conqueror of Minorca is probably aware that the conquering of Magdeburg, against one whose platforms are not rotten, and who does *not* 'lie always in his bed,' as poor old Blakeney did, will be a very different matter. And the private truth is, Maréchal de Richelieu never turned his thoughts upon

Magdeburg at all, nor upon any point of war that had difficulties, but solely upon collecting plunder for himself in those Countries. One of the most magnificent marauders on record; in no danger, he, of becoming monitory and a pendulum, like the 1,000 that already swing in that capacity to rear of him! And he did manage, in this Campaign, which was the last of his military services, so as to pay off at Paris 'above 50,000*l.* of debts; and 'to build for himself a beautiful Garden Mansion there, 'which the mocking populations called "Hanover Pavi-'lion (*Pavillon d'Hanovre*);"' a name still sticking to it, I believe.[1] Of the Richelieu Campaign we are happily delivered from saying almost anything: and the main interest for us turns now on that Soubise-Hildburghausen wing of it,—which also is a sufficiently contemptible affair; not to be spoken of, beyond the strictly unavoidable.

Friedrich, with his 23,000 setting out from Dresden, August 30th, has a march of about 170 miles towards Erfurt. He may expect to find,—counting Richelieu, if Royal Highness of Cumberland persist in acting *zero* as hitherto,—a confused mass of about 150,000 Enemies, of one sort and other, waiting him ahead; not to think of those he has just left behind;—and he cannot well be in a triumphant humour! Behind, before, around, it is one gathering of Enemies: one point only certain, that he must beat them, or else die. Readers would fain follow him in this forlorn march; him, the one point of interest now in it: and readers shall, if we can manage, though it is extremely difficult. For, on getting to Erfurt, he finds his Soubise-Hildburghausen Army off on retreat among the inaccessible Hills still farther westward; and has to linger painfully there, and to detach, and even to march

[1] Barbier, iii. 256, 271.

personally against other Enemies; and then, these finished, to march back towards his Erfurt ones, who are taking heart in the interim:—and, in short, from September 1st to November 5th, there are two months of confused manœuvering and marching to and fro in that West-Saxon region, which are very intricate to readers. November 5th is a day unforgettable: but anterior to that, what can we do? Here, dated, are the Three grand Epochs of the thing; which readers had better fix in mind as a preliminary:

1°. *September 13th,* Friedrich has got to Erfurt neighbourhood; but Soubise and Company are off westward to the Hills of Eisenach, won't come down; Friedrich obliged to linger thereabouts, painfully waiting almost a month, till

2°. *October 11th,* hearing that "15,000 Austrians" (that Stolpen Party, left as rearguard at Stolpen; Croats mainly, under a General Haddick) are on march for Berlin, he rises in haste thitherward, through Leipzig, Torgau, say 100 miles; hears that Haddick *has* been in Berlin (16th-17th October) for one day, and that he is off again full speed with a ransom of 30,000*l.*, which they have had to pay him: upon which Friedrich calls halt in the Torgau country;—and would have been uncertain what to do, had not

3°. Soubise and Company, extremely elated with this Haddick Feat, come out from their Hills, intent to deliver Saxony after all. So that Friedrich has to turn back (October 26th-30th) through Leipzig again; towards,—in fact towards *Rossbach* and *November 5th,* in his old Saale Country, which does not prove so wearisome as formerly!

These are the cardinal dates; these let the reader recur to, if necessary, and keep steadily in mind: it will then perhaps be possible to intercalate, in a manner in-

telligible to him, what other lucent phenomena there are; and these dismal wanderings, and miserablest two months of Friedrich's life, will not be wholly a provoking blotch of enigmatic darkness, but in some sort a thing with features in the twilight of the Past.

I. *Friedrich's March to Erfurt from Dresden* (31st August—13th September 1757).

The march to Erfurt was of twelve days, and without adventure to speak of. Mayer and Free-Battalion had the vanguard, Friedrich there as usual; main body, under Keith with Ferdinand and Moritz, following in several columns: straight towards their goal; with steady despatch; for twelve days;—weather often very wet.[2] Seidlitz, with cavalry, had gone ahead, in search of one Turpin, a mighty hunter and Hussar among the French, who was threatening Leipzig, threatening Halle: but Turpin made off at sound of him, without trying fight; so that Seidlitz had only to halt, and rejoin, hoping better luck another time.

A march altogether of the common type,—the stages of it not worth marking except for special readers;—and of memorable to us offers only this, if even this: at Rötha, in Leipzig Country, the eighth stage from Dresden, Friedrich writes, willing to try for Peace if it be possible,

To the Maréchal Duc de Richelieu.

'Rötha, 7th September 1757.

'I feel, M. le Duc, that you have not been put in the post where 'you are for the purpose of Negotiating. I am persuaded, however,

[2] Tempelhof, i. 229; Rödenbeck, i. 317 (not very correct): in Westphalen (ii. 20 &c.) a personal Diary of this March, and of what followed on Duke Ferdinand's part.

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'that the Nephew of the great Cardinal Richelieu is made for signing treaties no less than for gaining battles. I address myself to you from an effect of the esteem with which you inspire even those who do not intimately know you.

'Tis a small matter, Monsieur (*Il s'agit d'une bagatelle*): only to make Peace, if people are pleased to wish it! I know not what your Instructions are: but, in the supposition that the King your Master, now assured by your successes, will have put it in your power to labour in the pacification of Germany, I address to you the Sieur d'Elcheset' (Sieur Balbi is the real name of him, an Italian Engineer of mine, who once served with you in the Fontenoy times, —and some say he has privately a 15,000*l.* for your Grace's acceptance,—'the Sieur d'Elcheset), in whom you may place complete confidence.

'Though the events of this Year afford no hope that your Court still entertains a favourable disposition for my interests, I cannot persuade myself that a union which has lasted between us for sixteen years may not have left some trace in the mind. Perhaps I judge others by myself. But, however that may be, I, in short, prefer putting my interests into the King your Master's hands rather than into any other's. If you have not, Monsieur, any Instructions as to the Proposal hereby made, I beg of you to ask such, and to inform me what the tenor of them is.

'He who has merited statues at Genoa' (ten years ago, in those *Anti*-Austrian times, when Genoa burst up in revolt, and the French and Richelieu beautifully intervened against the oppressors); 'he who conquered Minorca in spite of immense obstacles; he who is on the point of subjugating Lower Saxony,—can do nothing more glorious than to restore Peace to Europe. Of all your laurels, that will be the fairest. Work in this Cause, with the activity which has secured you such rapid progress otherwise; and be persuaded that nobody will feel more grateful to you than, Monsieur le Duc,—Your faithful Friend,—FRÉDÉRIC.'[3]

Richelieu, it appears by any evidence there is, went

[3] Given in *Rödenbeck*, i. 313 (doubtless from *Mémoires de Richelieu*, Paris, 1793, ix. 175, the one fountain-head in regard to this small affair): for 'the 15,000*l.*' and other rumoured particulars, see Retzow, i. 197; Preuss, ii. 84; *Œuvres de Frédéric*, iv. 145.

willingly into this scheme; and applied at Versailles, as desired; with a peremptory negative for result. Nothing came of the Richelieu attempt there; nor of '*ce M. de Mirabeau*,' if he ever went; nor of any other on that errand. Needless to apply for Peace at Versailles (and a mere waste of your "sum of 15,000*l.*," which one hopes is fabulous in the present scarcity of money):—nor should we perhaps have mentioned the thing at all, except for the sake of Wilhelmina, whose fond scheme it is in this extremity of fate; scheme which she tries in still other directions, as we shall see; her Brother willing too, but probably with much less hope. If a civil Letter and a bribe of Money will do it, these need not be spared.

This at Rötha is the day while Winterfeld, on Moys Hill, is meeting his death. Today at Pegau, in this neighbourhood, Seidlitz, who could not fall in with Turpin, has given the Hussars of Loudon a beautiful slap; the first enemy we have seen on this march; and the last,—nothing but Loudon and Hussars visibly about, the rest of those Soubise-Reichs people dormant, as would seem. 'D'Elcheset,' Balbi, or whoever he was, would not find Richelieu at Hanover; but at a place called Kloster-Zeven, in Bremen Country, fifty or sixty miles farther on. There, this day, are Richelieu with one Sporcken a Hanoverian, and one Lynar a Dane, rapidly finishing a thing they were pleased to call "Convention of Kloster-Zeven;" which Friedrich regarded as another huge misfortune fallen on him,—though it proved to have been far the reverse a while after. Concerning which take this brief Note; cannot be too brief on such a topic:

'Never was there a more futile Convention than that of Kloster-
'Zeven; which filled all Europe with lamentable noises, indignations
'and anxieties, during the remainder of that Year; and is now re-
'duced, for Europe and the Universe, to a silent mathematical point,

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'or mere mark of position, requiring still to be attended to in that 'character, though itself zero in any other. Here are the main par- 'ticulars, in their sequence.

'August 3d, towards midnight, "11 P.M." say the Books, Maré- 'chal de Richelieu arrives in the D'Estrées Camp ("Camp of Olden- 'dorf," still only one march west of Hastenbeck); to whom D'Estrées 'on the instant, loftily, delivers up his Army; explains with loyalty, 'for a few days more, all things needful to the new Commander; 'declines to be himself Second; and loftily withdraws to the Baths 'of Aachen "for his health."

'Royal Highness of Cumberland is, by this time, well on Elbe- 'ward, Ocean-ward. Till August 1st, for one week, Royal Highness 'of Cumberland lay at Minden, some thirty odd miles from Hasten- 'beck; deploring that sad mistake; but unpersuadable to stand, 'and try amendment of it: August 1st, the French advancing on 'him again, he moved off northward, sea-ward. By Nienburg, Ver- 'den, Rotenburg, Zeven, Bremenvörde, Stade;—arrived at Stade, on 'the tidal Waters of the Elbe, August 5th; and by necessity did 'halt there. From Minden onwards, Richelieu, not D'Estrées, has 'had the chasing of Royal Highness: one of the simplest functions; 'only that the country is getting muddy, difficult for artillery-car- 'riage (thinks Richelieu), with an Army so dilapidated, hungry, 'short of pay; and that Royal Highness, a very furious person to 'our former knowledge, might turn on us like a boar at bay, en- 'dangering everything; and finally, that one's desire is not for 'battle, but for a fair chance of plunder to pay one's debts.

'Britannic Majesty, in this awful state of his Hanover Arma- 'ments, has been applying at the Danish Court; Richelieu too sends 'off an application thither: "Mediate between us, spare useless 'bloodshed!"[1]—Whereupon Danish Majesty (Britannic's son-in-law) 'cheerfully undertakes it; bids one Lynar bestir himself upon it. 'Count Lynar, an esteemed Official of his, who lives in those neigh- 'bourhoods; Danish Viceroy in Oldenburg,—much concerned with 'the Scriptures, the Sacred Languages, and other seraphic studies, '—and a changed man, since we saw him last in the Petersburg 'regions, making love to Mrs. Anton Ulrich long ago! Lynar, feel- 'ing the axis of the world laid on his shoulder in this manner, loses

[1] Valfons, p. 291.

'not a moment; invokes the Heavenly Powers; goes on it with an 'alacrity and a despatch beyond praise. Runs to the Duke of Cum- 'berland at Stade; thence to Richelieu at Zeven; back to the Duke, 'back to Zeven: "Won't you; and won't *you?*" and in four short 'days has the once world-famed "Convention of Kloster-Zeven" 'standing on parchment,—signed, ready for ratifying: "Royal High- "ness's Army to go home to their countries again" (routes, methods, 'times: when, how, and what next, all left unsettled), "and noise of "War to cease in those parts." Signed cheerfully on both sides, '9th September 1757; and Lynar striking the stars with his sub- 'lime head.[5]

'Unaccountable how Lynar had managed such a difficulty. He 'says seraphically, in a Letter to a friend, which the Prussian hussars 'got hold of, "The idea of it was inspired by the Holy Ghost:"— 'at which the whole world haha'd again. For it was a Convention 'vague, absurd, not capable of being executed; ratification of it 'refused by both Courts, by the French Court first, if that was any 'matter:—and the only thing now memorable of it is, that *it* was 'a total Futility; but that there ensued from it a Fact still of im- 'portance; namely:

'That on the 5th of October following, Royal Highness quitted 'Stade, and his wrecked Army hanging sorrowful there, like a flight 'of plucked cranes in mid-air;—arrived at Kensington, October 12th; 'heard the paternal Majesty say, that evening, "Here is my son 'who has ruined me, and disgraced himself!"—and thereupon indig- 'nantly laid down his military offices, all and sundry; and ceased 'altogether to command Armies, English or other, in this world.[6] 'Whereby, in the then and now diagram of things, Kloster-Zeven, as a mathematical point, continues memorable in History, though 'shrunk otherwise to zero!

'Pitt's magnanimity to Royal Highness was conspicuous. Royal 'Highness, it is said, had been very badly used in this matter by 'his poor peddling Father and the Hanover Ministers; the matter 'being one puddle of imbecilities from beginning to end. He was

[5] Büsching (who alone is exact in the matter), *Beiträge*, iv. 167-8, § *Lynar:* see Schöll, iii. 49; Valfons, pp. 292-3; *Œuvres de Frédéric*, iv. 143 (with correction of Preuss's Note there).

[6] In *Walpole* (iii. 59-64) the amplest minuteness of detail.

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'the soul of honour; brave as a Welf lion; but of dim poor head; 'and had not the faintest vestige' (*allergeringste*, says Mauvillon) 'of military skill: awful in the extreme to see in command of 'British Armies! Adieu to him, forever and a day.'

Ever since July 29th, three days after Hastenbeck, Pitt had been in Office again; such the bombardment by Corporation-Boxes and Events impinging on Britannic Majesty: but not till now, as I fancy, had Pitt's way, in regard to those German matters, been clear to him. The question of a German Army, if you must have a No-General at the top of it, might well be problematical to Pitt. To equip your strong fighting man, and send him on your errand, regardless of expense; and, by way of preliminary, cut the head off him, before saying "Good-speed to you, strong man!" But with a General, Pitt sees that it can be different; that perhaps "America can be conquered in Germany," and that, with a Britannic Majesty so disposed, there is no other way of trying it. To this course, Pitt stands henceforth, heedless of the gazetteer cackle, "Hah, our Pitt too become German, after all his talking!"—like a seventy-four under full sail, with sea, wind, pilot all of one mind, and only certain waterfowl objecting. And is King of England, for the next Four Years; the one King poor England has had, this long while;—his hand felt shortly at the ends of the Earth. And proves such a blessing to Friedrich, among others, as nothing else in this War; pretty much his one blessing, little as he expected it. Before long, Excellency Mitchell begins consulting about a General,—and Friedrich dimly sees better things in the distance, and that Kloster-Zeven had not been the misfortune he imagined, but only 'The darkest hour,' which, it is said, lies 'nearest to the dawn.'

II. *The Soubise-Hildburghausen People take into the Hills; Friedrich in Erfurt Neighbourhood, hanging on, Week after Week, in an Agony of Inaction* (13th September—10th October).

Friedrich's march has gone by Döbeln, Grimma, to Pegau and Rötha, Leipzig way, but with Leipzig well to right: it just brushes Weissenfels to rightward, next day after Rötha; crosses Saale River near Naumburg, whence straight through Weimar Country, Weimar City on your left, to Erfurt on the northern side;*—and,

'*Erfurt, Tuesday, 13th September* 1757, About 10 in the morning' (listen to a faithful Witness), 'there appeared Hussars on the heights to northward:—"Vanguard of his Prussian Majesty!" said Erfurt with alarm, and our French guests with alarm. And scarcely were the words uttered, when said Vanguard, and gradually the whole Prussian Army' (only some 9,000, though we all thought it the whole), 'came to sight; posting itself in half-moon shape round us there; French and Reichs folk hurrying off what they could from the Cyriaksberg and Petersberg, by the opposite gates,'—towards Gotha, and the Hills of Eisenach.

'Think what a dilemma for Erfurt, jammed between two horns in this way, should one horn enter before the other got out! Much parleying and supplicating on the part of Erfurt: Till at last, about 4 P.M., French being all off, Erfurt flung its gates open; and the new Power did enter, with some due state: Prussian Majesty in person (who could have hoped it!) and Prince Henri beside him; Cavalry with drawn swords; Infantry with field-pieces, and the band playing'—Prussian grenadier march, I should hope, or something equally cheering. 'The rest of the Vanguard, and, in succession, the Army altogether, had taken Camp outside, looking down on the Northern Gate, over at Ilgertshofen, a village in the neighbourhood, about two miles off.'[7]

* Map at p. 260.

[7] *Helden-Geschichte*, iv. 636-7.

That is the first sight Friedrich has of "*La Dauphine*," as the Versailles people call this Bellona, come to "deliver Saxony;" and she is considerably coyer than had been expected. Many sad days, and ardent vain vows of Friedrich, before he could see the skirt of her again! From Ilgertshofen, north-westward to Dittelstädt, Gamstädt, and other poor specks of villages in Gotha Territory, is ten or fifteen miles; from Dittelstädt eastward to Buttstädt and Buttelstädt, in Weimar Country, may be twenty-five: in this area, Friedrich, shifting about, chiefly for convenience of quarters,—headquarter Kirschleben for a while, Buttelstädt finally and longest,—had to wander impatiently to and fro, for four weeks and more; no work procurable, or none worth mentioning:—in the humour of a man whose House is on fire, flaming out of every window, front and rear; who *has* run up with quenching apparatus; and cannot, being spell-bound, get the least bucket of it applied. And is by nature the rapidest soul now alive. Figure his situation there, as it gradually becomes manifest to him!—

For the present, *Dauphiness* Bellona, hurrying to the Hills, has left some tagrag of remnant in Gotha. Whereupon, the second day, here is an "Own Correspondent" again,—not going by electric telegraph, but (what is a sensible advantage) credible in every point, when he does come:

'*Gotha, Thursday, 15th September.* Grand-Duke and Duchess, 'like everybody else, have been much occupied all morning with 'the fact, that the Prussian Army' (Seidlitz and a regiment or two, nothing more) 'is actually here; took possession of the Town-Gates 'and Main Guard, this morning,—certain Hungarian-French hussar 'rabble, hateful to every one in Gotha, having made off in time, 'rapidly towards Eisenach and the Hills.

'Towards noon, his Royal Majesty in highest person, with his

'Lord Brother the Prince Henri's Royal Highness, arrived in Gotha; 'sent straightway, by one of his Officers, a compliment to the Grand-'Duke; and "would have the pleasure to come and dine, if his 'Serene Highness permitted." Serene Highness, self and Household 'always cordially Friedrich's, was just about sitting down to dinner; 'and answered with exuberantly glad surprise,—or was answering, 'when Royal Majesty himself stept in with smiling face; and em-'bracing the Duke, said: "I timed myself to arrive at this moment, "thinking your Durchlaucht would be at dinner, that I might be "received without ceremony, and dine like a neighbour among you." 'Unexpected as this visit was, the joy of Duke and Duchess,' always fast friends to Friedrich, and the latter ever afterwards his correspondent, 'may be conceived, but not adequately expressed; as both 'the Serenities were touched, in the most affecting manner, by the 'honour of so great a King's sudden presence among them.

'His Majesty requested that the Frau von Buchwald, our Most 'Gracious Duchess's Hof-Dame, whose qualities he much valued, 'might dine with them,'—being always fond of sensible people, especially sensible women. 'The whole Highest and High company' (Royal, that is, and Ducal) 'was, during table, uncommonly merry. 'The King showed himself altogether content; and his bright clever 'talk and sprightly sallies, awakening everybody to the like, left not 'the least trace visible of the weighty toils he was then engaged 'in;—as if the weightier these were, the less should they fetter the 'noble openness (*Freymüthigkeit*) of this high soul, which is not to 'be cast down by the heaviest burden.

'His Majesty having taken leave of Duke and Duchess, and 'graciously permitted the chiefest persons of the Gotha Court to 'pay their respects, withdrew to his Army.'[8] Slept, I find elsewhere, 'at Gamstädt, on the floor of a little Inn;' meaning to examine Posts in that part, next morning.

Here has been a cheerful little scene for Friedrich; the last he has in these black weeks. A laborious Predecessor, striving to elucidate, leaves me this Note:

'What a pity one knows nothing, nor can know, about this Duke

[8] Letter in *Helden-Geschichte*, iv. 638-9.

15th Sept. 1757.

'and Duchess, though their names, especially the latter's name, 'are much tossed to and fro in the Books! We heard of them, 'favourably, in Voltaire's time; and may again, at least of the Lady, 'who is henceforth a Correspondent of Friedrich's. The above is a 'dim direct view of them, probably our last as well as first. Duke's 'name is Friedrich III.; I do believe, a man of solidity, honour, 'and polite dignified sense, a highly respectable Duke of Sachsen-'Gotha, contented to be obscure, and quietly do what was still do-'able in that enigmatic situation. He is Uncle to our George III.; '—his Sister is the now Princess-Dowager of Wales, with a Lord 'Bute, and I know not what questionable figures and intrigues, 'or suspicions of intrigue, much about her. His Duchess, Louisa 'Dorothee, is a Princess of distinguished qualities, literary tastes,— 'Voltaire's Hostess, Friedrich's Correspondent: a bright and quietly 'shining illumination to the circle she inhabits. Duke is now fifty-'eight, Duchess forty-seven; and they lost their eldest Son last 'year. There has been lately a considerable private brabble as to 'Tutorage of the Duke of Weimar (Wilhelmina's maddish Duke, 'who is dead lately; and a Prince left, who soon died also, but 'left a Son, who grew to be Goethe's friend); Tutorage claimed by 'various Cousins, has been adjudged to this one, King Friedrich co-'operating in such result.

'As to the famed Grand-Duchess, she is a Sachsen-Meiningen 'Princess, come of Ernst the Pious, of Johann the Magnanimous, as 'her Husband and all these Sachsens are: when Voltaire went pre-'cipitant, with such velocity, from the Potsdam Heaven, she received 'him at Gotha; set him on writing his *History of the Empire*, and 'endeavoured to break his fall. She was noble to Voltaire, and 'well honoured by that uncertain Spirit. There is a fine Library at 'Gotha; and the Lady bright loves Books, and those that can write 'them;—a friend of the Light, a Daughter of the Sun and the 'Empyrean, not of Darkness and the Stygian Fens.'[9]

Friedrich's first Letter to her Highness was one of thanks, above a year ago, for an act of kindness, act of justice withal, which she did to one of his Official people. Here, on the morrow of that dinner, is the second Letter,

[9] Michaelis, i. 517; &c. &c.

much more aerial and cordial, in which style they all continue, now that he has seen the admired Princess.

To the Most Serene Grand-Duchess of Sachsen-Gotha.

Dittelstädt, ' 16th September 1757.

' Madame,—Yesterday was a Day I shall never forget; which ' satisfied a just desire I have had, this long while, to see and hear a ' Princess whom all Europe admires. I am not surprised, Madame, ' that you subdue people's hearts; you are made to attract the ' esteem and the homage of all who have the happiness to know ' you. But it is incomprehensible to me how you can have enemies; ' and how men representing Countries that by no means wish to ' pass for barbarous, can have been so basely (*indignement*) wanting ' in the respect they owe you, and in the consideration which is due ' to all sovereigns' (French not famous for their refined demeanour in Saxony this time). ' Why could not I fly to prevent such dis- ' orders, such indecency! I can only offer you a great deal of good ' will; but I feel well that, in present circumstances, the thing wanted ' is effective results and reality. May I, Madame, be so happy as to ' render you some service! May your fortune be equal to your vir- ' tues! I am with the highest consideration, Madame, your High- ' ness's faithful Cousin.—F.'[10]

To Wilhelmina he says of it, next day, still gratified, though sad news have come in the interim;—death of Winterfeld, for one black item:

* * ' The day before yesterday I was in Gotha. It was a ' touching scene to see the partners of one's misfortunes, with like ' griefs and like complaints. The Duchess is a woman of real merit, ' whose firmness puts many a man to shame. Madame de Buchwald ' appears to me a very estimable person, and one who would suit ' you much: intelligent, accomplished, without pretensions, and good- ' humoured. My Brother Henri is gone to see them today. I am ' so oppressed with grief, that I would rather keep my sadness to ' myself. I have reason to congratulate myself much on account of ' my Brother Henri; he has behaved like an angel, as a soldier,

[10] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xviii. 166.

18th Sept. 1757.

'and well towards me as a Brother. I cannot, unfortunately, say 'the same of the elder. He sulks at me (*il me boude*), and has 'sulkily retired to Torgau, from whence, I hear, he is gone to Wit-'tenberg. I shall leave him to his caprices and to his bad conduct; 'and I prophesy nothing good for the future, unless the younger 'guide him.'[11] * *

This is part of a long sad Letter to Wilhelmina; parts of which we may recur to, as otherwise illustrative. But before going into that tragic budget of bad news, let us give the finale of Gotha, which occurred the next day,—tragi-comic in part,—and is the last bit of action in those dreary four weeks.

Gotha, 18th September. 'Since Thursday 15th, Major-General 'Seidlitz,' youngest Major-General of the Army, but a rapidly rising man, 'has been Commandant in Gotha, under flourishing circum-'stances; popular and supreme, though only with a force of 1,500, 'dragoons and hussars. Monday morning early, Seidlitz's scouts 'bring word that the Soubise-Hildburghausen people are in motion 'hitherward; French hussars and Austrian, Turpin's, Loudon's, all 'that are; grenadiers in mass;—total, say, 8,000 horse and foot, 'with abundance of artillery;—have been on march all night, to 'retake Gotha; with all the Chief Generals and Dignitaries of the 'Army following in their carriages, for some hours past, to see it 'done. Seidlitz, ascertaining these things, has but one course left,—'that of clearing himself out, which he does with orderly velocity: 'and at 9 A.M., the Dignitaries and their 8,000 find open gates, Seid-'litz clean off; occupy the posts, with due emphasis and flourish; and 'proceed to the Schloss in a grand triumphant way,—where privately 'they are not very welcome, though one puts the best face on it, and 'a dinner of importance is the first thing imperative to be set in pro-'gress. A flurried Court that of Gotha, and much swashing of French 'plumes through it, all this morning, since Seidlitz had to flit.

'Seidlitz has not flitted very far. Seidlitz has ranked his small 'dragoon-hussar force in a hollow, two miles off; has got warning

[11] 'Kirschleben, near Erfurt, 17th September 1757' (*Œuvres de Frédéric*, XXVII. I. 306).

'sent to a third régiment within reach of him, "Come towards me, "and in a certain defile, visible from Gotha eastward, spread your- "selves so and so!"—and judges by the swashing he hears of up 'yonder, that perhaps something may still be done. Dinner, up in 'the Schloss, is just being taken from the spit, and the swashing at 'its height, when—"Hah, what is that, though?" and all plumes 'pause. For it is Seidlitz, artistically spread into single files, on the 'prominent points of vision; advancing again, more like 15,000 'than 1,500: "And in the Defile yonder, that regiment, do you 'mark it; the King's vanguard, I should say?—To horse!"

'That is Seidlitz's fine Bit of Painting, hung out yonder, hooked 'on the sky itself, as temporary background to Gotha, to be judged of 'by the connoisseurs. For pictorial effect, breadth of touch, truth to 'Nature, and real power on the connoisseur, I have heard of nothing 'equal by any artist. The high Generalcy, Soubise, Hildburghausen, 'Darmstadt, mount in the highest haste; everybody mounts, happy 'he who has anything to mount; the grenadiers tumble out of the 'Schloss; dragoons, artillery tumble out; Dauphiness takes wholly 'to her heels, at an extraordinary pace: so that Seidlitz's hussars 'could hardly get a stroke at her; caught sixty and odd, nine of 'them Officers not of mark; did kill thirty; and had such a haul 'of equipages and valuable effects, cosmetic a good few of them, 'habilatory, artistic, as caused the hussar heart to sing for joy. 'Among other plunder, was Loudon's Commission of Major-General, 'just on its road from Vienna' (poor Mannstein's death the suggesting cause, say some);—'undoubtedly a shining Loudon; to whom 'Friedrich, next day, forwarded the Document with a polite Note.'[12]

The day after this bright feat of Seidlitz's, which was a slight consolation to Friedrich, there came a Letter from the Duchess, not of compliment only; the Letter itself had to be burnt on the spot, being, as would seem, dangerous for the High Lady, who was much a friend of Friedrich's. Their Correspondence, very polite and graceful, but for most part gone to the unintelligible state, and

[12] *Helden-Geschichte*, iv. 640; Westphalen, ii. 37; *Œuvres de Frédéric*, iv. 147.

become vacant and spectral, figures considerably in the Books, and was, no doubt, a considerable fact to Friedrich. His Answer on this occasion may be given, since we have it,—lest there should not elsewhere be opportunity for a second specimen.

Friedrich to the Grand-Duchess of Sachsen-Gotha.

'Kirschleben, near Erfurt, 20th September 1757.

'MADAME,—Nothing could happen more glorious to my troops 'than that of fighting, Madame, under your eyes and for your de- 'fence. I wish their help could be useful to you; but I foresee the 'reverse. If I were obstinately to insist on maintaining the post of 'Gotha with Infantry, I should ruin your City for you, Madame, by 'attracting thither and fixing there the theatre of the War; whereas, 'by the present course, you will only have to suffer little rubs '(*passades*), which will not last long.

'A thousand thanks that you could, in a day like yesterday, 'find the moment to think of your Friends, and to employ yourself 'for them.' (Seidlitz's attack was brisk, quite sudden, with an effect like Harlequin's sword in Pantomimes; and Gotha in every corner, especially in the Schloss below and above stairs,—dinner cooked for A, and eaten by B, in that manner,—must have been the most agitated of little Cities.) 'I will neglect nothing of what you have the 'goodness to tell me; I shall profit by these notices. Heaven grant 'it might be for the deliverance and the security of Germany!

'The most signal mark of obedience I can give you consists 'unquestionably in doing your bidding with this Letter.' (Burn it, so soon as read.) 'I should have kept it as a monument of your 'generosity and courage: but, Madame, since you dispose of it 'otherwise, your orders shall be executed; persuaded that if one 'cannot serve one's friends, one must at least avoid hurting them; 'that one may be less circumspect for one's own interest, but that 'one must be prudent and even timid for theirs. I am, with the 'highest esteem and the most perfect consideration, Madame, your 'Highness's most faithful and affectionate Cousin,—F.'[13]

From Erfurt, on the night of his arrival, finding the

[13] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xviii. 167.

Dauphiness in such humour, Friedrich had ordered Ferdinand of Brunswick with his Division, and Prince Moritz with his, both of whom were still at Naumburg, to go on different errands,—Ferdinand out Halberstadt-Magdeburg way, whither Richelieu, vulture-like, if not eagle-like, is on wing; Moritz to Torgau to secure our magazine and be on the outlook there. Both of them marched on the morrow (November 14th): and are sending him news,—seldom comfortable news; mainly that, in spite of all one can do (and it is not little on Ferdinand's part), the Richelieu vultures, 80,000 of them, floating onward, leagues broad, are not to be kept out of Halberstadt, well if out of Magdeburg itself;—and that, in short, the general conflagration, in those parts too, is progressive.[14] Moritz, peaceable for some weeks in Torgau Country, was to have an eye on Brandenburg withal, on Berlin itself; and before long Moritz will see something noticeable there!

From Preussen, Friedrich hears of mere ravagings and horrid cruelties, Cossack-Calmuck atrocities, which make human nature shudder:[15] "Fight those monsters; go into them, at all hazards!" he writes to Lehwald, peremptorily. Lehwald, 25,000 against 80,000, does so; draws up, in front of Wehlau, not far east of Königsberg, among woody swamps, *August 30th*, at a Hamlet called *Gross-Jägersdorf*, with his best skill; fights well, though not without mistakes; and is beaten by cannon and numbers.[16] Preussen now lies at Apraxin's discretion. This bit of news too is on the road for Erfurt Country. Such six weeks for the swift man, obliged to

[14] In Orlich's *Fürst Moritz*, pp. 71-89; and in *Westphalen*, ii. 23-143 (about Ferdinand): interesting Documentary details, Autographs of Friedrich, &c., in regard to both these Expeditions.

[15] In *Helden-Geschichte*, iv. 427-437, the hideous details.

[16] Tempelhof, i. 299; Retzow, i. 212; &c. &c. ('Russians lost about 9,000,' by their own tale 5,000; 'the Prussians 3,000' and the Field).

stand spell-bound,—idle posterity never will conceive it; and description is useless.

Let us add here, that Apraxin did not advance on Königsberg, or farther into Preussen at all; but, after some loitering, turned, to everybody's surprise, and wended slowly home. "Could get no provision," said Apraxin for himself. "Thought the Czarina was dying," said the world; "and that Peter her successor would take it well!" Plodded slowly home, for certain; Lehwald following him, not too close, till over the border. Nothing left of Apraxin, and his huge Expedition, but Memel alone; Memel, and a great many graves and ruins. So that Lehwald could be recalled, to attend on the Swedes, before Winter came. And Friedrich's worst forebodings did not take effect in this case;—nor in some others, as we shall see!

Lamentation-Psalms of Friedrich.

Meanwhile, is it not remarkable that Friedrich wrote more Verses, this Autumn, than almost in any other three months of his life? Singular, yes; though perhaps not inexplicable. And if readers could fairly understand that fact, instead of running away with the shell of it, and leaving the essence, it would throw a great light on Friedrich. He is not a brooding inarticulate man, then; but a bright-glancing, articulate; not to be struck dumb by the face of Death itself. Flashes clear-eyed into the physiognomy of Death, and Ruin, and the Abysmal Horrors opening; and has a sharp word to say to them. The explanation of his large cargo of Verses this Autumn is, That always, alternating with such fiery velocity, he had intolerable periods of waiting till things were ready. And took to verses, by way of expectorating himself, and keeping down his devils. Not a bad plan, in the circum-

stances,—especially if you have so wonderful a turn for expectoration by speech. "All bad as Poetry, those Verses?" asks the reader. Well, some of them are not of first-rate goodness. Should have been burnt; or the time marked which they took up, and whether it was good time wasted (which I suppose it almost never was), or bad time skilfully got over. Time, that is the great point; and the heart-truth of them, or mere lip-truth, another. We must give some specimens, at any rate.

Especially that notable Specimen from the Zittau Countries: the "Epistle to Wilhelmina (*Epître à ma Sœur*[17]);" which is the keynote, as it were; the fountain-head of much other verse, and of much prose withal, and Correspondencing not with Wilhelmina alone, of which also some taste must be given. Primary *Epître;* written, I perceive, in that interval of waiting for Keith and the magazines,—though the final date is "Bernstadt, August 24th." Concerning which, Smelfungus takes, over-hastily, the liberty to say: 'Strange, is it not, to be on the point 'of fighting for one's existence; overwhelmed with so 'many businesses; and disposed to go into verse in ad-'dition! *Conceive* that form of mind; it would illuminate 'something of Friedrich's character: I cannot yet rightly 'understand such an aspect of structure, and know not 'what to say of it, except "Strange!"'—

Understand it or not, we do gather by means of it some indisputable glimpses, nearly all the direct insight allowed us out of any source, into Friedrich's inner man; what his thoughts were, what his humour was in that unique crisis; and to readers in quest of that, these Pieces, fallen obsolete and frosty to all other kinds of readers, are well worth perusing, and again perusing. Most veracious Documents, we can observe; nothing could

[17] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xii. 36-42.

be truer; Confessions they are, in the most emphatic sense; no truer ever made to a Priest in the name of the Most High. Like a soliloquy of Night-Thoughts, accidentally becoming audible to us. Mahomet, I find, wrote the Koran in this manner. From those poor Poems, which are voices *De Profundis*, there might, by proper care and selection, be constructed a Friedrich's Koran; and, with commentary and elucidation, it would be pleasant to read. The Koran of Friedrich, or the Lamentation-Psalms of Friedrich! But it would need an Editor, —other than Dryasdust! Mahomet's Koran, treated by the Arab Dryasdust (merely turning up the bottom of that Box of Shoulder-blades, and printing them), has become dreadfully tough reading, on this side of the Globe; and has given rise to the impossiblest notions about Mahomet! Indisputable it is, Heroes, in their affliction, Mahomet and David, have solaced themselves by snatches of Psalms, by Suras, bursts of Utterance rising into Song; —and if Friedrich, on far other conditions, did the like, what has History to say of blame to him?

Wilhelmina comes out very strong, in this season of trouble; almost the last we see of our excellent Wilhelmina. Like a lioness; like a shrill mother when her children are in peril. A noble sisterly affection is in Wilhelmina; shrill Pythian vehemence trying the impossible. That a Brother, and such a Brother, the most heroic now breathing, brave and true, and the soul of honour in all things, should have the whole world rise round him, like a delirious Sorcerer's-Sabbath, intent to hurl the mountains on him,—seems such a horror and a madness to Wilhelmina. Like the brood-hen flying in the face of wild dogs, and packs of hounds in full trail! Most Christian Pompadour Kings, enraged Czarinas, im-

placable Empress-Queens; a whole world in armed delirium rushes on, regardless of Wilhelmina. Never mind, my noble one; your Brother will perhaps manage to come up with this leviathan or that, among the heap of them, at a good time, and smite into the fifth rib of him. Your Brother does not the least shape towards giving in; thank the Heavens, he will stand to himself at least; his own poor strength will all be on his own side.

Wilhelmina's hopes of a Peace with France; mission of her Mirabeau, missions and schemes not a few, we have heard of on Wilhelmina's part with this view; but the notablest is still to mention: that of stirring up, by Voltaire's means, an important-looking Cardinal de Tencin to labour in the business. Eminency Tencin lives in Lyon, known to the Princess on her Italian Tour;—shy of asking Voltaire to dinner on that fine occasion;—but, except Officially, is not otherwise than well-affected to Voltaire. Was once Chief Minister of France, and would fain again be; does not like these Bernis novelties and Austrian Alliances, had he now any power to overset them. Let him correspond with Most Christian Majesty, at least; plead for a Peace with Prussia, Prussia being so ready that way. Eminency Tencin, on Voltaire's suggestion, did so, perhaps is even now doing so; till ordered to hold *his* peace on such subjects. This is certain and well known; but nothing else is known, or to us knowable, about it; Voltaire, in vague form, being our one authority, through whom it is vain to hunt, and again hunt.[18] The Dates, much more the features and circumstances, all lie buried from us, and,—till perhaps the *Lamentation-Psalms* are well edited,—must continue lying. As a fact certain, but undeniably vague.

Voltaire's procedure, one can gather, is polite, but

[18] Œuvres (*Mémoires*), ii. 92-93; *ib.* i. 143: Preuss, ii. 84.

two-faced; not sublime on this occasion. In fact, is intended to serve himself. To the high Princess he writes devotionally, ready to obey in all things; and then to his Eminency Cardinal Tencin, it rather seems as if the tone were: "Pooh! yes, your Eminency; such are the poor Lady's notions. But does your Eminency take notice how high my connections are; what service a poor obscure creature might perhaps do the State some day?" Friedrich himself is, in these ways, brought into correspondence with Voltaire again; and occasionally writes to him in this War, and ever afterwards: Voltaire responds with fine sympathy, always prettily, in the enthusiasm of the moment;—and at other times he writes a good deal about Friedrich, oftenest in rather a mischievous dialect. "The traitor!" exclaim some Prussian writers, not many or important, in our time. In fact, there is a considerable touch of grinning malice (as of Monkey *versus* Cat, who had once burnt *his* paw, instead of getting his own burnt), in those utterances of Voltaire: some of which the reader will grin over too, without much tragic feeling,—the rather as they did our Felis Leo no manner of ill, and show our incomparable *Singe* with a sparkle of the *Tigre* in him; theoretic sparkle merely and for moments, which makes him all the more entertaining and interesting at the domestic hearth.

Of Friedrich's Lamentation-Psalms we propose to give the First and the Last: these, with certain Prose Pieces, intermediate and connecting, may perhaps be made intelligible to readers, and throw some light on these tragic weeks of the King's History:

1°. *Epître à ma Sœur* (First of the Lamentation-Psalms).—This is the famed 'Epistle to Wilhelmina,' already spoken of; which the King despatched from Bernstadt, 'August 24th,' just while quitting those parts, on the Erfurt Errand;—though written before, in the

tedium of waiting for Keith. The Piece is long, vehement, altogether sincere; lyrically sings aloud, or declaims in rhyme, what one's indignant thought really is on the surrounding woes and atrocities. We faithfully abridge, and condense into our briefest Prose; —readers can add water, and the jingle of French rhymes *ad libitum*. It starts thus:

'O sweet and dear hope of my remaining days; O Sister, whose 'friendship, so fertile in resources, shares all my sorrows, and with a 'helpful arm assists me in the gulf! It is in vain that the Destinies 'have overwhelmed me with disasters: if the crowd of Kings have 'sworn my ruin; if the Earth have opened to swallow me,—you still 'love me, noble and affectionate Sister: loved by you, what is there 'of misfortune?' (Branches off into some survey of it, nevertheless.)

'Huge continents of thunder-cloud, plots thickening against me' (in those Menzel Documents), 'I watched with terror; the sky getting 'blacker, no covert for me visible: on a sudden, from the deeps of Hell, 'starts forth Discord' (with capital-letter), 'and the tempest broke.

'Ce fut dans ton Sénat, O fougueuse Angleterre!
'Où ce monstre inhumain fit éclater la guerre:

'It was from thy Senate, stormful England, that she first launched 'out War. In remote climates first; in America, far away;—be-'tween France and thee. Old Ocean shook with it; Neptune, in the 'depths of his caves (*ses grottes profondes*), saw the English subject-'ing his waves (*ses ondes*): the wild Iroquois, prize of these crimes '(*forfaits*), bursts out; detesting the tyrants who disturb his Forests' —and scalping Braddock's people, and the like.

'Discord, charmed to see such an America, and feeble mortals 'crossing the Ocean to exterminate one another, addresses the Euro-'pean Kings: "How long will you be slaves to what are called "laws? Is it for you to bend under worn-out notions of justice, "right? Mars is the one God: Might is Right. A King's business "is to do something famous in this world."

'O Daughter of the Cæsars,' Maria Theresa, 'how, at these words, 'ambition, burning in thy soul, breaks out uncontrollable! Probity, 'honour, treaties, duty: feeble considerations these, to a heart letting 'loose its flamy passions; determining to rob the generous Germans 'of their liberties; to degrade thy equals; to extinguish "Schism" '(so called), and set up despotism on the wrecks of all.'

'Huge project'—'*fier Triumvirat*,'—what not: 'From Roussil-'lon and the sunny Pyrenees to frozen Russia, all arm for Austria, 'and march at her bidding. They concert my downfall, trample on 'my rights.

'The Daughter of the Cæsars, proudly certain of victory,—'tis 'the way of the Great, whose commonplace virtue, pusillanimous in 'reverses, overbearing in success, cannot bridle their cupidity,—'designates to the Triumvirate what Kings are to be proscribed' (Britannic George and me, Reich busy on us both even now), 'and 'those ungrateful tyrants, by united crime, immolate to each other, 'without remorse, their dearest allies.' For instance:

'*O jour digne d'oubli! Quelle atroce imprudence!*
'*Thérèse, c'est l'Anglais que tu vends à la France:*

'Theresa! it is England thou art selling to France;'—Yes, a thing worth noting. 'Thy generous support in thy first adversities; thy 'one friend then, when a world had risen to devour thee. Thou 'reignest now:—but it was England alone that saved thee any-'thing to reign over!

'*Tu règnes, mais lui seul a sauvé tes états:*
'*Les bienfaits chez les rois ne font que des ingrats.*

'And thou, lazy Monarch,'—stupid Louis, let us omit him:—'Pompadour, selling her lover to the highest bidder, makes France, 'in our day, Austria's slave!' We omit Kolin Battle, too, spoken of with a proud modesty (Prag is not spoken of at all); and how the neighbouring ravenous Powers, onlookers hitherto, have opened their throats with one accord to swallow Prussia, thinking its downfall certain: 'Poor mercenary Sweden, once so famous under its soldier 'Kings, now debased by a venal Senate;'—Sweden, 'what say I? 'my own kindred' (foolish Anspach and others), 'driven, by per-'verse motives, join in the plot of horrors, and become satellites of 'the prospering Triumvirs.

'And thou, loved People' (my own Prussians), 'whose happiness 'is my charge' (notable how often he repeats this), 'it is thy lament-'able destiny, it is the danger which hangs over thee, that pierces 'my soul. The pomps of my rank I could resign without regret. 'But to rescue thee, in this black crisis, I will spend my heart's 'blood. Whose *is* that blood but thine? With joy will I rally my

'warriors to avenge thy affront; defy death at the foot of the ram-'parts' (of Daun and his Eckartsberg, ahead yonder), 'and either 'conquer, or be buried under thy ruins.' Very well; but ah,—

'Preparing with such purpose, ye Heavens, what mournful cries 'are those that reach us: "Death has laid low thy Mother!"— 'Hah, that was the last stroke, then, which angry Fate had reserved 'for me.— — O Mother, Death flies my misfortunes, and spreads 'his livid horrors over thee!' (Very tender, very sad, what he says of his Mother; but must be omitted and imagined. General finale is:)

'Thus Destiny with a deluge of torments fills the poisoned rem-'nant of my days. The present is hideous to me, the future un-'known: what, you say I am the creature of a *Bene*ficent Being?—

'*Quoi! serais-je formé par un Dieu bienfaisant?*
'*Ah! s'il était si bon, tendre pour son ouvrage*'—

—Husht, my little Titan!

'And now, ye promoters of sacred lies, go on leading cowards by 'the nose, in the dark windings of your labyrinth:—to me the en-'chantment is ended, the charm disappears. I see that all men are 'but the sport of Destiny. And that, if there do exist some Gloomy 'and Inexorable Being, who allows a despised herd of creatures to 'go on multiplying here, he values them as nothing; looks down on 'a Phalaris crowned, on a Socrates in chains; on our virtues, our 'misdeeds, on the horrors of war, and all the cruel plagues which 'ravage Earth, as a thing indifferent to him. Wherefore, my sole 'refuge and only haven, loved Sister, is in the arms of death:

'*Ainsi mon seul asile et mon unique port*
'*Se trouve, chère sœur, dans les bras de la mort.*'[18]

2°. *Wilhelmina to Voltaire, with something of Answer* (First of certain intercalary Prose Pieces).—Wilhelmina has been writing to Voltaire before, and getting consolations since Kolin; but her Letters are lost, till this the earliest that is left us:

Baireuth, 19th August 1757 (*To Voltaire*).—'One first knows 'one's friends when misfortunes arrive. The Letter you have writ-'ten does honour to your way of thinking. I cannot tell you how 'much I am sensible to what you have done' (set Cardinal Tencin

[18] *Œuvres*, xii. 36-42; is sent off to Wilhelmina, 24th August.

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astir, with result we will hope). 'The King, my Brother, is as 'much so as I. You will find a Note here, which he bids me trans-'mit to you' (Note lost). 'That great man is still the same. He 'supports his misfortunes with a courage and a firmness worthy of 'him. He could not get the Note transcribed. It began by verses. 'Instead of throwing sand on it, he took the inkbottle; that is the 'reason why it is cut in two.'

—This Note, we say, is lost to us;—all but accidentally thus: Voltaire, 12th September, writes twice to friends. Writing to his D'Argentals, he says: 'The affairs of this King' (Friedrich) 'go from 'bad to worse. I know not if I told you of the Letter he wrote to 'me about three weeks ago' (say August 17th-18th: the Note through Wilhelmina, evidently): '"I have learned," says he, "that "you had interested yourself in my successes and misfortunes. "There remains to me nothing but to sell my life dear," &c. His 'Sister writes me one much more lamentable;' the one we are now reading:—

'I am in a frightful state; and will not survive the destruction 'of my House and Family. That is the one consolation that re-'mains to me. You will have fine subjects for making Tragedies 'of. O times! O manners! You will, by the illusory representation, 'perhaps draw tears; while all contemplate with dry eyes the reality 'of these miseries: the downfall of a whole House, against which, if 'the truth were known, there is no solid complaint. I cannot write 'farther of it: my soul is so troubled that I know not what I am 'doing. But whatever happen, be persuaded that I am more than 'ever your friend,—WILHELMINA.'[19]

Friedrich, while Wilhelmina writes so, is at the foot of the Eckartsberg, eagerly manœuvering with the Austrians, in hopes of getting battle out of them,—which he cannot. Friedrich, while he wrote that Note to Voltaire, and instead of sandbox shook the inkbottle over it, was just going out on that errand.

Voltaire, 12th September (to a Lady whose Son is in the D'Estrées wars).[20]—'Here are mighty revolutions, Madame; and we are 'not at the end yet. They say there have 18,000 Hanoverians 'been disposed of at Stade' (Convention of Kloster-Zeven). 'That 'is no small matter. I can hope M. Richelieu' (who is "*mon héros*,"

[19] In *Œuvres de Voltaire*, lxxvii. 30. [20] Ib. lxxvii. 55-56.

when I write to himself) 'will adorn his head with the laurels they 'have stuck in his pocket. I wish Monsieur your Son abundance of 'honour and glory without wounds, and to you Madame unalterable 'health. The King of Prussia has written me a very touching Let-'ter' (one line of which we have read); 'but I have always Madame 'Denis's adventure on my heart,' at Frankfurt yonder. 'If I were 'well, I would take a run to Frankfurt myself on the business,'—now that Soubise's reserves are in those parts, and could give Freytag and Schmidt such a dusting for me, if they liked! Shall I write to Collini on it? Does write, and again write, the second year hence, as still better chances rise.[21]

3°. *Wilhelmina to Voltaire again, with Answer* (Second of the Prose Pieces).—Not a very zealous friend of Friedrich's, after all, this Voltaire! Poor Wilhelmina, terrified by that *Epître* of her Brother's, and his fixed purpose of seeking Death, has, in her despair (though her Letter is lost), been urging Voltaire to write dissuading him;—as Voltaire does. Of which presently. Her Letter to Voltaire on this thrice-important subject is lost. But in the very hours while Voltaire sat writing what we have just read, 'always with Madame 'Denis's adventure on my heart,' Wilhelmina, at Baireuth, is again writing to him as follows:

Baireuth, 12th September 1757 (*To Voltaire*).—'Your Letter has 'sensibly touched me; that which you addressed to me for the King' (both Letters lost to us) 'has produced the same effect on him. I 'hope you will be satisfied with his Answer as to what concerns 'yourself; but you will be as little so as I am with the resolutions 'he has formed. I had flattered myself that your reflections would 'make some impression on his mind. You will see the contrary 'by the Letter adjoined.

'To me there remains nothing but to follow his destiny if it is 'unfortunate. I have never piqued myself on being a philosopher; 'though I have made my efforts to become so. The small progress 'I made did teach me to despise grandeurs and riches: but I could 'never find in philosophy any cure for the wounds of the heart, ex-'cept that of getting done with our miseries by ceasing to live. The 'state I am in is worse than death. I see the greatest man of his

[21] Collini, pp. 208-211 ('January—May 1759').

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'age, my Brother, my friend, reduced to the frightfullest extremity. 'I see my whole Family exposed to dangers and perhaps destruction; 'my native Country torn by pitiless enemies; the Country where I 'am' (Reichs Army, Anspach, what not) 'menaced by perhaps simi-'lar misfortune. Would to Heaven I were alone loaded with all the 'miseries I have described to you! I would suffer them, and with 'firmness.

'Pardon these details. You invite me, by the part you take in 'what regards me, to open my heart to you. Alas, hope is well-nigh 'banished from it. Fortune, when she changes, is as constant in her 'persecutions as in her favours. History is full of those examples:— 'but I have found none equal to the one we now see; nor any War 'as inhuman and as cruel among civilised nations. You would sigh 'if you knew the sad situation of Germany and Preussen. The 'cruelties which the Russians commit in that latter Country make 'nature shudder.[22] How happy you in your Hermitage; where you 'repose on your laurels, and can philosophise with a calm mind on 'the deliriums of men! I wish you all the happiness imaginable. 'If Fortune ever favour us again, count on all my gratitude. I will 'never forget the marks of attachment which you have given; my 'sensibility is your warrant; I am never half-and-half a friend, and 'I shall always be wholly so of Brother Voltaire.—WILHELMINA.

'Many compliments to Madame Denis. Continue, I pray you, 'to write to the King.'[23]

Voltaire to Wilhelmina (Day uncertain: *The Délices, September* 1757).—'Madame, my heart is touched more than ever by the good-'ness and the confidence your Royal Highness deigns to show me. 'How can I be but melted by emotion! I see that it is solely your 'nobleness of soul that renders you unhappy. I feel myself born to 'be attached with idolatry to superior and sympathetic minds, who 'think like you.

'You know how much I have always, essentially and at heart, 'been attached to the King your Brother. The more my old age is 'tranquil, and come to renounce everything, and make my retreat 'here a home and country, the more am I devoted to that Philoso-'pher-King. I write nothing to him but what I think from the

[22] Details, horrible but authentic, in *Helden-Geschichte*, already cited.

[23] In *Voltaire*, ii. 197-199; lxxvii. 57.

'bottom of my heart, nothing that I do not think most true; and if 'my Letter' (dissuasive of seeking Death; wait, reader) 'appears to 'your Royal Highness to be suitable, I beg you to protect it with 'him, as you have done the foregoing.'[24]

4°. *Friedrich to Wilhelmina, and, by anticipation, her Answer* (Third of the Prose Pieces).—'*Kirschleben, near Erfurt, 17th September* 1757. My dearest Sister, I find no other consolation but 'in your precious Letters. May Heaven reward so much virtue and 'such heroic sentiments!

'Since I wrote last to you, my misfortunes have but gone on 'accumulating. It seems as though Destiny would discharge all 'its wrath and fury upon the poor Country which I had to rule 'over. The Swedes have entered Pommern. The French, after 'having concluded a Neutrality humiliating to the King of Eng- 'land and themselves' (Kloster-Zeven, which we know), 'are in full 'march upon Halberstadt and Magdeburg. From Preussen I am 'in daily expectation of hearing of a battle having been fought: 'the proportion of combatants being 25,000 against 80,000' (was fought, Gross-Jägersdorf, 30th August, and lost accordingly). 'The 'Austrians have marched into Silesia, whither the Prince of Bevern 'follows them. I have advanced this way to fall upon the corps 'of the allied Army; which has run off, and intrenched itself, 'behind Eisenach, amongst hills, whither to follow, still more to 'attack them, all rules of war forbid. The moment I retire towards 'Saxony, this whole swarm will be upon my heels. Happen what 'may, I am determined, at all risks, to fall upon whatever corps of 'the enemy approaches me nearest. I shall even bless Heaven for 'its mercy, if it grant me the favour to die sword in hand.

'Should this hope fail me, you will allow that it would be too 'hard to crawl at the feet of a company of traitors, to whom suc- 'cessful crimes have given the advantage to prescribe the law to me. 'How, my dear, my incomparable Sister, how could I repress feelings 'of vengeance and of resentment against all my neighbours, of whom 'there is not one who did not accelerate my downfall, and will not 'share in our spoils? How can a Prince survive his State, the glory 'of his Country, his own reputation? A Bavarian Elector, in his

[24] Voltaire, lxxvii. 37, 39.

'nonage' (Son of the late poor Kaiser, and left shipwrecked in his seventeenth year), 'or rather in a sort of subjection to his Ministers, 'and dull to the biddings of honour, may give himself up as a slave 'to the imperious domination of the House of Austria, and kiss the 'hand which oppressed his Father: I pardon it to his youth and his 'ineptitude. But is that the example for me to follow? No, dear 'Sister, you think too nobly to give me such mean (*lâche*) advice. 'Is Liberty, that precious prerogative, to be less dear to a Sovereign 'in the eighteenth century than it was to Roman Patricians of old? 'And where is it said, that Brutus and Cato should carry mag-'nanimity farther than Princes and Kings? Firmness consists in 'resisting misfortune: but only cowards submit to the yoke, bear 'patiently their chains, and support oppression tranquilly. Never, 'my dear Sister, could I resolve upon such ignominy.'—

'If I had followed only my own inclinations, I should have 'ended it (*je me serais dépêché*) at once, after that unfortunate 'Battle which I lost. But I felt that this would be weakness, and 'that it behoved me to repair the evil which had happened. My 'attachment to the State awoke; I said to myself, It is not in sea-'sons of prosperity that it is rare to find defenders, but in adver-'sity. I made it a point of honour with myself to redress all that 'had got out of square; in which I was not unsuccessful; not even 'in the Lausitz' (after those Zittau disasters) 'last of all. But no 'sooner had I hastened this way to face new enemies, than Winter-'feld was beaten and killed near Görlitz, than the French entered 'the heart of my States, than the Swedes blockaded Stettin. Now 'there is nothing effective left for me to do: there are too many 'enemies. Were I even to succeed in beating two armies, the third 'would crush me. The enclosed Note' (in cipher) 'will show you 'what I am still about to try: it is the last attempt.

'The gratitude, the tender affection, which I feel towards you, 'that friendship, true as the hills, constrains me to deal openly with 'you. No, my divine Sister, I shall conceal nothing from you that 'I intend to do; all my thoughts, all my resolutions shall be open 'and known to you in time. I will precipitate nothing: but also it 'will be impossible for me to change my sentiments.'

'As for you, my incomparable Sister, I have not the heart to 'turn you from your resolves. We think alike, and I cannot con-

'demn in you the sentiments which I daily entertain (*éprouve*). 'Life has been given to us as a benefit: when it ceases to be such'—! 'I have nobody left in this world, to attach me to it, but you. My 'friends, the relations I loved most, are in the grave; in short, I 'have lost everything. If you take the resolution which I have 'taken, we end together our misfortunes and our unhappiness; and 'it will be the turn of them who remain in this world, to provide 'for the concerns falling to their charge, and to bear the weight 'which has lain on us so long. These, my adorable Sister, are sad 'reflections, but suitable to my present condition.

'The day before yesterday I was at Gotha' (yes, see above;—and tomorrow, if I knew it, Seidlitz with pictorial effects will be there). * *

'But it is time to end this long, dreary Letter; which treats 'almost of nothing but my own affairs. I have had some leisure, 'and have used it to open on you a heart filled with admiration and 'gratitude towards you. Yes, my adorable Sister, if Providence 'troubled itself about human affairs, you ought to be the happiest 'person in the Universe. Your not being such, confirms me in the 'sentiments expressed at the end of my *Epître*. In conclusion, be-'lieve that I adore you, and that I would give my life a thousand 'times to serve you. These are the sentiments which will animate 'me to the last breath of my life; being, my beloved Sister, ever,' —Your—F.[25]

Wilhelmina's Answer,—by anticipation, as we said: written '15th September,' while Friedrich was dining at Gotha, in quest of Soubise.

'*Baireuth, 15th September* 1757. My dearest Brother, your 'Letter and the one you wrote to Voltaire, my dear Brother, have 'almost killed me. What fatal resolutions, great God! Ah, my 'dear Brother, you say you love me; and you drive a dagger into 'my heart. Your *Epître*, which I did receive, made me shed rivers 'of tears. I am now ashamed of such weakness. My misfortune 'would be so great' in the issue there alluded to, 'that I should find 'worthier resources than tears. Your lot shall be mine: I will not 'survive either your misfortunes or those of the House I belong to. 'You may calculate that such is my firm resolution.

[25] *Œuvres*, xxvii. 1. 303-307.

'But, after this avowal, allow me to entreat you to look back 'at what was the pitiable state of your Enemy when you lay before 'Prag! It is the sudden whirl of Fortune for both parties. The 'like can occur again, when one is least expecting it. Cæsar was the 'slave of Pirates; and he became the master of the world. A great 'genius like yours finds resources even when all is lost; and it is 'impossible this frenzy can continue. My heart bleeds to think of 'the poor souls in Preussen' (Apraxin and his Christian Cossacks there,—who, it is noted, far excel the Calmuck worshippers of the Dalai-Lama). 'What horrid barbarity, the detail of cruelties that 'go on there! I feel all that you feel on it, my dear Brother. I 'know your heart, and your sensibility for your subjects.

'I suffer a thousand times more than I can tell you; nevertheless 'hope does not abandon me. I received your Letter of the 14th by 'W.' (who W. is, no mortal knows). 'What kindness to think of 'me, who have nothing to give you but a useless affection, which is 'so richly repaid by yours! I am obliged to finish; but I shall never 'cease to be, with the most profound respect (*très-profond respect*,'—that, and something still better, if my poor pen were not embarrassed), 'your,'—WILHELMINA.

5°. *Friedrich's Response to the Dissuasives of Voltaire* (Last of the Lamentation-Psalms: 'Buttstädt, October 9th').—Voltaire's Dissuasive Letter is a poor Piece;[26] not worth giving here. Remarkable only by Friedrich's quiet reception of it; which readers shall now see, as Finis to those Lamentation-Psalms. There is another of them, widely known, which we will omit: the *Epître to D'Argens*;[27] passionate enough, wandering wildly over human life, and sincere almost to shrillness, in parts; which Voltaire has also got hold of. Omissible here; the fixity of purpose being plain otherwise to Voltaire and us. Voltaire's counter-arguments are weak, or worse: 'That Roman-death is not now expected of the Philosopher; that 'your Majesty will, in the worst event, still have considerable Domi-'nions left, all that your Great-Grandfather had; still plenty of 'resources; that, in Paris Society, an estimable minority even now

[26] *Œuvres de Voltaire*, lxxvii. 80-83 (*Les Délices*, early in September 1757: no date given).

[27] In *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xii. 50-56 ('Erfurt, 23d September 1757').

'thinks highly of you; that in Paris itself your Majesty' (does not say expressly, as dethroned and going on your travels) 'would have 'resources!' To which beautiful considerations Friedrich answers, not with fire and brimstone, as one might have dreaded, but in this quiet manner (*Réponse au Sieur Voltaire*):

'*Je suis homme, il suffit, et né pour la souffrance;*
'*Aux rigeurs du destin j'oppose ma constance.*[28]

'But with these sentiments, I am far from condemning Cato and 'Otho. The latter had no fine moment in his life, except that of 'his death.' (Breaks off into Verse:)

'*Croyez que si j'étais Voltaire,*
'*Et particulier comme lui,*
'*Me contentant du nécessaire,*
'*Je verrais voltiger la fortune légère,*'—Or,

to wring the water and the jingle out of it, and give the substance in Prose:

'Yes, if I were Voltaire and a private man, I could with much 'composure leave Fortune to her whirlings and her plungings; to 'me, contented with the needful, her mad caprices and sudden topsy-'turvyings would be amusing rather than tremendous.

'I know the ennui attending on honours, the burdensome duties, 'the jargon of grinning flatterers, those pitiabilities of every kind, 'those details of littleness, with which you have to occupy yourself 'if set on high on the stage of things. Foolish glory has no charm 'for me, though a Poet and King: when once Atropos has ended 'me forever, what will the uncertain honour of living in the Temple 'of Memory avail? One moment of practical happiness is worth a 'thousand years of imaginary in such Temple.—Is the lot of high 'people so very sweet, then? Pleasure, gentle ease, true and hearty 'mirth, have always fled from the great and their peculiar pomps 'and labours.

'No, it is not fickle Fortune that has ever caused my sorrows; 'let her smile her blandest, let her frown her fiercest on me, I 'should sleep every night, refusing her the least worship. But our 'respective conditions are our law; we are bound and commanded

[28] 'I am a man, and therefore born to suffer; to destiny's rigours my 'stedfastness must correspond.'—Quotation from I know not whom.

11th Oct. 1757.

'to shape our temper to the employment we have undertaken. Voltaire in his hermitage, in a Country where is honesty and safety, 'can devote himself in peace to the life of the Philosopher, as Plato 'has described it. But as to me, threatened with shipwreck, I must 'consider how, looking the tempest in the face, I can think, can live 'and can die as a King:

'*Pour moi, menacé du naufrage,*
'*Je dois, en affrontant l'orage,*
'*Penser, vivre et mourir en roi.*'[29]

This is of October 9th; this ends, worthily, the Lamentation-Psalms; work having now turned up, which is a favourable change. Friedrich's notion of suicide, we perceive, is by no means that of puking up one's existence, in the weak sick way of *felo de se;* but, far different, that of dying, if he needs must, as seems too likely, in uttermost spasm of battle for self and rights to the last. From which latter notion nobody can turn him. A valiantly definite, lucid and shiningly practical soul,—with such a power of always expectorating himself into clearness again. If he do frankly wager his life in that manner, beware, ye Soubises, Karls, and flaccid trivial persons, of the stroke that may chance to lie in him!—

III. *Rumour of an Inroad on Berlin suddenly sets Friedrich on March thither: Inroad takes Effect,—with important Results, chiefly in a left-hand Form.*

October 11th, express arrived, important express from General Finck (who is in Dresden, convalescent from Kolin, and is even Commandant there, of anything there is to command), "That the considerable Austrian Brigade or

[29] *Œuvres*, xxiii. 14.

Outpost, which was left at Stolpen when the others went for Silesia, is all on march for Berlin." Here is news! "The whole 15,000 of them," report adds;—though it proved to be only a Detachment, picked Tolpatches mostly, and of nothing like that strength; shot off, under a swift General Haddick, on this errand. Between them and Berlin is not a vestige of force; and Berlin itself has nothing but palisades, and perhaps a poor 4,000 of garrison. "March instantly, you Moritz, who lie nearest; "cross Elbe at Torgau; I follow instantly!" orders Friedrich;[30]—and, that same night, is on march, or has cavalry pushed ahead for reinforcement of Moritz.

Friedrich, not doubting but there would be captaincy and scheme among his Enemies, considered that the Swedes, and perhaps the Richelieu French, were in concert with this Austrian movement,—from east, from north, from west, three Invasions coming on the core of his Dominions;—and that here at last was work ahead, and plenty of it! That was Friedrich's opinion, and most other people's, when the Austrian inroad was first heard of: "mere triple ruin coming to this King," as the Gazetteers judged;—great alarm prevailing among the King's friends; in Berlin, very great. Friedrich, glad, at any rate, to have done with that dismal lingering at Buttelstädt, hastens to arrange himself for the new contingencies; to post his Keiths, his Ferdinands, with their handfuls of force, to best advantage; and push ahead after Moritz, by Leipzig, Torgau, Berlin-wards, with all his might. At Leipzig, in such press of business and interest, —judge by the following phenomenon, what a clear-going soul this is, and how completely on a level with whatever it may be that he is marching towards:

[30] His Message to Moritz, *Orlich*, p. 73: Rödenbeck, p. 322 (dubious, or wrong).

15th Oct. 1757.

'*Leipzig*, 15*th October* 1757 (Interview with Gottsched).—At '11 this morning, Majesty came marching into Leipzig; multitudes 'of things to settle there; things ready, things not yet ready, in 'view of the great events ahead. Seeing that he would have time 'after dinner, he at once sent for Professor Gottsched, a gigantic 'gentleman, Reigning King of German Literature for the time being, 'to come to him at 3 P.M. Reigning King at that time; since gone 'wholly to the Dustbins,—"Popular Delusion," as Old Samuel de-'fines it, having since awakened to itself, with scornful hahas upon 'its poor Gottsched, and rushed into other roads worse and better; 'its poor Gottsched become a name now signifying Pedantry, Stu-'pidity, learned Inanity, and the Worship of Coloured Water, to 'every German mind.

'At 3 precise, the portly old gentleman (towards sixty now, huge 'of stature, with a shrieky voice, and speaks uncommonly fast) bowed 'himself in; and a Colloquy ensued, on Literature and so forth, of 'the kind we may conceive. Colloquy which had great fame in the 'world; Gottsched himself having,—such the inaccuracy of rumour 'and Dutch Newspapers, on the matter,—published authentic Re-'port of it;[31] now one of the dullest bits of reading, and worth no 'man's bit of time. Colloquy which lasted three hours, with the 'greatest vivacity on both sides; King impugning, for one principal 'thing, the roughness of German speech; Gottsched, in swift tor-'rents (far too copious in such company), ready to defend. "Those 'consonants of ours," said the King, "they afflict one's ear: what 'Names we have; all in mere *k*'s and *p*'s: *Knap*—, *Knip*—, *Klop*—, '*Krotz*—, *Krok*—;—your own Name, for example!"'—Yes, his own Name, unmusical Gott*sched*, and signifying God's-Damage (God's-*skaith*) withal. "Husht, don't take a Holy Name in vain; call the man *Sched* ('Damage' by itself), can't we!" said a wit once.[32]— '"Five consonants together, *ttsch, ttsch*, what a tone!" continued 'the King. "Hear, in contrast, the music of this Stanza of Rous-"seau's" (Repeats a stanza). "Who could express that in Ger-"man with such melody?" And so on; branching through a great

[31] Next Year, in a principal Leipzig Magazine, with name signed: given in *Helden-Geschichte*, iv. 728-739 (with multifarious commentaries and flourishings, denoting an attentive world). Nicolai, *Anekdoten*, iii. 286-290.

[32] Nicolai, *Anekdoten*, iii. 287.

'many provinces; King's knowledge of all Literature, new and 'ancient, "perfectly astonishing to me;" and I myself, the swift- 'speaking Gottsched, rather copious than otherwise. Catastrophe, 'and summary of the whole, was: Gottsched undertook to translate 'the Rousseau Stanza into German of moderate softness; and, by 'the aid of water did so, that very night;[33] sent it next day, and 'had "within an hour" a gracious Royal Answer in verse; calling 'one, incidentally, "Saxon Swan, *Cygnæ Saxon*," though one is such 'a Goose! "Majesty to march at seven tomorrow morning," said a 'Postscript,—no Interviewing more, at present.

'About ten days after' (not to let this thing interrupt us again), 'Friedrich, on his return to Leipzig, had another Interview with 'Gottsched; of only one hour, this time;—but with many topics: 'Reading of some Gottsched Ode (*Ode*, very tedious, frothy, watery, '*of Thanks* to Majesty for such goodness to the Saxon Swan; read- 'ing, too, of "some of Madam Gottsched's Pieces"). Majesty con- 'fessed afterwards, Every hour from the very first had lowered his 'opinion of the Saxon Swan, till at length Goosehood became too 'apparent. Friedrich sent him a gold snuffbox by and by, but had 'no farther dialoguing.

'A saying of Excellency Mitchell's to Gottsched,—for Gott- 'sched, on that second Leipzig opportunity, went swashing about 'among the King's Suite as well,—is still remembered. They were 'talking of Shakespeare: "Genial, if you will," said Gottsched, "but the Laws of Aristotle; Five Acts, unities strict!"—"Aris- 'totle? What is to hinder a man from making his Tragedy in 'Ten acts, if it suit him better?" "Impossible, your Excellency!" '—"Pooh," said his Excellency; "suppose Aristotle, and general 'Fashion too, had ordered that the clothes of every man were to 'be cut from five ells of cloth: how would the Herr Professor like" '(with these huge limbs of his) "if he found there were no breeches 'for him, on Aristotle's account?" Adieu to Gottsched; most vo- 'luminous of men;—who wrote a Grammar of the German Lan- 'guage, which, they say, did good. I remember always his poor 'Wife with some pathos; who was a fine, graceful, loyal creature, 'of ten times his intelligence; and did no end of writing and

[33] Copied duly in *Helden-Geschichte*, iv. 726.

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'translating and compiling (Addison's *Cato*, Addison's *Spectator*, 'thousands of things from all languages), on order of her Gott-'sched, till life itself sank in such enterprises; never doubting, tra-'gically faithful soul, but her Gottsched was an authentic Seneschal 'of Phœbus and the Nine.'[34]—

Monday 17th, at seven, his Majesty pushed off accordingly; cheery he in the prospect of work, whatever his friends in the distance be. Here, from Eilenburg, his first stage Torgau way, are a Pair of Letters in notable contrast.

Wilhelmina to the King (on rumour of Haddick, swoln into a Triple Invasion, Austrian, Swedish, French).

Baireuth, '15th October 1757.

'MY DEAREST BROTHER,—Death and a thousand torments could 'not equal the frightful state I am in. There run reports that make 'me shudder. Some say you are wounded; others, dangerously ill. 'In vain have I tormented myself to have news of you; I can get 'none. Oh, my dear Brother, come what may, I will not survive 'you. If I am to continue in this frightful uncertainty, I cannot 'stand it; I shall sink under it, and then I shall be happy. I have 'been on the point of sending you a courier; but' (environed as we are) 'I durst not. In the name of God, bid somebody write me 'one word.

'I know not what I have written; my heart is torn in pieces; I 'feel that by dint of disquietude and alarms I am losing my wits. 'Oh, my dear, adorable Brother, have pity on me. Heaven grant 'I be mistaken, and that you may scold me; but the least thing 'that concerns you pierces me to the heart, and alarms my affection 'too much. Might I die a thousand times, provided you lived and 'were happy!

'I can say no more. Grief chokes me; and I can only repeat 'that your fate shall be mine; being, my dear Brother, your—

'WILHELMINA.'

[34] Her *Letters*, collected by a surviving Lady-Friend, '*Briefe der Frau Luise Adelgunde Viktorie Gottsched*, born *Kulmus* (Dresden, 1771-1772, 3 vols. 8vo),' are, I should suppose, the only Gottsched Piece which anybody would now think of reading.

What a shrill penetrating tone, like the wildly weeping voice of Rachel; tragical, painful, gone quite to falsetto and above pitch; but with a melody in its dissonance like the singing of the stars. My poor shrill Wilhelmina!—

King to Wilhelmina (has not yet received the Above).

'Eilenburg, 17th October 1757.

'My dearest Sister,—What is the good of philosophy unless 'one employ it in the disagreeable moments of life? It is then, my 'dear Sister, that courage and firmness avail us.

'I am now in motion; and having once got into that, you may 'calculate I shall not think of sitting down again, except under im- 'proved omens. If outrage irritates even cowards, what will it do 'to hearts that have courage?

'I foresee I shall not be able to write again for perhaps six 'weeks: which fails not to be a sorrow to me: but I entreat you 'to be calm during these turbulent affairs, and to wait with 'patience the month of December; paying no regard to the Nürn- 'berg Newspapers nor to those of the Reich, which are totally 'Austrian.

'I am tired as a dog (*comme un chien*). I embrace you with 'my whole heart; being with the most perfect affection (*tendresse*), 'my dearest Sister, your'—Friedrich.

* * (*at some other hour, same place and day.*) '"No possi- 'bility of Peace," say your accounts' (Letter lost); '"the French 'won't hear my name mentioned." Well; from me they shall not 'farther. The way will be, to speak to them by action, so that they 'may repent their impertinences and pride.'[35]

The Haddick affair, after all the rumour about it, proved to be a very small matter. No Swede or Richelieu had dreamt of coöperating; Haddick, in the end, was scarce 4,000 with four cannon; General Rochow, Commandant of Berlin, with his small garrison, had not Haddick skilfully slidden through woods, and been so magnified by rumour, might have marched out, and beaten a couple of

[35] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxvii. 1. 308, 309, 310.

Haddicks. As it was, Haddick skilfully emerging, at the Silesian Gate of Berlin, 16th October, about eleven in the morning, demanded ransom of 300,000 thalers (45,000*l.*); was refused; began shooting on the poor palisades, on the poor drawbridge there; 'at the third shot brought down the drawbridge;' rushed into the suburb; and was not to be pushed out again by the weak party Rochow sent to try it. Rochow, ignorant of Haddick's force, marched off thereupon for Spandau with the Royal Family and effects; leaving Haddick master of the suburb, and Berlin to make its own bargain with him. Haddick, his Croats not to be quite kept from mischief, remained master of the suburb, minatory upon Berlin, for twelve hours or more: and after a good deal of bargaining,—ransom of 45,000*l.*, of 90,000*l.*, finally of 27,000*l.* and 'two dozen pair of gloves to the Empress Queen,'—made off about five in the morning; wind of Moritz's advance adding wings to the speed of Haddick.[36]

Moritz did arrive next evening (18th); but with his tired troops there was no catching of Haddick, now three marches ahead. Royal Family and effects returned from Spandau the day following; but in a day or two more, removed to Magdeburg till the Capital were safe from such affronts. Much grumbling against Rochow. "What could I do? How could I know?" answered Rochow, whose eyesight indeed had been none of the best. Berlin smarts to the length of 27,000*l.* and an alarm; but asserts (not quite mythically, thinks Retzow), that "the two dozen pair of gloves were all gloves for the left hand,"—Berlin having wit, and a touch of *absinthe* in it, capable of such things! Friedrich heard the news at Annaburg, a march beyond Torgau; and there paused, again uncertain, for

[36] *Helden-Geschichte*, iv. 715-723 (Haddick's own Account, and the Berlin one).

about a week coming; after which, he discovered that Leipzig would be the place; and returned thither, appointing a general rendezvous and concentration there.

Scene at Regensburg in the Interim.

Just while Haddick was sliding swiftly through the woods, Berlin now nigh, there occurred a thing at Regensburg; tragic thing, but ending in farce,—Finale of *Reichs-Acht*, in short;—about which all Regensburg was loud, wailing or haha-ing according to humour; while Berlin was paying its ransom and left-hand gloves. One moment's pause upon this, though our haste is great.

'Reichs Diet had got its Ban of the Reich ready for Friedrich; 'Citatio (solemn Summons) and all else complete; nothing now 'wanted but to serve Citatio on him, or "insinuate" it into him, as 'their phrase is;—which latter essential point occasions some shak-'ing of wigs. Dangerous, serving Citatio in that quarter: and by 'what art, try to smuggle it into the hands of such a one? "In-"sinuate it into Plotho's hand; that is the method, and that will "suffice!" say the wigs, and choose an unfortunate Reichs Notary, 'Dr. Aprill, to do it; who, in ponderous Chancery-style gives the fol-'lowing affecting report,—wonderful, but intelligible (when abridged):

'Citatio' to come and receive your Ban,—a very solemn-sounding Document, commencing (or perhaps it is Aprill himself that so commences, no matter which), "In the Name of the Most High God, "the Father, Son and Holy Ghost, Amen,"—'was given, Wednesday '12th October, in the Year after Christ our dear Lord and Saviour's 'Birth, 1757 Years, To me Georgius Mathias Josephus Aprill, sworn 'Kaiserlich Notarius Publicus; In my Lodging, first floor fronting 'south, in Jacob Virnrohr the Innkeeper's House here at Regensburg, 'called the Red-Star,' for insinuation into Plotho:

With which solemn Piece, Aprill proceeded next day, Thursday, half-past 2 P.M., to Plotho's dwelling-place, described with equal irrefragability; and, continues Aprill, 'did there, by a servant of the 'Herr Ambassador von Plotho's, announce myself; adding that I had 'something to say to his Excellency, if he would please to admit me.

'To which the Herr Ambassador by the same servant sent answer, 'that he was ill with a cold, and that I might speak to his Secre- 'tarius what I had to say. But, as I replied that my message was 'to his Excellenz in person, the same servant came back with inti- 'mation that I might call again tomorrow at noon.'

Tomorrow, at the stroke of noon, Friday 14th October, Aprill punctually appears again, with recapitulation of the pledge given him yesterday; and is informed that he can walk up stairs. 'I pro- 'ceeded thereupon, the servant going before, up one pair of stairs, or 'with the appurtenances (*Gezeugen*) rather more than one pair, into 'the Herr Ambassador Freiherr von Plotho's Ante-room; who, just 'as we were entering, stept-in himself, through a side-door; in his 'dressing-gown, and with the words, "Speak now what you have 'to say."

'I thereupon slipt into his hand *Citatio Fiscalis*, and said'—said at first nothing, Plotho avers; merely mumbled, looked like some poor caitiff, come with Law-papers on a trifling Suit we happen to have in the Courts here;—and only by degrees said (let us abridge; *Scene*, Aprill and Plotho, Ante-room in Regensburg, first-floor and rather higher):

Aprill. "I have to give your Excellenz this Writing,"—(which privately, could your Excellenz guess it, is) "*Citatio Fiscalis* from "the Reichstag, summoning his Majesty to show cause why Ban of "the Reich should not pass upon him!" His Excellenz at first took 'the *Citatio* and adjuncts from me; and looking into them to see 'what they were, his Excellenz's face began to colour, and soon after 'to colour a little more; and on his looking attentively at *Citatio* '*Fiscalis*, he broke into violent anger and rage, so that he could not 'stand still any longer; but with burning face, and both arms held 'aloft, rushed close to me, *Citatio* and adjuncts in his right hand, 'and broke out in this form:

Plotho. "What; insinuate (*insinuieren*), you scoundrel!"

Aprill. "It is my Notarial Office; I must do it." In spite of 'which the Freiherr von Plotho fell on me with all rage; grasped 'me by the front of the cloak, and said:

Plotho. "Take it back, wilt thou!" And as I resisted doing 'so, he stuck it in upon me, and shoved it down with all violence 'between my coat and waistcoat; and, still holding me by the cloak,

'called to the two servants who had been there, "Fling him down "stairs!"—which they, being discreet fellows, and in no flurry, did 'not quite, nor needed quite to do ("Must, sir, you see, unless!"), 'and so forced me out of the house; Excellenz Plotho retiring 'through his Ante-room, and his Body-servant, who at first had 'been on the stairs, likewise disappearing as I got under way,'—and have to report, in such manner, to the Universe and Reichs Diet, with tears in my eyes.[37]

What became of Reichs Ban after this, ask not. It fell dead by Friedrich's victories now at hand; rose again into life on Friedrich's misfortunes (August 1758), threatening to include George Second in it; upon which the *Corpus Evangelicorum* made some counter-mumblement;—and, I have heard, the French privately advised: "Better drop it; these two Kings are capable of walking out of you, and dangerously kicking the table over as they go!" —Whereby it again fell dead, positively for the last time, and, in short, is worth no mention or remembrance more.

Corpus Evangelicorum had always been against Reichs Ban; a few Dissentients, or Half-Dissentients excepted,—as Mecklenburg wholly and with a will; foolish Anspach wholly; and the Anhalts haggling some dissent, and retracting it (why, I never knew);—for which Mecklenburg and the Anhalts, lying within clutch of one, had to repent bitterly in the years coming! Enough of all that.

The Haddick invasion, which had got its gloves, left-hand or not, and part of its road expenses, brought another consequence much more important on the *per contra* side. The triumphing, *te-deum*-ing and jubilation over it,—"His Metropolis captured; Royal Family in flight!"—raised the Dauphiness Army, and especially Versailles, into such enthusiasm, that Dauphiness came bodily out (on order from Versailles); spread over the Country, plundering and insulting beyond example; got herself reinforced by a 15,000 from the Richelieu Army; crossed the Saale; determined on taking Leipzig, beating Friedrich, and I

[37] Preuss, ii. 397-401; in *Helden-Geschichte*, iv. 745-9, Plotho's Account.

know not what. Keith, in Leipzig with a small Party, had summons from Soubise's vanguard (October 24th): Keith answered, He would burn the suburbs;—upon which, said vanguard, hearing of Friedrich's advent withal, took itself rapidly away. And Soubise and it would fain have recrossed Saale, I have understood, had not Versailles been peremptory.

In a word, Friedrich arrived at Leipzig, October 26th; Ferdinand, Moritz, and all the others, coming or already come: and there is something great just at hand. Friedrich's stay in Leipzig was only four days. Cheering prospect of work now ahead here;—add to this, assurance from Preussen that Apraxin is fairly going home, and Lehwald coming to look after the Swedes. Were it not that there is bad news from Silesia, things generally are beginning to look up.

Of the hour spent on Gottsched, in these four days, we expressly take no notice farther; but there was another visit much less conspicuous, and infinitely more important: that of a certain Hanoverian Graf von Schulenburg, not in red or with plumes, like a Major-General as he was, but "in the black suit of a Country Parson,"—coming, in that unnoticeable guise, to inform Friedrich officially, "That the Hanoverians and Majesty of England have resolved to renounce the Convention of Kloster-Zeven; to bring their poor Stade Army into the field again; and do now request him, King Friedrich, to grant them Duke Ferdinand of Brunswick to be General of the same."[38]

[38] Mauvillon, i. 256; Westphalen, i. 315: indistinct both, and with slight variations. Mitchell Papers (in British Museum), likewise indistinct: Additional Mss., 6815, pp. 96 and 108 ('Lord Holderness to Mitchell,' doubtless on Pitt's instigation, '10th October 1757,' is the *beginning* of it,—two days before Royal Highness got home from Stade); see ib. 6806, pp. 241-252.

Here is an unnoticeable message, of very high moment indeed. To which Friedrich, already prepared, gives his cheerful consent; nominations and practicalities to follow, the instant these present hurries are over. Who it was that had prepared all this, whose suggestion it first was, Friedrich's, Mitchell's, George's, Pitt's, I do not know,—I cannot help suspecting Pitt; Pitt and Friedrich together. And certainly of all living men, Ferdinand,—related to the English and Prussian royalties, a soldier of approved excellence, and likewise a noble-minded, prudent, patient and invincibly valiant and stedfast man,—was, beyond comparison, the fittest for this office. Pitt is now fairly in power; and perceives,—such Pitt's originality of view, —that an Army *with* a Captain to it may differ beautifully from one without. And in fact we may take this as the first twitch at the reins, on Pitt's part; whose delicate strong hand, all England running to it with one heart, will be felt at the ends of the earth before many months go. To the great and unexpected joy of Friedrich, for one. "England has taken long to produce a great man," he said to Mitchell; "but here is one at last!"

CHAPTER VIII.

BATTLE OF ROSSBACH.

FRIEDRICH left Leipzig, Sunday October 30th; encamped, that night, on the famous Field of Lützen; with the vanguard, he (as usual, and Mayer with him, who did some brisk smiting home of what French there were); Keith and Duke Ferdinand following, with main body and rear.

Movements on the Soubise-Hildburghausen part are all retrograde again;—can Dauphiness Bellona do nothing, then, except shuttle forwards and then backwards according to Friedrich's absence or presence? The Soubise-Hildburghausen Army does immediately withdraw on this occasion, as on the former; and makes for the safe side of the Saale again, rapidly retreating before Friedrich, who is not above one to two of them,—more like one to three, now that Broglio's Detachment is come to hand. Broglio got to Merseburg, October 26th,—guess 15,000 strong;—considerably out of repair, and glad to have done with such a march, and be within reach of Soubise. This is the Second Son of our old Blusterous Friend; a man who came to some mark, and to a great deal of trouble, in this War; and ended, readers know how, at the Siege of the Bastille forty years afterwards!

So soon as rested, Broglio, by order, moves leftwards to Halle, to guard Saale Bridge there; Soubise himself edging after him to Merseburg, on a similar errand; and leaving Hildburghausen to take charge of Weissenfels and

the Third Saale Bridge.* That is Dauphiness's posture while Friedrich encamps at Lützen:—let impatient human nature fix these three places for itself, and hasten to the catastrophe of wretched Dauphiness. Soubise, it ought to be remembered, is not in the highest spirits; but his Officers in over-high, "Doing this *petit* Marquis de Brande-"bourg the honour to have a kind of War with him (*de "lui faire une espèce de guerre*)," as they term it. Being puffed up with general vanity, and the newspaper rumour about Haddick's feat,—which, like the gloves it got, is going all to left-hand in this way. Hildburghausen and the others overrule Soubise; and indeed there is no remedy: "Provision almost out;—how retreat to our magazines and our fastnesses, with Friedrich once across Saale, and sticking to the skirts of us?" Here, from eye-witnesses where possible, are the successive steps of Dauphiness towards her doom, which is famous in the world ever since.

'Monday, 31st October 1757,' as the Town-Syndic of Weissenfels records, 'about eight in the morning,[1] the 'King of Prussia, with his whole Army' (or what seemed to us the whole, though it was but a half; Keith with the other half being within reach to northward, marching Merseburg way), 'came before this Town.' Has been here before; as Keith has, as Soubise and others have: a town much agitated lately by transit of troops. It was from the eastern, or high landward side, where the so-called Castle is, that Friedrich came: Castle built originally on some "White Crag (*Weisse Fels*," not now conspicuous), from which the town and whilom Duchy take their name.

* Map at p. 260.

[1] Müller, *Schlacht bei Rossbach*, ('a Centenary Piece,' Berlin, 1857,—containing several curious Extracts), p. 44; *Helden-Geschichte*, iv. 643, 651-668.

31st Oct. 1757.

'We have often heard of Weissenfels, while the poor old drunken 'Duke lived, who used to be a Suitor of Wilhelmina's, liable to 'hard usage; and have marched through it, with the Salzburgers, 'in peaceable times. A solid pleasant-enough little place (6,000 'souls or so); lies leant against high ground (White Crags, or 'whatever it once was) on the eastern or right bank of the Saale; 'a Town in part flat, in part very steep; the streets of it, or main 'street and secondaries, running off level enough from the River 'and Bridge; rising by slow degrees, but at last rapidly against the 'high ground or cliffs, just mentioned; a stiff acclivity of streets, till 'crowned by the so-called Castle, the "Augustus Burg" in those 'days, the "Friedrich-Wilhelm Barrack" in ours. It was on this 'crown of the cliffs that his Prussian Majesty appeared.

'Saale is of good breadth here; has done perhaps two hundred 'miles, since he started, in the Fichtelgebirge (*Pine Mountains*), on 'his long course Elbe-ward; received, only ten miles ago, his last 'big branch, the wide-wandering Unstrut, coming in with much 'drainage from the northern parts:—in breadth, Saale may be com-'pared to Thames, to Tay or Beauley; his depth not fordable, though 'nothing like so deep as Thames's; main cargo visible is rafts of tim-'ber: banks green, definite, scant of wood: river of rather dark com-'plexion, mainly noiseless, but of useful pleasant qualities otherwise.'

From this Castle or landward side come Friedrich and his Prussians, on Monday morning about eight. 'The 'garrison, some 4,000 Reichs folk and a French Battalion 'or two, shut the Gates, and assembled in the Market-'place,'—a big square, close at the foot of the Heights; 'on the other hand, from the top of the Heights (*Klam-'merk*, the particular spot), the Prussians cannonaded 'Town and Gates; to speedy bursting open of the same; 'and rushed in over the walls of the Castle-court, and 'by other openings into the Town: so that the Garrison 'above-said had to quit, and roll with all speed across the 'Saale Bridge, and set the same on fire behind them.' This was their remedy for all the Three Bridges, when attacked; but it succeeded nowhere so well as here.

'The fire was of extreme rapidity; prepared before-'hand:' Bridge all of dry wood coated with pitch;—'fire 'reinforced too, in view of such event, by all the suet, 'lard and oleaginous matter the Garrison could find in 'Weissenfels; some hundredweights of tallow-dips, for 'one item, going up on this occasion.' Bridge 'worth '100,000 thalers,' is instantly ablaze: some 400 finding the Bridge so flamy, and the Prussians at their skirts, were obliged to surrender;—Feldmarschall Hildburghausen, sleeping about two miles off, gets himself awakened in this unpleasant manner. Flying garrison halt on the other side of the River, where the rest of their Army is; plant cannon there, against quenching of the Bridge; and so keep firing, answered by the Prussians, with much noise and no great mischief, till 3 P.M., when the Bridge is quite gone (Tollkeeper's Lodge and all), and the enterprise of crossing there had plainly become impossible.

Friedrich quickly, about a mile farther down the River, has picked out another crossing-place, in the interim, and founded some new adequate plank or raft bridge there; which, by diligence all night, will be crossable tomorrow. So that, except for amusing the enemy, the cannonading may cease at Weissenfels. A certain Duc de Crillon, in command at this Weissenfels Bridge-burning and cannonade, has a chivalrous Anecdote (amounting nearly to zero when well examined) about saving or sparing Friedrich's life on this interesting occasion: How, being now on the safe side of the River, he Crillon with his staff taking some refection of breakfast after the furious flurry there had been; there came to him one of his Artillery Captains, stationed in an Island in the River, asking, "Shall I shoot the King of Prussia, Monseigneur? He is down reconnoitering his end of the Bridge: shan't I then?" To whom Crillon gives a glass of wine, and smilingly magnani-

mous answer to a negative effect.[2] Concerning which, one has to remark, Not only *first*, that the Artillery Captain's power of seeing Friedrich (which is itself uncertain) would indeed mean the power of aiming at him, but differs immensely from that of hitting him with shot; so that this "Shall I kill the King?" was mainly thrasonic wind from Captain Bertin. But *secondly*, that there is no "Island" in the River thereabouts, for Captain Bertin to fire from! So that probably the whole story is wind or little more: dreamlike, or at best, some idle thrasonic-theoretic question, on the part of Bertin; proper answer thereto (consisting mainly in a glass of wine) from Monseigneur:—all which, on retrospection, Monseigneur feels, or would fain feel, to have been not theoretic-thrasonic but practical, and of a rather godlike nature. Zero mainly, as we said; Friedrich thanks you for zero, Monseigneur.

'The Prussians were billeted in the Town that night,' says our Syndic; 'and in many a house there came to be 'twenty men, and even thirty and above it, lodged. All 'was quiet through the night, the French and the Reichs 'folk were drawn back upon the higher grounds, about 'Burgwerben and on to Tagwerben;* and we saw their 'watchfires burning.' Friedrich's Bridge meanwhile, unmolested by the enemy, is getting ready.

Keith, looking across to Merseburg on the morrow morning (Tuesday, Nov. 1st), whither he had marched direct with the other Half of the Army, finds Merseburg Bridge destroyed, or broken; and Soubise with batteries on the farther side, intending to dispute the passage. Keith despatches Duke Ferdinand to Halle, another twelve miles down, who finds Halle Bridge destroyed in like

[2] '*Mémoires militaires de Louis &c. Duc de Crillon* (Paris, 1791), p. 166;' —as cited by Preuss, ii. 88.

* Sketch of Plan, p. 260 *a*.

manner, and Broglio intending to dispute; which, however, on second thoughts, neither of them did. Friedrich's new Bridge at Herren-Mühle (*Lordships' Mill*) is of course an important point to them; Friedrich's passage now past dispute! "Let us fall back," say they, "and rank ourselves a little; we are 50 or 60,000 strong; ill off for provisions, but well able to retreat; and have permission to fight on this side of the River."

The combined Army, "Dauphiness," or whatever we are to call it, does on Wednesday morning (November 2d) gather-in its cannon and outskirts, and give up the Saale question; retire landwards to the higher grounds some miles; and diligently get itself united, and into order of battle better or worse, near the Village of Mücheln (which means Kirk *Michael*, and is still written '*Sanct Michel*' by some on this occasion). There Dauphiness takes post, leaning on the heights, not in a very scientific way; leaving Keith and Ferdinand to rebuild their Bridges unmolested, and all Prussians to come across at discretion. Which they have diligently done (2d-3d November), by their respective Bridges; and on Thursday afternoon are all across, encamped at Bedra, in close neighbourhood to Mücheln; which Friedrich has been out reconnoitering, and finds that he can attack next morning very early.

Next morning, accordingly, 'by two o'clock, with a bright moon shining,' Friedrich is on horseback, his Army following. But on examining by moonlight, the enemy have shifted their position; turned on their axis, more or less, into new wood-patches, new batteries and bogs; which has greatly mended their affair. No good attacking them so, thinks Friedrich; and returns to his Camp; slightly cannonaded, one wing of him, from some battery of the enemy; and immoderately crowed over by them: "Dare not, you see! Tried, and was defeated!" cry their news-

5th Nov. 1757.

papers and they,—for one day. Friedrich lodges again in Bedra this night, others say in Rossbach; shifts his own Camp a little; left wing of it now at Rossbach (*Horse-Brook*, or *Beck*, soon to be a world-famous Hamlet): the effects of hunger on the Dauphiness, so far from her supplies, will, he calculates, be stronger than on him, and will bring her to better terms shortly. Dauphiness needs bread; one may have fine clipping at the skirts of her, if she try retreat. That Dauphiness would play the prank she did next morning, Friedrich had not ventured to calculate.

Catastrophe of Dauphiness (Saturday, 5th November 1757).

Meandering Saale is on one of his big turns, as he passes Weissenfels; turning, pretty rapidly here, from south-eastward, which he was a dozen miles ago, round to north-eastward or northward altogether, which he gets to be at Merseburg, a dozen farther down. Right across from Weissenfels, lapped in this crook of the Saale, or washed by it on south side and on east, rises, with extreme laziness, a dull circular lump of country, six or eight miles in diameter; with Rossbach and half-a-dozen other scraggy sleepy Hamlets scattered on it;—which, till the morning of Saturday 5th November 1757, had not been notable to any visitor. The topmost point or points, for there are two (not discoverable except by tradition and guess), the country people do call Hills, *Janus-Hügel, Pölzen-Hügel,*—Hill sensible to wagon-horses in those bad loose tracks of sandy mud, but unimpressive on the Tourist, who has to admit that there seldom was so flat a Hill. Rising, let us guess, forty yards in the three or four miles it has had. Might be called a perceptibly potbellied plain, with more propriety; flat coun-

try, slightly puffed up;—in shape not steeper than the mould of an immense tea-saucer would be. Tea-saucer 6 miles in diameter, 100 feet in depth, and of irregular contour, which indeed will sufficiently represent it to the reader's mind.

Saale, at four or five miles distance, bounds this scraggy lump on the east and on the south. Westward and northward, springing about Mücheln on each hand, and setting off to right and to left Saale-ward, are what we take to be two brooks; at least are two hollows: and behind these, the country rises higher; undulating still on lazy terms, but now painted azure by the distance, not unpleasant to behold, with its litter all lapped out of sight, and its poor brooks tinkling forward (as we judge) into the Saale, Merseburg way, or reverse-wise into the Unstrut, the last big branch of Saale. Southward from our Janus Height, eight or nine miles off, may be seen some vestige of Freiburg; steeple or gilt weathercock faintly visible, on the Unstrut yonder;—which I take to be Soubise's bread-basket at present. And farther off, and opposite the *mouth* of the Unstrut, well across the Saale, lies another nameable Town (visible in clear weather, as a smoke-cloud at certain hours, about meal-time, when the kettles are on boil), the Town of Naumburg,—one of several German Naumburgs,—the Naumburg of Gustaf Adolf; where his slain body lay, on the night of Lützen Battle, with his poor Queen and others weeping over it. Naumburg is on the other side of Saale, not of importance to Soubise in such posture.

This is the circular block or lump of country, on the north or north-west side of which Friedrich now lies, and which will become, he little thinks how memorable on the morrow. Over the heights, immediately eastward of Friedrich, there is a kind of hollow, or scooped-out place;

shallow valley of some extent, which deserves notice against tomorrow: but in general the ground is lazily spherical, and without noticeable hollows or valleys when fairly away from the River. A dull blunt lump of country; made of sand and mud,—may have been grassy once, with broom on it, in the pastoral times; is now under poor plough-husbandry, arable or scratchable in all parts, and looks rather miserable in winter-time. No vestige of hedge on it, of shrub or bush; one tree, ugly but big, which may have been alive in Friedrich's time, stands not far from Rossbach Hamlet; one, and no more, discoverable in these areas.

Various Hamlets lie sprinkled about: very sleepy, rusty, irregular little places; huts and cattle-stalls huddled down, as if shaken from a bag; much straw, thick thatch and crumbly mud-brick; but looking warm and peaceable, for the Fourfooted and the Twofooted; which latter, if you speak to them, are solid reasonable people, with energetic German eyes and hearts, though so ill-lodged. These Hamlets, needing shelter and spring-water, stand generally in some slight hollow, if well up the Height, as Rossbach is; sometimes, if near the bottom, they are nestled in a sudden dell or gash,—work of the primeval rains, accumulating from above, and ploughing out their way. The rains, we can see, have been busy; but there is seldom the least stream visible, bottom being too sandy and porous. On the western slope, there is in our time a kind of coal, or coal-dust, dug up; in the way of quarrying, not of mining; and one or two big chasms of this sort are confusedly busy: the natives mix this valuable coal-dust with water, mould into bricks, and so use as fuel: one of the features of these hamlets is the strange black bricks, standing on edge about the cottage-doors, to drip, and dry in the sun. For this or for other

reasons, the westward slope appears to be the best; and has a major share of hamlets on it: Rossbach is high up, and looks over upon Mücheln, and its dim belfry and appurtenances, which lie safe across the hollow, perhaps two miles off,—safe from Friedrich, if there were eatables and lodging to be had in such a place. Friedrich's left wing is in Rossbach. Bedra where Friedrich's right wing is; Branderode where the Soubise right is, then Gröst, Schevenroda, Zeuchfeld, Pettstädt, Lunstädt,—especially Reichartswerben, where Soubise's right will come to be: these the reader may take note of in his Map. Several of them lie in ashes just then; plundered, replundered, and at last set fire to; so busy have Soubise's hungry people been, of late, in the Country they came to "deliver." The Freiburg road, the Naumburg road, both towards Merseburg, cross this Height; straight like the string, Saale by Weissenfels being the bow.

The *Herrenhaus* (Squire's Mansion) still stands in Rossbach, with the littery Hamlet at its flank: a high, pavilion-roofed, and though dilapidated, pretentious kind of House; some kind of court round it, some kind of hedge or screen of brushwood and brickwall: terribly in need of the besom, it and its environment throughout. King, I suppose, did lodge there overnight: certain it is the Squire was absent; and the Squire's Man, three days afterwards, reported to him as follows: 'Saturday the 5th, 'about 8 A.M., his Majesty mounted to the roof of the 'Herrenhaus here, some tiles having been removed' (for that end, or by accident, is not said), 'and saw how the 'French and Reichs Army were getting in movement,'—wriggling out of their Camp leftwards, evidently aiming towards Gröst. 'In about an hour, near half their Army 'was through Gröst, and had turned southward, rather

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'south-eastward, from Gröst, out in the Rossbach and 'Almsdorf region, and proceeding still towards Pettstädt,' —towards Schevenroda more precisely, not towards Pettstädt yet. 'His Majesty looked always through the per-'spective: and to me was the grace done to be ever at 'his side, and to name for him the roads the French and 'Reichs Army was marching.'[3]

The King had heard of this phenomenon hours before, and had sent out hussars and scouts upon it; but now sees it with his eyes:—"Going for Freiburg, and their bread-cupboard," thinks the King; who does not as yet make much of the movement; but will watch it well, and calculates to have a stroke at the rear end of it, in due season. With which view, the cavalry, Seidlitz and Mayer, are ordered to saddle; foot regiments, and all else, to be in readiness. This French-Reichs Dauphiness is not rapid in her field-exercise; and has a great deal of wriggling and unwinding before she can fairly pick herself out, and get forward towards Schevenroda on the Freiburg road. In three or in two parallel columns, artillery between them, horse ahead, horse arear; haggling along there;—making for their breadbaskets, thinks the King. A body of French, horse chiefly, under St. Germain, come out, in the Schortau-Almsdorf part, with some salvoing and prancing, as if intending to attack about Rossbach, where our left wing is: but his Majesty sees it to be a pretence merely: and St. Germain, motionless, and doing nothing but cannonade a little, seems to agree that it is so. Dauphiness continues her slow movements; King, in this Squire's Mansion of Rossbach, sits down to dinner, dinner with Officers at the usual hour of noon,—little dreaming what the Dauphiness has in her head.

Truth is, the Dauphiness is in exultant spirits, this

[3] Müller, p. 50; Rödenbeck, p. 326.

morning; intending great things against a certain "little Marquis of Brandenburg," to whom one does so much honour. Generals looking down yesterday on the King of Prussia's Camp, able to count every man in it (and half the men being invisible, owing to bends of the ground), counted him to 10,000 or so; and had said, "Pshaw, are not we above 50,000; let us end it! Take him on his left. Round yonder, till we get upon his left, and even upon his rear withal, St. Germain coöperating on the other side of him: on left, on rear, on front, at the same moment, is not that a sure game?" A very ticklish game, answers surly sagacious Lloyd: 'No gene-'ral will permit himself to be taken in flank with his eyes 'open; and the King of Prussia is the unlikeliest you 'could try it with!'

Trying it meanwhile they are; marching along by the low grounds here, intending to sweep gradually leftwards towards Janus-Hill quarter; there to sweep home upon him, coil him up, left and rear and front, in their boa-constrictor folds, and end his trifle of an Army and him. "Why not, if we do our duty at all, annihilate his trifle of an Army; take himself prisoner, and so end it?" Report says, Soubise had really, in some moment of enthusiasm lately, warned the Versailles populations to expect such a thing; and that the Duchess of Orleans, forgetful of poor King Louis's presence, had, in *her* enthusiasm, exclaimed: "*Tant mieux*, I shall at last see a King, then!" But perhaps it is a mere French epigram, such as the winds often generate there, and put down for fact.—Friedrich's retreat to Weissenfels is cut off for Friedrich: an Austrian party has been at the Herren-Mühle Bridge this morning, has torn it up and pitched it into the river; planks far on to Merseburg by this time. And, in fact, unless Friedrich be nimble—But that he usually is.

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Friedrich's dinner had gone on with deliberation for about two hours, Friedrich's intentions not yet known to any, but everybody, great and small, waiting eagerly for them, like greyhounds on the slip,—when Adjutant Gaudi, who had been on the Housetop the while, rushes into the Dining-room faster than he ought, and, with some tremor in his voice and eyes, reports hastily: "At Schevenroda, at Pettstädt yonder! Enemy has turned to left. Clearly for the left."—"Well, and if he do? No flurry needed, Captain!" answered Friedrich,—(*not* in these precise words; but rebuking Gaudi, with a look not of laughter wholly, and with a certain question, as to the state of Gaudi's stomachic part, which is still known in traditionary circles, but is not mentionable here);—and went, with due gravity, himself to the roof, with his Officers. "To the left, sure enough; meaning to attack us there:" the thing Friedrich had despaired of is voluntarily coming, then;—and it is a thing of stern qualities withal; a wager of life, with glorious possibilities behind.

Friedrich earnestly surveys the phenomenon for some minutes; in some minutes, Friedrich sees his way through it, at least into it, and how he will do it. Off, eastward; march! Swift are his orders; almost still swifter the fulfilment of them. Prussian Army is a nimble article in comparison with Dauphiness! In half an hour's time, all is packed and to the road; and, except Mayer and certain Free-Corps or Light-Horse, to amuse St. Germain and his Almsdorf people, there is not a Prussian visible in these localities to French eyes. 'At half-past two,' says the Squire's Man,—or let us take him a sentence earlier, to lose nothing of such a Document: 'At noon his Majesty 'took dinner; sat till about two o'clock; then again went 'to the roof; and perceived that the Enemy's Army 'at Pettstädt were turning about the little Wood there

'north-eastward, as if for Lunstädt' (into the Lunstädt road);—'such cannonading, too,' from those Almsdorf people, 'that the balls flew over our heads,'—or I tremulously thought so. 'At half-past two, the word was given, 'March! And good speed they made about it, in this 'Herrenhaus, and out of doors too, striking their tents, 'and cording up and trimly shouldering everything with 'incredible brevity,' as if machinery were doing it; 'and 'at three, on the Prussian part, all was packed and out 'into the court for being carried off; and, in fact, the 'Prussian Army was on march at three.' Seidlitz, with all his Horse, vanishing round the corner of the Height; speeding along, invisible on his northern slope there, straight for the Janus-Pölzen Hill part; the Infantry following, double-quick;—well knowing, each, what he has got to do.

But at this interesting point, the Editors,—small thanks to them, authentic but thrice-stupid mortals,—cut short our Eye-witness, not so much as telling us his name, some of them not even his date or whereabouts; and so the curtain tumbles down (as if its string had been cut, or suddenly eaten by unwise animals), and we are left to gray hubbub, and our own resources at secondhand. Except only that a French Officer,—one of those cannonading from Almsdorf, no doubt,—declares that 'it was like a 'change of scene in the Opera (*décoration d'Opéra*),'[4] so very rapid; and that 'they all rolled off eastward at 'quick time.' At extremely quick time;—and soon, in the slight hollow behind Janus Hügel, vanished from sight of these Almsdorf French, and of the Soubise-Hildburghausen Army in general. Which latter is agreeably

[4] Letter in *Müller*, p. 60. In *Westphalen* (ii. 128-133) is a much superior French Letter, intercepted somewhere, and fallen to Duke Ferdinand; well worth reading, on Rossbach and the previous Affairs.

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surprised at the phenomenon; and draws a highly flattering conclusion from it. "Gone, then; off at double-quick for Merseburg; aha!" think the Soubise-Hildburghausen people: "Double-quick you too, my pretty men, lest they do whisk away, and we never get a stroke at them!"—

Seidlitz, meanwhile, with his cavalry (thirty-eight squadrons, about 4,000 horse), is rapidly doing the order he has had. Seidlitz at a sharp military trot, and the infantry at double-quick to keep up near him, which they cannot quite do, are, as we have said, making right across for the Pölzen-Hill and Janus-Hill quarter; their route the string, French route the bow; and are invisible to the French, owing to the heights between. Seidlitz, when he gets to the proper point eastward, will wheel about, front to southward, and be our left wing; infantry, as centre and right, will appear in like manner; and—we shall see!

The exultant Dauphiness, or Soubise-Hildburghausen Army (let us call it, for brevity's sake, Dauphiness or French, which it mainly was), on that rapid disappearance of the Prussians, never doubted but the Prussians were off on flight for Merseburg, to get across by the Bridge there. Whereat Dauphiness, doubly exultant, mended her own pace, cavalry at a sharp trot, infantry double-quick, but unable to keep up,—for the purpose of capturing or intercepting the runaway Prussians. Speed, my friends,—if you would do a stroke upon Friedrich, and show the Versailles people a King at last! Thus they, hurrying on, in two parallel columns,—infantry, long floods of it, coming double-quick but somewhat fallen behind; cavalry 7,000 or so, as vanguard,—faster and faster; sweeping forward on their southern side of the Janus-and-Pölzen slope, and now rather climbing the same.

Seidlitz has his hussar pickets on the top, to keep

him informed as to their motions, and how far they are got. Seidlitz, invisible on the south slope of the Pölzen Hügel, finds about half-past 3 P.M., that he is now fairly ahead of Dauphiness; Seidlitz halts, wheels, comes to the top, "Got the flank of them, sure enough!"—and without waiting signal or farther orders, every instant being precious, rapidly forms himself; and plunges down on these poor people. 'Compact as a wall, and with an incredible velocity (*d'une vitesse incroyable*),' says one of them. Figure the astonishment of Dauphiness; of poor Broglio, who commands the horse here. Taken in flank, instead of taking other people; intercepted, not in the least needing to intercept! Has no time to form, though he tried what he could. Only the two Austrian regiments got completely formed; the rest very incompletely; and Seidlitz, in the blaze of rapid steel, is in upon them. The two Austrian regiments, and two French that are named, made what debate was feasible;—courage nowise wanting, in such sad want of captaincy; nay Soubise in person galloped into it, if that could have helped. But from the first, the matter was hopeless; Seidlitz slashing it at such a rate, and plunging through it and again through it, thrice, some say four times: so that, in the space of half an hour, this luckless cavalry was all tumbling off the ground; plunging down hill, in full flight, across its own infantry or whatever obstacle, Seidlitz on the hips of it; and galloping madly over the horizon, towards Freiburg as it proved; and was not again heard of that day.

In about half an hour, that bit of work was over; and Seidlitz, with his ranks trimmed again, had drawn himself southward a little, into the Hollow of Tageswerben, there to wait impending phenomena. For Friedrich with the Infantry is now emerging over Janus Hill, in a highly thunderous manner,—eighteen pieces of artillery going,

and 'four big guns taken from the walls of Leipzig;' and there will be events anon. It is said, Hildburghausen, at the first glimpse of Friedrich over the hill-top, whispered to Soubise, "We are lost, Royal Highness!"—"Courage!" Soubise would answer; and both, let us hope, did their utmost in this extremely bad predicament they had got into.

Friedrich's artillery goes at a murderous rate; had come in view, over the hill-top, before Seidlitz ended,—'nothing but the muzzles of it visible' (and the fire-torrents from it) to us poor French below. Friedrich's lines; or rather his one line, mere tip of his left wing,—only seven battalions in it, five of them under Keith from the second or reserve line; whole centre and right wing standing 'refused,' in oblique rank, invisible, *behind* the Hill,—Friedrich's line, we say, the artillery to its right, shoots out in mysterious Prussian rhythm, in echelons, in potences, obliquely down the Janus-Hill side; straight, rigid, regular as iron clockwork; and strides towards us, silent, with the lightning sleeping in it:—Friedrich has got the flank of Dauphiness, and means to keep it. Once and again and a third time, poor Soubise, with his poor regiments much in an imbroglio, here heaped on one another, there with wide gaps, halt being so sudden,—attempts to recover the flank, and pushes out this regiment and the other, rightward, to be even with Friedrich. But sees with despair that it cannot be; that Friedrich with his echelons, potences and mysterious Prussian resources, pulls himself out like the pieces of a prospect-glass, piece after piece, hopelessly fast and seemingly no end to them; and that the flank is lost, and that—Unhappy Generals of Dauphiness, what a phenomenon for them! A terrible Friedrich, not fled to Merseburg at all; but mounted there on the Janus Hill, as on his saddle-horse, with face quite the other way;—and for holster-

pistol, has plucked out twenty-two cannon. Clad verily in fire; Chimæra-like, *riding* the Janus Hill, in that manner; left leg (or wing) of him spurning us into the abysses, right one ready to help at discretion!

Hildburghausen, I will hope, does his utmost; Soubise, Broglio, for certain do. The French line is in front, next the Prussians: poor Generals of Dauphiness are panting to retrieve themselves. But with regiments jammed in this astonishing way, and got collectively into the lion's throat, what can be done? Steady, rigid as iron clockwork, the Prussian line strides forward; at forty-paces distance, delivers its first shock of lightning, bursts into platoon fire; and so continues, steady at the rate of five shots a minute,—hard to endure by poor masses all in a coil. 'The artillery tore down whole ranks of us,' says the Würtemberg Dragoon;[5] 'the Prussian musketry did terrible execution.'

Things began to waver very soon, French reeling back from the Prussian fire, Reichs troops rocking very uneasy, torn by such artillery; when, to crown the matter, Seidlitz, seeing all things rock to the due extent, bursts out of Tageswerben Hollow, terribly compact and furious, upon the rear of them. Which sets all things into inextricable tumble; and the Battle is become a rout and a riding into ruin, no Battle ever more. Lasted twenty-five minutes, this second act of it, or till half-past four: after which, the curtains rapidly descending (Night's curtain, were there no other) cover the remainder; the only stage-direction, *Exeunt Omnes*. Which for a 50 or 60,000, ridden over by Seidlitz Horse, was not quite an easy matter! They left, of killed and wounded, near 3,000; of prisoners, 5,000 (Generals among them 8, Officers 300): in sum, about 8,000; not to mention cannon, 67 or 72;

[5] His Letter in *Müller*, p. 83.

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with standards, flags, kettledrums, and meaner baggages *ad libitum* in a manner. The Prussian loss was, 165 killed, 376 wounded;—between a sixteenth and a fifteenth part of theirs: in number the Prussians had been little more than one to three; 22,000 of all arms,—not above half of whom ever came into the fire; Seidlitz and seven battalions doing all the fighting that was needed. St. Germain tried to cover the retreat; but 'got broken,' he says, —Mayer bursting in on him,—and soon went to slush like the others.

Seldom, almost never, not even at Crecy or Poictiers, was any Army better beaten. And truly, we must say, seldom did any better deserve it, so far as the Chief Parties went. Yes, Messieurs, this is the *petit Marquis de Brandebourg;* you will know this one, when you meet him again! The flight, the French part of it, was towards Freiburg Bridge; in full gallop, long after the chase had ceased; crossing of the Unstrut there, hoarse, many-voiced, all night; burning of the Bridge; found burnt, when Friedrich arrived next morning. He had encamped at Obschütz, short way from the field itself. French Army, Reichs Army, all was gone to staves, to utter chaotic wreck. Hildburghausen went by Naumburg; crossed the Saale there; bent homewards through the Weimar Country; one wild flood of ruin, swift as it could go; at Erfurt 'only one regiment was in rank, and marched through 'with drums beating.' His Army, which had been disgustingly unhappy from the first, and was now fallen fluid on these mad terms, flowed all away in different rills, each by the course straightest home; and Hildburghausen arriving at Bamberg, with hardly the ghost or mutilated skeleton of an Army, flung down his truncheon,—"A murrain on your Reichs Armies and regimental chaoses!" —and went indignantly home. Reichs Army had to begin

at the beginning again; and did not reappear on the scene till late next Year, under a new Commander, and with slightly improved conditions.

Dauphiness Proper was in no better case; and would have flowed home in like manner, had not home been so far, and the way unknown. Twelve thousand of them rushed straggling through the Eichsfeld; plundering and harrying, like Cossacks or Calmucks: 'Army blown asunder, 'over a circle of forty miles radius,' writes St. Germain: 'had the Enemy pursued us, after I got broken' (burst in upon by Mayer and his Free-Corps people), 'we had been 'annihilated. Never did Army behave worse; the first 'cannon salvo decided our rout and our shame.'[6]

In two-days time (November 7th), the French had got to Langensalza, fifty-five miles from the Battlefield of Rossbach; plundering, running, *sacre-dieu*-ing; a wild deluge of molten wreck, filling the Eichsfeld with its waste noises, making night hideous and day too;—in the villages, Placards were stuck up, appointing Nordhausen and Heiligenstadt for rallying-place.[7]

Soubise rode, with few attendants, all night towards Nordhausen,—eighty miles off, foot of the Brocken Country, where the Richelieu resources are;—Soubise with few attendants, face set towards the Brocken; himself, it is like, in a somewhat hag-ridden condition.

'The joy of poor Teutschland at large,' says one of my Notes, 'and how all Germans, Prussian and Anti-Prussian alike, flung up 'their caps, with unanimous *Lebe-hoch*, at the news of Rossbach, has 'often been remarked; and indeed is still almost touching to see. 'The perhaps bravest Nation in the world, though the least brag-'gart, very certainly *ein tapferes Volk* (as their Goethe calls them);

[6] St. Germain to Verney: different Excerpts of Letters in the two weeks after Rossbach and before (given in Preuss, ii. 97).

[7] Müller, p. 73.

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'so long insulted, snubbed and trampled on, by a luckier, not a 'braver:—has not your exultant Dauphiness got a beautiful little 'dose administered her; and is gone off in foul shrieks, and pangs 'of the interior,—let no man ask whitherward! "*Si un Alle-*"*mand peut avoir de l'esprit* (Can a German possibly have sharp-"ness of wits)?" Well, yes, it would seem: here is one German 'graduate who understands his medicine-chest, and the quality of 'patients!—Dauphiness got no pity anywhere; plenty of epigrams, 'and mostly nothing but laughter even in Paris itself. Napoleon 'long after, who much admires Friedrich, finds that this Victory of 'Rossbach was inevitable; "but what fills me with astonishment "and shame," adds he, "is that it was gained by six battalions and "thirty squadrons" (seven properly, and thirty-eight) "over such a "multitude!"[8]—It is well known, Napoleon, after Jena, as if Jena 'had not been enough for him, tore down the first Monument of 'Rossbach, some poor ashlar Pyramid or Pillar, raised by the neigh-'bourhood, with nothing more afflictive inscribed on it than a date; 'and sent it off in carts for Paris (where no stone of it ever arrived, 'the Thüringen Carmen slinking off, and leaving it scattered in dif-'ferent places over the face of Thüringen in general); so that they 'had the trouble of a new one lately.'[9]

From Friedrich the "Army of the Circles," that is, Dauphiness and Company,—called *Hoop*ers or 'Coopers' (*Tonneliers*), with a desperate attempt at wit by pun,—get their Adieu in words withal. This is the famed *Congé de l'Armée des Cercles et des Tonneliers;* a short metrical Piece; called by Editors the most profane, most indecent, most &c.; and printed with asterisk veils thrown over the worst passages. Who shall dare, searching and rummaging for insight into Friedrich, and complaining that there is none, to lift any portion of the veil; and say, "See—Faugh!" The cynicism, truly, but also the irrepressible honest exultation, has a kind of epic completeness, and fulness of sincerity; and, at bottom, the thing is nothing like so wicked as careless commentators have given out. Dare to look a little:

[8] Montholon, *Mémoires &c. de Napoléon* (Napoleon's *Précis des Guerres de Frédéric II*, vii. 210).

[9] Rödenbeck, *Beiträge*, i. 299; ib. p. 385, Lithograph of the poor extinct Monument itself.

"*Adieu, grands écraseurs de rois,*" so it starts: 'Adieu, grand 'crushers of Kings; arrogant windbags, Turpin, Broglio, Soubise,— 'Hildburghausen with the gray beard, foolish still as when your 'beard was black in the Turk-War time:—brisk journey to you 'all!' That is the first stanza; unexceptionable, had we room. The second stanza is,—with the veils partially lifted; with probably '*Moïse*' put into the first blank; and into the third, something of or belonging to '*César*,'—

'*Je vous ai vu comme . . .*
'*Dans des ronces en certain lieu*
'*Eut l'honneur de voir . . .*
'*Ou comme au grê de sa luxure*
'*Le bon Nicomède à l'écart*
'*Aiguillonnait sa flamme impure*
'*Des . . . . . .*'

Enough, to say, the Author, with a wild burst of spiritual enthusiasm, sings the charms of the rearward part of certain men; and what a royal ecstatic felicity there sometimes is in indisputable survey of the same. He rises to the heights of Anti-Biblical profanity, quoting Moses on the Hill of Vision; sinks to the bottomless of human or ultra-human depravity, quoting King Nicomedes's experiences on Cæsar (happily known only to the learned); and in brief, recognises that there is, on occasion, considerable beauty in that quarter of the human figure, when it turns on you opportunely. A most cynical, profane affair: yet, we must say by way of parenthesis, one which gives no countenance to Voltaire's atrocities of rumour about Friedrich himself in this matter; the reverse rather, if well read; being altogether theoretic, scientific; sings with gusto the glow of beauty you find in that unexpected quarter,—while *kicking* it deservedly and with enthusiasm. "To see the"—what shall we call it: seat of honour, in fact, "of your enemy:" has it not an undeniable charm? "I own to you in confidence, O Soubise and Company, this fine laurel "I have got, and was so in need of, is nothing more or other than "the sight of your"—*four asterisks.* "Oblige me, whenever clan- "destine Fate brings us together, by showing me that"—always that, if you would give me pleasure when we meet. "And oh," next stanza says, "to think what our glory is founded on,"—on view of that unmentionable object, I declare to you!—And through other

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stanzas, getting smutty enough (though in theory only), which we need not prosecute farther.[10] A certain heartiness and epic greatness of cynicism, life's nakedness grown almost as if innocent again; an immense suppressed insuppressible Haha, on the part of this King. Strange *Te-Deum* indeed. Coming from the very heart, truly, as few of them do; but not, in other points, recommendable at all!—Here, of the night before, is something better:

To Wilhelmina.

'Near Weissenfels' (Obschütz, in fact; does not yet know what the Battle will be *called*), '5th November 1757.

'At last, my dear Sister, I can announce you a bit of good news. 'You were doubtless aware, that the Coopers with their circles had 'a mind to take Leipzig. I ran up, and drove them beyond Saale. 'The Duc de Richelieu sent them a reinforcement of twenty batta- 'lions and fourteen squadrons' (say 15,000 horse and foot); 'they 'then called themselves 63,000 strong. Yesterday I went to recon- 'noitre them; could not attack them in the post they held. This 'had rendered them rash. Today they came out with the intention 'of attacking me; but I took the start of them (*les ai prévenu*). 'It was a Battle *en douceur* (soft to one's wish). Thanks to God 'I have not a hundred men killed; the only General ill wounded 'is Meinecke. My Brother Henri and General Seidlitz have slight 'hurts' (gunshots, not so slight, that of Seidlitz) 'in the arm. We 'have all the Enemy's cannon, all the' * * 'I am in full march 'to drive them over the Unstrut' (already driven, your Majesty; bridge burning).

'You, my dear Sister, my good, my divine and affectionate 'Sister' (faithful to the bone, in good truth, poor Wilhelmina), 'who 'deign to interest yourself in the fate of a Brother who adores you, 'deign also to share in my joy. The instant I have time, I will tell 'you more. I embrace you with my whole heart. Adieu. F.'[11]

[10] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xii. 70-73 (*written* at Freiburg, 6th November, when his Majesty got thither, and found the Bridge burnt).

[11] Ibid. xxvii. 1. 310.

Ulterior Fate of Dauphiness; flies over the Rhine in bad Fashion: Dauphiness's Ways with the Saxon Populations in her Deliverance-Work.

Friedrich had no more fighting with the French. November 9th, at Merseburg, in all stillness, Duke Ferdinand got his Britannic Commission, his Full Powers, from Friedrich and the parties interested; in all stillness, made his arrangements, as if for Magdeburg and his Governorship there,—Friedrich hastening off for Silesia the while. Duke Ferdinand did stay six days in Magdeburg, inspecting or pretending to inspect; very pleasant with his Sister and the Royalties that are now there; but at midnight of day sixth, shot off silently on wider errand. And, in sum, on Wednesday, 24th November 1757, appeared in Stade, on horseback at morning parade there; intimating, to what joy of the poor Brunswick Grenadiers and others, That he was come to take command; that Kloster-Zeven is abolished; that we are not an "Observation Army," rotting here in the parish pound, any longer, but an "Allied Army" (such now our title), intending to strike for ourselves, and get out of pound straightway!—

'*Wednesday 24th November—Monday 29th.* Duke Ferdinand 'did accordingly pick up the reins of this distracted Affair; and, in 'a way wonderful to see, shot sanity into every fibre of it; and 'kept it sane and road-worthy for the Five Years coming. With 'a silent velocity, an energy, an imperturbable stedfastness, and 'clear insight into cause and effect; which were creditable to the 'school he came from; and were a very joyful sight to Pitt and 'others concerned. So that from next Monday, "November 29th, 'before daylight," when Ferdinand's batteries began playing upon 'Harburg (French Fortress nearest to Stade), the reign of the 'French ceased in those Countries; and an astonished Richelieu 'and his French, lying scattered over all the West of Germany,

'in readiness for nothing but plunder, had to fall more or less dis-
'tracted in their turn; and do a number of astonishing things. To
'try this and that, of futile, more or less frantic nature; be driven
'from post after post; be driven across the Aller first of all;—
'Richelieu to go home thereupon, and be succeeded by one still
'more incompetent.

''*December* 13*th*, a fortnight after Ferdinand's appearance, Riche-
'lieu had got to the safe side of the Aller (burning of Zelle Bridge
'and Zelle Town there, his last act in Germany); Ferdinand's quar-
'ters now wide enough; and vigorous speed of preparation going on
'for farther chase, were the weather mended. *February* 17*th* (1758),
'Ferdinand was on foot again; Prince de Clermont, the still more
'incompetent successor of Richelieu, gazing wide-eyed upon him, but
'doing nothing else: and for the next six weeks, there was seen a
'once triumphant Richelieu-D'Estrées French Army, much in rags,
'much in disorder, in terror, and here and there almost in despair,
'—winging their way; like clouds of draggled poultry, caught by
'a mastiff in the corn. Across Weser, across Ems, finally across the
'Rhine itself, every feather of them,—their long-drawn cackle, of a
'shrieky type, filling all Nature in those months; the mastiff steadily
'following.[12] To the astonishment of Pitt and mankind. Can this be
'the same Army that Royal Highness led to the Sea and the Parish
'Pound? The same identically, wasted to about two-thirds by Royal
'Highness; not a drum in it changed otherwise, only One Man dif-
'ferent,—and he is the important one!

'Pitt, when the news of Rossbach came, awakening the bonfires
'and steeple-bells of England to such a pitch, had resolved on an
'emphatic measure: that of sending English Troops to reinforce our
'Allied Army, and its new General;—such an Ally as that Ross-
'bach one being rare in the eyes of Pitt. "Postpone the meeting
'of Parliament, yet a few days, your Majesty," said Pitt, "till I get
'the estimates ready!"[13] To which Majesty assented, and all Eng-

[12] Mauvillon, i. 252-284 ('9th November 1757–1st April 1758'); Westphalen, i. 316-503 (abundantly explicit, authentic, and even entertaining,—with the ample Correspondences, ib. ii. 147-350); Schaper, *Vie militaire du Maréchal Prince Ferdinand* (2 tomes, 8vo, Magdebourg, 1796, 1799), i. 7-100 (a careful Book; of an official exactitude, like Westphalen's,—and appears to be left incomplete like his).

[13] Thackeray, i. 310.

'land with him: "England's own Cause," thinks Pitt, with con-
'fidence: "our way of Conquering America,—and, in the circum-
'stances, our one way!" English did land, accordingly; first in-
'stalment of them, a 12,000 (in August next), increased gradually
'to 20,000; with no end of furnishings to them and everybody;
'with results again satisfactory to Pitt; and very famous in the
'England that then was, dim as they are now grown.'

The effect of all which was that Pitt, with his Ferdinands and reinforcements, found work for the French ever onwards from Rossbach; French also turning as if exclusively upon perfidious Albion: and the thing became, in Teutschland, as elsewhere, a duel of life and death between these natural enemies,—Teutschland the centre of it,—Teutschland and the accessible French Sea-Towns,—but the circumference of it going round from Manilla and Madras to Havannah and Quebec again. Wide-spread furious duel; prize, America and life. By land and sea; handsomely done by Pitt on both elements. Land part, we say, was always mainly in Germany, under Ferdinand, —in Hessen and the Westphalian Countries, as far east as Minden, as far west as Frankfurt-on-Mayn, generally well north of Rhine, well south of Elbe: that was, for five years coming, the cockpit or place of deadly fence between France and England. Friedrich's arena lies eastward of that, occasionally playing into it a little, and played into by it, and always in lively sympathy and consultation with it: but, except the French subsidisings, diplomatisings and great diligence against him in foreign Courts, Friedrich is, in practical respects, free of the French; and ever after Rossbach, Ferdinand and the English keep them in full work,—growing yearly too full. A heavy Business for England and Ferdinand; which is happily kept extraneous to Friedrich thenceforth; to him and us; which is not on the stage of his affair and ours, but is

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to be conceived always as vigorously proceeding alongside of it, close beyond the scenes, and liable, at any time, to make tragic entry on him again:—of which we shall have to notice the louder occurrences and cardinal phases, but, for the future, nothing more.

Soubise, who had crept into the skirts of the Richelieu Army in Hanover or Hessen Country, had of course to take wing in that general flight before the mastiff. Soubise did not cross the Rhine with it; Soubise made off eastward;[14]—found new roost in Hanau-Frankfurt Country; and had thoughts of joining the Austrians in Bohemia next Campaign; but got new order,—such the pinches of a winged Clermont with a mastiff Ferdinand at his poor draggled tail;—and came back to the Ferdinand scene, to help there; and never saw Friedrich again. Both Broglio and he had a good deal of fighting (mostly beating) from Ferdinand; and a great deal of trouble and sorrow in the course of this War; but after Rossbach it is not Friedrich or we, it is Ferdinand and the Destinies that have to do with them. Poor Soubise, except that he was the creature of Generalissima Pompadour, which had something radically absurd in it, did not deserve all the laughter he got: a man of some chivalry, some qualities. As for Broglio, I remember always, not without human emotion, the two extreme points of his career as a soldier: Rossbach and the Fall of the Bastille. He was towards forty, when Friedrich bestrode the Janus Hill in that fiery manner; he was turned of eighty when, from the pavements of Paris, the Chimæra of Democracy rose on him, in fire of a still more horrible description.

Dauphiness-Bellona, in her special and in her widest sense, has made exit, then. Gone, like clouds of draggled

[14] Westphalen, i. 501 ('end of March 1758').

poultry home across the Rhine. She was the most marauding Army lately seen, also the most gasconading, and had the least capacity for fighting: three worse qualities no army could have. How she fought, we have seen sufficiently. Before taking leave of her forever, readers, as she is a paragon in her kind, would perhaps take a glance or two at her marauding qualities,—by a good opportunity that offers. Plotho at Regensburg, that a supreme Reichs Diet may know what a "deliverance of Saxony" this has been, submits one day the following irrefragable Documents, 'which have happened,' not without good industry of my own, 'to fall into my' (Plotho's) 'hands.' They are Documents partly of epistolary, partly of a Petitionary form, presented to Polish Majesty, out of that Saxon Country; and have an *affidavit* quality about them, one and all.

1°. *Big Dauphiness* (that is, D'Estrées) *in the Wesel Countries, at an early Stage,—while still endeavouring what she could to behave well, hanging* 1,000 *marauders and the like* (A private Letter):

'*County Mark*, 20*th June* 1757. The French troops are going 'on here in a way to utterly ruin us. Schmidt, their President of 'Justice, whom they set up in Cleve, has got orders to change all 'the Magistracies of the Country' (Protestant by nature), 'so as 'that half the members shall be Catholic. Bielefeld was openly 'plundered by the French for three hours long. You cannot by 'possibility represent to yourself what the actual state of misery in 'these Countries is. A *scheffel* of rye costs three thalers sixteen 'groschen' (who knows how many times its natural price!). 'And 'now we are to be forced to eat the spoiled meal those French 'troops brought with them; which is gone to such a state no ani-'mal would have it. This poisoned meal we are to buy from them, 'ready money, at the price they fix; and that famine may induce 'us, they are about to stop the mills, and forcibly take away what 'little bread-corn we have left. God have pity on us, and deliver 'us soon! Next week we are to have a transit of 6,000 Pfalzers'

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(Kur-Pfalz, foolish idle fellow, and Kur-Baiern too, are both in subsidy of France, as usual; 6,000 Pfalzers just due here); 'these, I 'suppose, will sweep us clean bare.'[15]

Wesel Fortress, Gate of the Rhine, could not be defended by Friedrich: and the Hanover Incapables, and England still all in St. Vitus, would not hear of undertaking it; left it wide-open for the French; never could recover it, or get the Rhine-Gate barred again, during the whole War. One hopes they repented;—but perhaps it was only Pitt and Duke Ferdinand that did so, instead! The Wesel Countries were at once occupied by the French; "a conquest of her Imperial Majesty's;" continued to be administered in Imperial Majesty's name,—and are thriving as above.

2°. *Dauphiness Proper* (that is, Soubise) *in Thüringen, at a late Stage:*

'*Letter from Freiburg, shortly after Rossbach.*—It was on the '23d October, a Sunday, that we of Freiburg had our first billeting 'of French; a body of cavalry from different regiments' (going to take Leipzig, take Torgau, what not): 'and from that day, Freiburg 'never emptied of French, who kept marching through it in extra-'ordinary quantities. The marching lasted fourteen days, namely, 'till the 6th November' (day *after* Rossbach; when they burnt our poor Bridge, and marched for the last time); 'and often the billet-'ing was so heavy, that in a single house there were forty or fifty 'men. Who at all times had to be lodged and dieted gratis; nay 'many householders, over and above the ordinary meal, were obliged 'to give them money too; and many poor people, who can scarcely 'get their own bit of bread, had to run and bring at once their 'sixteen or eighteen groschen' (pence) 'worth of wine, not to speak 'of coffee and sugar. And a great increase of the mischief it was 'always, that the soldiers and common people did not understand 'one another's language.'—Heavy billeting; but what was that? * * 'Vast, nearly impossible, quantities of forage and provision,' were wrung from us, as from all the other Towns and Villages about, 'under continual threatening to burn and rase us from the 'earth. Often did our French Colonel threaten, "He would have the 'cannon opened on Freiburg straightway." Nay, had it stood by 'foraging, we might have reckoned ourselves lucky. But our straits

[15] *Helden-Geschichte*, iv. 399.

'increased day by day; and sheer plundering became more and 'more excessive.

'The robbing and torturing of travellers, the plundering and 'burning of Saxon Villages'—'Almost all the Towns and Villages 'hereabouts are so plundered out, that many a one now has nothing 'but what he carries on his body. Plundering was universal: and 'no sooner was one party away, than another came, and still an- 'other; and often the same house was three or four times plun- 'dered. Branderode, a Village two leagues from this' (stands on the Field of Rossbach, if we look), 'is so ruined out, that nobody almost 'has anything left: Chief-Inspector Baron von Bose's Schloss there, 'with its splendid appointments, they ruined utterly; took all money, 'victuals, valuables, furniture, clothes, linen and beds, all they could 'carry; what could not be carried away, they cut, hewed and smashed 'to pieces; broke the wine-casks; and even tore up the documents 'and letters they found lying in the place. Branderode Dorf was 'twice set fire to by them; and was, at last, with Zeuchfeld, which 'is an Amtsdorf,—after both had been plundered,—reduced to 'ashes. The Churches of Branderode and Zeuchfeld, with several 'other Churches, were plundered; the altars broken, the altar-cloths 'and other vestures cut to pieces, and the sacred vessels and cups 'carried away,—except' (for we have a notarial exactness, and will exaggerate nothing) 'that in the case of Branderode they sent the cup 'back. Of the pollution of the altars, and of the blasphemous songs 'these people sang in the churches, one cannot think without horror.

'And it was merely our pretended Allies and Protectors that 'have desecrated our divine service, utterly wasted our Country, re- 'duced the inhabitants to want and desperation, and, in short, have 'so behaved that you would not know this region again. Truly these 'troops have realised for us most of the infamies we heard reported 'of the Cossacks, and their ravagings in Preussen lately.

'It is one of their smallest doings that they robbed a Saxon 'Clergyman' (name and circumstances can be given if required), 'three times over, on the public Highway; shot at him, tied him 'to a horse's tail, and dragged him along with them; so that he 'is now lying ill, in danger of his life. On the whole, it is our be- 'loved Pastors, Clergymen most of all, that have been plundered of 'everything they had.

'Balgart and Zschieplitz, both Villages half a league from this,

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'have likewise been heavily plundered; they have even left the 'Parson nothing but what he wore on his back. Grōst,' another Rossbach place, 'which belongs to the Kammerjunker Heldorf, has 'likewise' * * *Ohe, satis!*—'All this happened between the 23d 'and 31st October; consequently before the Battle.' * * 'In many 'Villages, you see the trees and fields sprinkled with feathers from 'the beds that have been slit up.

'In several Villages belonging to the Royal Electoral Privy Coun- 'cillor von Brühl' (who is properly the fountain of all this and of much other misery to us, if we knew it!), 'the plundering likewise 'had begun; and a quantity of about a hundred swine' (so ho!) 'had been cut in pieces: but in the midst of their work, the Allies 'heard that these were Brühl estates, and ceased their havoc of 'them. These accordingly are the only lands in all this region 'whose fate has been tolerable.

'The appellation, every moment renewed, of "Heretic!" was 'the courteous address from these people to our fellow Christians; "heretic dogs (*ketzerische Hunde*)" was a *Prädicat* always in their 'mouth.

'In Weischütz,' a mile or two from us, up the Unstrut, 'a 'French Colonel who wanted to ride out upon the works, made the 'there Pastor, Magister Schren, stoop down by way of horse-block, 'and mounted into the saddle from his back.' (Messieurs, you will kindle the wrath of mankind some day, and get a terrible plucking, with those high ways of yours!)

'Churches are all smashed; obscene songs were sung, in form of 'litany, from the pulpits and altars; what was done with the com- 'munion-vessels, when they were not worth stealing,'—is hideous to the religious sense, and shall not be mentioned in human speech.

3°. *The Broglio Reinforcement coming across to join Soubise, and perform at Rossbach* (Humble Petition from the Magistrates of Sangerhausen, To the King of Poland's Majesty):

Sangerhausen, 23d October 1757.—'Scarcely had we, with pro- 'found submission (*allerunterthänigst*), under date of the 13th cur- 'rent, represented to your Royal Majesty and Electoral Translucency 'how heavily we were pressed down by the forage-requisitions and 'transits of troops, and the consequent expenditure in food, drinking, 'in oats and hay, which no one pays,—when directly thereafter, on

'the 14th of October, a new French party, of the Fischer Corps,'—Fischer is a mighty Hussar, scarcely inferior to Turpin; and stands in astonishing authority with Richelieu, and an Army whose object is plunder,[16]—'new party of the Fischer Corps, of some sixty men 'and horse, arrived in the Town; demanded meat, drink, oats and 'hay, and all things necessary; which they received from us;—and 'not only paid not one farthing for all this, but furthermore some of 'them, instead of thanks to their Landlord, Rossold, forcibly broke 'up his press, drank his brandy, and carried off a *Toute* (gather-all) 'with money in it. From a Tanner, Lindauer by name, they bar-'gained for a buckskin; and having taken, would not pay it. In 'the *Rathskeller* (Town Public-house) they drank much wine, and 'gave nothing for it: nay on marching off,—because no mounted 'guide (*reitender Bote*) was at hand, and though they had before 'expressly said none such would be needed,—they rushed about like 'distracted persons (*wie rasende Leute*) in the market-place and in 'the streets; beat the people, tumbled them about, and lugged them 'along, in a violent manner; using abusive language to a frightful 'extent, and threatening every misfortune.

'Hardly were we rid of this confusion and astonishment, when, 'on October 21st, a whole swarm of horses, men, women, children 'and wagons, which likewise all belonged to the Fischer Corps, and 'were commanded by First-Lieutenant Schmidt, came into our Town. 'This troop consisted of 80 men, part infantry, part cavalry; with 'some 80 work-horses, 10 baggage-wagons, and about 100 persons, 'women, sick people and the like. They staid the whole night here; 'made meat, drink, corn, hay and whatever they needed be brought 'them; and went off next day without paying anything.

'Our Inns were now almost quite exhausted of forage in corn or 'hay; and we knew not how we were to pay what had been spent, '—when the thirty French Light Cavalry, of whom we, with pro-'found submission, on the 13th *hujus* gave your Royal Majesty and 'Electoral Translucency account, renewed their visit upon us; came, 'under the command of Rittmeister de Mocu, on the 22d of October' (while the baggage-wagons, work-horses, women, sick, and so forth were hardly gone), 'towards evening, into the Town; consumed in 'meat and drink, oats and hay, and the like, what they could lay

[16] Ferdinand's Correspondents, *passim* (*Westphalen*, i. 40-127); &c. &c.

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'hold of; and next morning early marched away, paying, as their 'custom is, nothing.

'Not enough that,—besides the great forage-contribution '(*Lieferung*), which we already, with profound submission, notified 'to your Royal Majesty and Electoral Translucency as having been 'laid upon us; and that, by order of the Duc de Broglio, a new 'requisition is now laid on us, and we have had to engage for 'sixty-four more sacks of wheat, and thirty-two of rye (as is 'noted under head A, in the enclosed copy),—there has farther 'come on us, on the part of the Reichs Army, from Kreis-Commis-'sarius Heldorf' (whose Schloss of Gröst, we perceive, they have since burnt, by way of thanks to him[17]), 'the simultaneous Order 'for instant delivery of Forage (as under head B, here enclosed)! 'Thus are we, at the appointed places, all at once to furnish such 'quantities, more than we can raise; and know not when or where 'we shall, either for what has been already furnished, or for what is 'still to be, receive one penny of money: nay, over and above, we 'are to sustain the many marchings of troops, and provide to the 'same what meat, drink, oats, hay and so on they require, without 'the least return of payment!

'So unendurable, and taken all together, so hard (*sic*) begins the 'conduct of these troops, that profess being come as friends and 'helpers, to appear to us. And Heaven alone knows how long, 'under a continuance of such things, the subjects (whom the Hail-'storm of last year had at any rate impoverished) shall be able to 'support the same. We would, were a reasonable delivery of forage 'laid upon us even at a low price, and the board and billet of the 'marching troops paid to us even in part, lay out our whole strength 'in helping to bear the burdens of the Fatherland; but, if such 'things go on, which will soon leave us only bare life and empty 'huts, we can look forward to nothing but our ruin and destruction. 'But, as it is not your Royal Majesty's and Electoral Translucency's 'most gracious will that we, your Most Supreme Self's most faith-'ful subjects, should entirely perish, therefore we repeat our former 'most submissive prayer once again with hot (*sic*) sorrow of mind to 'Highest-the-Same; and sob most submissively for that help which 'your Most Supreme Self, through most gracious mediation with the 'Duc de Richelieu, with the Reichs Army or wherever else, might

[17] Suprà, No. 2.

'perhaps most graciously procure for us. Who, in deepest longing 'thitherwards, with the most deepest devotion, remain—'[18] (*Names*, unfortunately, not given).

How many Saxons and Germans generally,—alas, how many men universally,—cry towards celestial luminaries of the governing kind with the most deepest devotion, in their extreme need, under their unsufferable injuries; and are truly like dogs in the back-yard barking at the Moon. The Moon won't come down to them, and be eaten as green cheese; the Moon can't!—

4°. *Dauphiness after Rossbach.* 'Excise-Inspector Neitsche, at Bebra, near Weissenfels' (Bebra is well ahead from Freiburg and the burnt Bridge, and a good twenty-five miles west of Weissenfels), 'writes To the King of Poland's Majesty, *9th November* 1757:

'May it please your Royal Majesty and Electoral Translucency, 'out of your highest grace, to take knowledge, from the accompany-'ing Registers *sub signo Martis*' (sign unknown to readers here), 'of the things which, in the name of this Township of Bebra, the 'Bürgermeister Johann Adam, with the Raths and others concerned, 'have laid before the Excise-Inspection here. As follows:

"It will be already well known to the Excise-Inspection that "on the 7th of November (*a. c.*) of the current year" (day before yesterday, in fact!) "the French Army so handled this place as to "have not only taken from the inhabitants, by open force, all bread "and articles of food, but likewise all clothes, beds, linens (*Wäsche*), "and other portable goods; that it has broken, split to pieces, and "emptied out, all chests, boxes, presses, drawers; has shot dead, in "the backyards and on the thatch-roofs, all manner of feathered-"stock, as hens, geese, pigeons; also carried forth with it all swine, "cow, sheep, and horse cattle; laid violent hands on the inhabitants, "clapped guns, swords, pistols to their breast, and threatened to kill "them unless they showed and brought out whatever goods they "had; or else has hunted them wholly out of their houses, shooting "at them, cutting, sticking, and at last driving them away, thereby "to have the freer room to rob and plunder: flung out hay and "other harvest-stock from the barns into the mud and dung, and "had it trampled to ruin under the horses' feet; nay, in fact, has

[18] *Helden-Geschichte*, iv. 688-691.

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"dealt with this place in so unpermitted a way as even to the most "hard-hearted man must seem compassionable."— — Poor fellows: *cetera desunt;* but that is enough! What can a Polish Majesty and Electoral Translucency do? Here too is a sorrowful howling to the Moon.[19]

* * 'For a hundred miles round,' writes St. Germain, 'the 'Country is plundered and harried as if fire from Heaven had fallen 'on it; scarcely have our plunderers and marauders left the houses 'standing.'—'I lead a band of robbers, of assassins, fit for breaking 'on the wheel; they would turn tail at the first gunshot, and are 'always ready to mutiny. If the Government (*la Cour*,' with its Pompadour presiding, very unlikely for such an enterprise!) 'cannot 'lay the knife to the root of all this, we may give up the notion of 'War.'[20] * *

Such a pitch have French Armies sunk to. When was there seen such a Bellona as Dauphiness before? Nay, in fact, she is the same devil-serving Army that Maréchal de Saxe commanded with such triumph,—Maréchal de Saxe in better luck for opponents; Army then in a younger stage of its development. Foaming then as sweet must, as new wine, in the hands of a skilful vintner, poisonous but brisk; not run, as now, to the vinegar state, intolerable to all mortals. She can now announce from her camp-theatres, the reverse of the Roucoux program, "Tomorrow, Messieurs, you are going to fight; our Manager foresees" —you will be beaten; and we cannot say what or where the next Piece will be! Impious, licentious, high-flaring efflorescence of all the Vices is not to be redeemed by the one Quasi-Virtue of readiness to be shot;—sweet of that kind, and sour of this, are the same substance, if you only wait. How kind was the Devil to his Saxe; and flew away with him in rosepink, while it was still time!

[19] *Helden-Geschichte*, iv. 692.

[20] St. Germain, after Rossbach and before (in Preuss, *ubi suprà*).

CHAPTER IX.

FRIEDRICH MARCHES FOR SILESIA.

THE fame of Friedrich is high enough again in the Gazetteer world; all people, and the French themselves, laughing at their grandiloquent Dauphiness-Bellona, and writing epigrams on Soubise. But Friedrich's difficulties are still enormous. One enemy coming with open mouth, you plunge in upon, and ruin, on this hand; and it only gives you room to attempt upon another bigger one on that. Soubise he has finished handsomely, for this season; but now he must try conclusions with Prince Karl. Quick, towards Silesia, after this glorious Victory which the Gazetteers are celebrating.

The news out of Silesia are ominously doubtful, bad at the best. Duke Bevern, once Winterfeld was gone, had, as we observed, felt himself free to act; unchecked, but also unsupported, by counsel of the due heroism; and had acted unwisely. Made direct for Silesia, namely, where are meal-magazines and strong places. Prince Karl, they say, was also unwise; took no thought beforehand, or he might have gained marches, disputed rivers, Bober, Queiss, with Bevern, and as good as hindered him from ever getting to Silesia. So say critics, Retzow and others; perhaps looking too fixedly on one side of the question. Certain it is, Bevern marched in peace to Silesia; found it by no means the better place it had promised to be.

Prince Karl,—Daun there as second, but Karl now the

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dominant hand,—was on the heels of Bevern, march after march. Prince Karl cut athwart him by one cunning march, in Liegnitz Country; barring him from Schweidnitz, the chief stronghold of Silesia, and to appearance from Breslau, the chief city, too. Bevern, who did not want for soldiership, when reduced to his shifts, now made a beautiful manœuvre, say the critics; struck out leftwards, namely, and crossed the Oder, as if making for Glogau, quite beyond Prince Karl's sphere of possibility, —but turned to right, not to left, when across, and got in upon Breslau from the other or east side of the River. Cunning manœuvre, if you will, and followed by cunning manœuvres: but the result is, Prince Karl has got Schweidnitz to rear, stands between Breslau and it; can besiege Schweidnitz when he likes, and no relief to it possible that will not cost a battle. A battle, thinks Friedrich, is what Bevern ought to have tried at first; a well-fought battle might have settled everything, and there was no other good likelihood in such an expedition: but now, by detaching reinforcements to this garrison and that, he has weakened himself beyond right power of fighting.[1] Schweidnitz is liable to siege; Breslau, with its poor walls and multitudinous population, can stand no siege worth mentioning; the Silesian strong places, not to speak of meal-magazines, are like to go a bad road. Quite dominant, this Prince Karl; placarding and proclaiming in all places, according to the new "Imperial Patent,"[2] That Silesia is her Imperial Majesty's again! Which seems to be fast becoming the fact;—unless contradicted better. Quick!

Bevern has now, October 1st, no manœuvre left but

[1] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, iv. 141, 150.

[2] In *Helden-Geschichte* (iv. 832, 833), Copy of it: 'Absolved from all prior Treaties by Prussian Majesty's attack on us, We' &c. &c. ('21st Sept. 1757').

to draw out of Breslau; post himself on the southern side of it, in a safe angle there, marshy Lohe in front, broad Oder to rear, Breslau at his right-hand with bread; and there entrenching himself by the best methods, wait slowly, in a sitting posture, events which are extensively on the gallop at present. One fancies, Had Winterfeld been still there! It is as brave an Army, 30,000 or more, as ever wore steel. Surely something could have been done with it;—something better than sit watching the events on full gallop all round! Bevern was a loyal, considerably skilful and valiant man; in the Battle of Lobositz, and elsewhere, we have seen him brave as a lion; but perhaps in the other kind of bravery wanted here, he—Well, his case was horribly difficult; full of intricacy. And he sat, no doubt in a very wretched state, consulting the oracles, with events (which are themselves oracular) going at such a pace.

Schweidnitz was besieged, October 26th. Nadasti, with 20,000, was set to do it; Prince Karl, with 60,000, ready to protect him; Prince Bevern asking the oracles: —what a bit of news for Friedrich; breaking suddenly the effulgency of Rossbach with a bar of ominous black! Friedrich, still in the thick of pure Saxon business, makes instant arrangement for Silesia as well: Prince Henri, with such and such corps, to maintain the Saale, and guard Saxony; Marshal Keith, with such and such, to step over into Bohemia, and raise contributions at least, and tread on the tail of the big Silesian snake: all this Friedrich settles within a week; takes certain corps of his own, effective about 13,000; and on November 13th, marches from Leipzig. Round by Torgau, by Mühlberg, Grossenhayn; by Bautzen, Weissenberg, across the Queiss, across the Bober; and so, with long marches, strides continually forward, all hearts willing, and all limbs, though

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in this sad winter weather, towards relief of Schweidnitz.

At Grossenhayn, fifth day of the march, Friedrich learns that Schweidnitz is gone. November 12th-14th, Schweidnitz went by capitulation; contrary to everybody's hope or fear; certainly a very short defence for such a fortress. Fault of the Commandant, was everybody's first thought. Not probably the best of Commandants, said others gradually; but his garrison had Saxons in it;—one day '180 of them in a lump threw 'down their arms, in the trenches, and went over to the 'Enemy.' Owing to whatsoever, the place is gone. Such towers, such curtains, star-ramparts; such an opulence of cannons, stores, munitions, a 30,000*l.* of hard cash, one item. All is gone, after a fortnight's siege. What a piece of news, as heard by Friedrich, coming at his utmost towards the scene itself! As seen by Bevern, too, in his questioning mood, it was an event of very oracular nature.

On Tuesday 14th, Schweidnitz fell; Karl, with Nadasti reunited to him, was now 80,000 odd; and lost no time. On Thursday next, *November 22d*, 1757, 'at three in the morning,' long hours before daybreak, Karl, with his 60,000, all learnedly arranged, comes rolling over upon hapless Bevern: with no end of cannonading and storm of war: *Battle of Breslau*, they call it; ruinous to Bevern. Of which we shall attempt no description; except to say, that Karl had five bridges on the Lohe, came across the Lohe by five Bridges; and that Bevern stood to his arms, steady as the rocks, to prevent his getting over, and to entertain him when over; that there were five principal attacks, renewed and re-renewed as long as needful, with torrents of shot, of death, and tumult; over six or eight miles of country, for the space of fifteen hours. Battle comparable only to Malplaquet, said the Austrians; such

a hurricane of artillery, strongly entrenched enemy, and loud doomsday of war. Did not end till nine at night; Austrians victorious, more or less, in four of their attacks or separate enterprises: that is to say, masters of the Lohe, and of the outmost Prussian villages and posts in front of the Prussian centre and right wing; victorious in that northern part;—but plainly unvictorious in the south-east or Prussian left wing,—farthest off from Breslau, and under Ziethen's command,—where they were driven across the Lohe again, and lost prisoners and cannons, or a cannon.[3]

Some of Bevern's people, grounding on this latter circumstance, and that they still held the Battlefield, or most part of it, wrote themselves victorious;—though in a dim brief manner, as if conscious of the contrary. Which indeed was the fact. At the council of war, which he summoned that evening, there were proposals of night-attack, and other fierce measures: but Bevern, rejecting the plan for a night-attack on the Austrian camp as too dubious, did, in the dark hours, through the silent streets of Breslau, withdraw himself across the Oder, instead; leaving 80 cannon, and 8,000 killed and wounded; an evidently beaten man and Army. And indeed did straightway disappear personally altogether, as no longer equal to events. Rode out, namely, to reconnoitre in the gray of his second sad morning, on this new Bank of the Oder; saw little except gray mist; but rode into a Croat outpost, only one poor groom attending him; and was there made prisoner:—intentionally, thought mankind; intentionally, thinks Friedrich, who was very angry with the poor man.[4]

[3] In Seyfarth, Three Accounts; *Beylagen*, ii. 198, 221, 234 et seq.

[4] Preuss, ii. 102. More exact in Kutzen, *Der Tag von Leuthen* (Breslau, 1857,—an excellent exact little Compilation, from manifold sources well studied), pp. 166-169, date '24th November.'

24th Nov. 1757.

The poor man was carried to Vienna, if readers care to know; but being a near Cousin there (second-cousin, no less, to the late Empress-Mother), was by the high now-reigning Empress-Queen received in a charmingly gracious manner, and sent home again without ransom. "To Stettin!" beckoned Friedrich sternly from the distance, and would not see him at all: "To Stettin, I say, your official post in time of peace! Command me the invalid Garrison there; you are fit for nothing better!"—I will add one other thing, which unhappily will seem strange to readers: that there came no whisper of complaint from Bevern; mere silence, and loyal industry with his poor means, from Bevern; and that he proved heroically useful in Stettin two years hence, against the Swedes, against the Russians in the Siege-of-Colberg time; and gained Friedrich's favour again, with other good results. Which I observe was a common method with Prussian Generals and soldiers, when, unjustly or justly, they fell into trouble of this kind; and a much better one than that of complaining in the Newspapers, and demanding Commissions of Inquiry, presided over by Chaos and the Fourth-Estate, now is.

Bevern being with the Croats, the Prussian Army falls to General Kyau, as next in rank; who (directly in the teeth of fierce orders that are speeding hither for Bevern and him) marches away, leaving Breslau to its fate; and making towards Glogau, as the one sure point in this wreck of things. And Prince Karl, that same day, goes upon Breslau; which is in no case to resist and be bombarded: so that poor old General Lestwitz, the Prussian Commandant,—always thought to be a valiant old gentleman, but who had been wounded in the late Action, and was blamably discouraged,—took the terms offered, and surrendered without firing a gun. Garrison and he to

march out, in 'Free Withdrawal;' these are the terms: Garrison was 4,000 and odd, mostly Silesian recruits; but there marched hardly 500 out with poor Lestwitz; the Silesian recruits,—persuaded by conceivable methods, that they were to be prisoners of war, and that, in short, Austria was now come to be king again, and might make inquiry into men's conduct,—found it safer to take service with Austria, to vanish into holes in Breslau or where they could; and, for instance, one regiment (or battalion, let us hide the name of it), on marching through the Gate, consisted only of nine chief officers and four men.[5]

There were lost 98 pieces of cannon; endless magazines, and stores of war. A Breslau scandalously gone;—a Breslau preaching next day (26th, which was Sunday), in certain of its churches, especially Cardinal Schaffgotsch in the Dom Insel doing it, Thanksgiving Sermons, as per order, with unction real or official, "That our ancient sovereigns are restored to us:" which Sermons,—except in the Schaffgotsch case, Prince Karl and the high Catholic world all there in gala,—were 'sparsely attended,' say my authors. The Austrians are at the top of their pride; and consider full surely that Silesia is theirs, though Friedrich were here twice over. "What is Friedrich? We beat him at Kolin. His Prussians at Zittau, at Moys, at Breslau in the new Malplaquet, were we beaten by them? Hnh!"—and snort (in the Austrian messrooms), and snap their fingers at Friedrich and his coming.

It was at Görlitz (scene of poor Winterfeld's death) that Friedrich, 'on November 23d, the tenth day of his march,' first got rumour of the Breslau Malplaquet: "endless cannonading heard thereabouts all yesterday!" said

[5] Müller, *Schlacht bei Leuthen* (Berlin, 1857,—professedly a mere abridgment and shadow of *Kutzen:* unindexed like it), p. 12 (with name and particulars).

rumour from the east,—more and more steadily, as Friedrich hastened forward;—and that it was "a victory for Bevern." Till, at Naumburg on the Queiss, he gets the actual tidings: Bevern gone to the Croats, Breslau going, Kyau marching vague; and what kind of victory it was.

Ever from Grossenhayn onwards there had been message on message, more and more rigorous, precise, and indignant, "Do this, do that; your Dilection shall answer it with your head!"—not one message of which reached his Dilection, till Dilection and Fate (such the gallop of events) had done the contrary: and now Dilection and his head have made a finish of it. "No," answers Friedrich to himself; "not till we are all finished!"—and pushes on, he too, like a kind of Fate. "What does or can he mean, then?" say the Austrians, with scornful astonishment, and think his head must be turning: "Will he beat us out of Silesia with his Potsdam Guard-Parade, then?" "*Potsdamsche Wacht-Parade:*"—so they denominate his small Army; and are very mirthful in their messrooms. "I will attack them, if they stood on the Zobtenberg, if they stood on the steeples of Breslau!" said Friedrich; and tramped diligently forward. Day after day, as the real tidings arrive, his outlook in Silesia is becoming darker and darker: a sternly dark march this altogether. Prince Karl has thrown a garrison into Liegnitz on Friedrich's road; Prince Karl lies encamped with Breslau at his back; has above 80,000 when fully gathered; and reigns supreme in those parts. Darker march there seldom was: all black save a light that burns in one heart, refusing to be quenched till death.

Friedrich sends orders that Kyau shall be put in arrest; that Ziethen shall be general of the Bevern wreck, shall bring it round by Glogau, and rendezvous with Friedrich at a place and day,—Parchwitz, 2d of December coming;

—and be steady, my old Ziethen. Friedrich brushes past the Liegnitz Garrison, leaves Liegnitz and it a trifle to the right; arrives at Parchwitz, November 28th; and there rests, or at least his weary troops do, till Ziethen come up; the King not very restful, with so many things to prearrange; a life or death crisis now nigh. Well, it is but death; and death has been fronted before now! We who are after the event, on the safe sunny side of it, can form small image of the horrors, and the inward dubieties, to him who is passing through it;—and how Hope is needed to shine heroically eternal in some hearts. Fire of Hope, that does not issue in mere blazings, mad audacities and chaotic despair, but advances with its eyes open, measuredly, counting its steps, to the wrestling-place,—this is a godlike thing; much available to mankind in all the battles they have; battles with steel, or of whatever sort.

Friedrich, at Parchwitz, assembled his Captains, and spoke to them; it was the night after Ziethen came in, night of December 3d, 1757; and Ziethen, no doubt, was there: for it is an authentic meeting, this at Parchwitz, and the words were taken down.

Friedrich's Speech to his Generals (Parchwitz, 3d December 1757).[6]

"It is not unknown to you, *Meine Herren*, what dis-
" asters have befallen here, while we were busy with the
" French and Reichs Army. Schweidnitz is gone; Duke
" of Bevern beaten; Breslau gone, and all our war-stores
" there; good part of Silesia gone: and, in fact, my em-
" barrassments would be at the insuperable pitch, had
" not I boundless trust in you, and your qualities, which
" have been so often manifested, as soldiers and sons of
" your Country. Hardly one among you but has distin-

[6] From *Retzow*, i. 240-242 (slightly abridged).

3d–5th Dec. 1757.

"guished himself by some nobly memorable action: all "these services to the State and me I know well, and "will never forget.

"I flatter myself, therefore, that, in this case too, "nothing will be wanting which the State has a right to "expect of your valour. The hour is at hand. I should "think I had done nothing, if I left the Austrians in pos- "session of Silesia. Let me apprise you, then: I intend, "in spite of the Rules of Art, to attack Prince Karl's "Army, which is nearly thrice our strength, wherever "I find it. The question is not of his numbers, or the "strength of his position: all this, by courage, by the "skill of our methods, we will try to make good. This "step I must risk, or everything is lost. We must beat "the enemy, or perish all of us before his batteries. So "I read the case; so I will act in it.

"Make this my determination known to all Officers "of the Army; prepare the men for what work is now "to ensue, and say that I hold myself entitled to demand "exact fulfilment of orders. For you, when I reflect that "you are Prussians, can I think that you will act un- "worthily? But if there should be one or another who "dreads to share all dangers with me, he,"—continued his Majesty, with an interrogative look, and then pausing for answer, "can have his Discharge this evening, and "shall not suffer the least reproach from me."—Modest strong bass murmur; meaning "No, by the Eternal!" if you looked into the eyes and faces of the group. Never will Retzow Junior forget that scene, and how effulgently eloquent the veteran physiognomies were.

"Hah, I knew it," said the King, with his most radiant smile, "none of you would desert me! I depend on your "help, then; and on victory as sure."—The speech winds up with a specific passage: "The Cavalry regiment that

"does not on the instant, on order given, dash full plunge "into the enemy, I will, directly after the Battle, un- "horse, and make it a Garrison regiment. The Infantry "battalion which, meet with what it may, shows the least "sign of hesitating, loses its colours and its sabres, and I "cut the trimmings from its uniform! Now good night, "Gentlemen: shortly we have either beaten the Enemy, "or we never see one another again."

An excellent temper in this Army; a rough vein of heroism in it, steady to the death;—and plenty of hope in it too, hope in Vater Fritz. "Never mind," the soldiers used to say, in John Duke of Marlborough's time, "Corporal John will get us through it!"—That same evening Friedrich rode into the Camp, where the regiments he had were now all gathered, out of their cantonments, to march on the morrow. First regiment he came upon was the Life-Guard Cuirassiers: the men, in their accustomed way, gave him good evening, which he cheerily returned. Some of the more veteran sort asked, ruggedly confidential, as well as loyal: "What is thy news, then, so late?" "Good news, children (*Kinder*): tomorrow you will beat the Austrians tightly!" "That we will, by—!" answered they.—"But think only where they stand yonder, and how they have entrenched themselves?" said Friedrich. "And if they had the Devil in front and all round them, we will knock them out; only thou lead us on!"—"Well, I will see what you can do: now lay you down, and sleep sound; and good sleep to you." "Good night, Fritz!" answer all;[7] as Fritz ambles on to the next regiment, to which, as to every one, he will have some word.

Was it the famous Pommern regiment, this that he next spoke to,—who answered Loudon's summons to them once (as shall be noticed by and by) in a way in-

[7] Müller, p. 21.

effable, though unforgettable? Manteuffel of Foot; yes, no other![8] They have their own opinion of their capacities against an enemy, and do not want for a good conceit of themselves. "Well, children, how think you it will be tomorrow? They are twice as strong as we." "Never thou mind that; there are no Pommerners among them; thou knowest what the Pommerners can do!"—*Friedrich:* "Yea, truly, that do I; otherwise I durst not risk the battle. Now good sleep to you; tomorrow, then, we shall either have beaten the Enemy or else be all dead." "Yea," answered the whole regiment; "dead, or else the Enemy beaten:" and so went to deep sleep, preface to a deeper for many of them,—as beseems brave men. In this world it much beseems the brave man, uncertain about so many things, to be certain of himself for one thing.

These snatches of Camp Dialogue, much more the Speech preserved to us by Retzow Junior, appear to be true; though as to the dates, the circumstances, there has been debating.[9] Other Anecdotes, dubious or more, still float about in quantity;—of which let us give only one; that of the Deserter (which has merit as a myth). "What made thee desert, then?" "Hm, alas, your Majesty, we were got so down in the world, and had such a time of it!"—"Well, try it one day more; and if we cannot mend matters, thou and I will both desert."

A learned Doctor, one of the most recent on these matters, is astonished why the Histories of Friedrich should be such dreary reading, and Friedrich himself so prosaic, barren an object; and lays the blame upon the Age, insensible to real greatness; led away by claptrap Napoleonisms, regardless of expense. Upon which Smelfungus takes him up, with a twitch:

[8] Archenholtz, ii. 61; and Kutzen, p. 35. [9] Kutzen, pp. 175-181.

'To my sad mind, Herr Doctor, it seems ascribable rather to 'the Dryasdust of these Ages, especially to the Prussian Dryasdust, 'sitting comfortable in his Academies, waving sublimely his long 'ears as he tramples human Heroisms into unintelligible pipeclay 'and dreary continents of sand and cinders, with the Doctors all 'applauding.

'Had the sacred Poet, or man of real Human Genius, been at 'his work, for the thousand years last past, instead of idly fiddling 'far away from his work,—which surely is definable as being very 'mainly, That of *interpreting* human Heroisms; of painfully ex- 'tricating, and extorting from the circumambient chaos of muddy 'babble, rumour and mendacity, some not inconceivable human and 'divine Image of them, more and more clear, complete and credible 'for mankind (poor mankind dumbly looking up to him for guid- 'ance, as to what it shall think of God and of Men in this Scene of 'Things);—I calculate, we should by this time have had a different 'Friedrich of it; O Heavens, a different world of it, in so many 'respects!

'My esteemed Herr Doctor, it is too painful a subject. Godlike 'fabulous Achilles, and the old Greek Kings of men, one perceives, 'after study, to be dim enough Grazier Sovereigns, "living among 'infinite dung," till their sacred Poet extricated them. And our '*un*sacred all-desecrating Dryasdust,—Herr Doctor, I must say, it 'fills me with despair! Authentic human Heroisms, not fabulous 'a whit, but true to the bone, and by all appearance very much 'nobler than those of godlike Achilles and pious Æneas ever could 'have been,—left in this manner, trodden under foot of man and 'beast; man and beast alike insensible that there is anything but 'common mud under foot, and grateful to anybody that will assure 'them there is nothing. Oh Doctor, oh Doctor! And the results 'of it—You need not go exclusively "to France" to look at them. 'They are too visible in the so-called "Social Hierarchies," and 'sublime gilt Doggeries, sacred and secular, of all Modern Coun- 'tries! Let us be silent, my friend.'—

'Prussian Dryasdust,' he says elsewhere, 'does make a terrible 'job of it; especially when he attempts to weep through his pipe- 'clay, or rise with his long ears into the moral sublime. As to the 'German People, I find that they dimly have not wanted sensibility 'to Friedrich; that their multitudes of Anecdotes, still circulating

'among them in print and *viva voce*, are proof of this. Thereby 'they have at least made a *Myth* of Friedrich's History, and given 'some rhythmus, life and cheerful human substantiality to his work 'and him. Accept these Anecdotes as the Epic *they* could not write 'of him, but were longing to hear from somebody who could. Who 'has not yet appeared among mankind, nor will for some time. 'Alas, my friend, on piercing through the bewildering nimbus of 'babble, malignity, mendacity, which veils sevenfold the Face of 'Friedrich from us, and getting to see some glimpses of the Face 'itself, one is sorrowfully struck dumb once more. What a suicidal 'set of creatures; commanding as with one voice, That there shall 'be no Heroism more among them; that all shall be Doggery and 'Commonplace henceforth. "*Ach, mein lieber Sulzer*, you don't "know that damned brood!"—Well, well. "Solomon's Temple," 'the Moslem say, "had to be built under the chirping of ten thou- 'sand Sparrows." Ten thousand of them; committee of the whole 'house, unanimously of the opposite view;—and could not quite 'hinder it. That too is something!'—

More to our immediate purpose is this other thing: That the Austrians have been in Council of War; and, on deliberation, have decided to come out of their defences; to quit their strong Camp, which lies so eligibly, ahead of Breslau and arear of Lissa and of Schweidnitz Water yonder; to cross Schweidnitz Water, leave Lissa behind them; and meet this offensively aggressive Friedrich in pitched fight. Several had voted, No, why stir?—Daun especially, and others with emphasis. "No need of fighting at all," said Daun: "we can defend Schweidnitz Water; ruin him before he ever get across." "Defend? Be assaulted by an Army like his?" urges Lucchesi, the other Chief General: "It is totally unworthy of us! We have gained the game; all the honours ours; let us have done with it. Give him battle, since he fortunately wishes it; we finish him, and gloriously finish the War too!" So argued Lucchesi, with vivacity, per-

sistency,—to his own ill luck, but evidently with approval from Prince Karl. Everybody sees, this is the way to Prince Karl's favour at present. "Have not I reconquered Silesia?" thinks Prince Karl to himself; and beams applause on the high course, not the low prudent one.[10] In a word, the Austrians decide on stepping out to meet Friedrich in open battle: it was the first time they ever did so; and it was likewise the last.

Sunday, December 4th, at four in the morning, Friedrich has marched from Parchwitz, straight towards the Austrian Camp;[11] he hears, one can fancy with what pleasure, that the Austrians are advancing towards him, and will not need to be forced in their strong position. His march is in four columns, Friedrich in the vanguard; quarters to be Neumarkt, a little Town about fourteen miles off. Within some miles of Neumarkt, early in the afternoon, he learns that there are a thousand Croats in the place, the Austrian Bakery at work there, and engineer people marking out an Austrian Camp. "On the Height beyond Neumarkt, that will be?" thinks Friedrich; for he knows this ground, having often done reviews here; to Breslau all the way on both hands, not a rood of it but is familiar to him. Which was a singular advantage, say the critics; and a point the Austrian Council of War should have taken more thought of.

Friedrich, before entering Neumarkt, sends a regiment to ride quietly round it on both sides, and to seize that Height he knows of. Height once seized, or ready for seizing, he bursts the barrier of Neumarkt; dashes in upon the thousand Croats; flings out the Croats in extreme hurry, musketry and sabre acting on them; they find their Height beset, their retreat cut off, and that

[10] Kutzen, pp. 45-48.

[11] Müller, p. 26.

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they must vanish. Of the 1,000 Croats, '569 were taken prisoners, and 120 slain,' in this unexpected sweeping out of Neumarkt. Better still, in Neumarkt is found the Austrian Bakery, set up and in full work;—delivers you 80,000 bread-rations hot and hot, which little expected to go such a road. On the Height, the Austrian stakes and engineer-tools were found sticking in the ground; so hasty had the flight been.

How Prince Karl came to expose his Bakery, his staff of life so far ahead of him? Prince Karl, it is clear, was a little puffed up with high thoughts at this time. The capture of Schweidnitz, the late "Malplaquet" (poorish Anti-Bevern Malplaquet), capture of Breslau, and the low and lost condition of Friedrich's Silesian affairs, had more or less turned everybody's head,—everybody's except Feldmarschall Daun's alone:—and witty mess-tables, we already said, were in the daily habit of mocking at Friedrich's march towards them with aggressive views, and called his insignificant little Army the "Potsdam Guard-Parade."[12] That was the common triumphant humour; naturally shared in by Prince Karl; the ready way to flatter him being to sing in that tune. Nobody otherwise can explain, and nobody in anywise can justify, Prince Karl's ignorance of Friedrich's advance, his almost voluntary losing of his staff of life in that manner.

Prince Karl's soldiers have each (in the cold form) three-days provision in their haversacks: they have come across the Weistritz River (more commonly called Schweidnitz Water), which was also the height of contemptuous imprudence; and lie encamped, this night,—in long line, not ill chosen (once the River *is* behind),—perpendicular to Friedrich's march, some ten miles ahead of him. Since crossing, they had learned with surprise,

[12] Cogniazo, ii. 417-422.

How their Bakery and Croats had been snapt up; that Friedrich was not at a distance, but near;—and that arrangements could not be made too soon! Their position intersects the Great Road at right angles, as we hint; and has villages, swamps, woody knolls; especially, on each wing, good defences. Their right wing leans on Nypern and its impassable peatbogs, a Village two or three miles north from the Great Road; their centre is close behind another Village called Leuthen, about as far south from it: length of their bivouac is about five miles; which will become six or so, had Nadasti once taken post, who is to form the left wing, and go down as far as Sagschütz, southward of Leuthen.* Seven battalions are in this Village of Leuthen, eight in Nypern, all the Villages secured; woods, scraggy abatis, redoubts, not forgotten: their cannon are numerous, though of light calibre. Friedrich has at least 71 heavy pieces; and 10 of them are formidably heavy,—brought from the walls of Glogau, with terrible labour to Ziethen; but with excellent effect, on this occasion and henceforth. They got the name of "Boomers, Bellowers (*Die Brummer*)," those Ten. Friedrich was in great straits about artillery; and Retzow Senior recommended this hauling up of the Ten Bellowers, which became celebrated in the years coming. And now we are on the Battle-ground, and must look into the Battle itself, if we can.

* Plan at p. 260.

5th Dec. 1757.

CHAPTER X.

BATTLE OF LEUTHEN.

FROM Neumarkt, on Monday, long before day, the Prussians, all but a small party left there to guard the Bakery and Army Properties, are out again; in four columns; towards what may lie ahead. Friedrich, as usual in such cases, for obvious reasons, rides with the vanguard. To Borne, the first Village on the Highway, is some seven or eight miles. The air is damp, the dim incipiences of dawn struggling among haze; a little way on this side Borne, we come on ranks of cavalry drawn across the Highway, stretching right and left into the dim void: Austrian Army this, then? Push up to it; see what it is, at least.

It proves to be poor General Nostitz, with his three Saxon regiments of dragoons, famous since Kolin day, and a couple of Hussar regiments, standing here as outpost;—who ought to have been more alert; but they could not see through the dark, and so, instead of catching, are caught. The Prussians fall upon them, front and flank, tumble them into immediate wreck; drive the whole outpost at full gallop home, through Borne, upon Nypern and the right wing,—without news except of this symbolical sort. Saxon regiments are quite ruined, '540 of them prisoners' (poor Nostitz himself not prisoner, but wounded to death[1]); and the ground clear in this quarter.

[1] Died in Breslau, the twelfth day after (Seyfarth, ii. 362).

Friedrich, on the farther side of Borne, calls halt, till the main body arrive; rides forward, himself and staff, to the highest of a range or suite of knolls, some furlongs ahead; sees there in full view, far and wide, the Austrians drawn up before him. From Nypern to Sagschütz yonder; miles in length; and so distinct, while the light mended and the hazes faded, 'that you could have counted them' (through your glasses), 'man by man.' A highly interesting sight to Friedrich; who continues there in the profoundest study, and calls up some horse regiments of the vanguard to maintain this Height and the range of Heights running south from it. And there, I think, the King is mainly to be found, looking now at the Austrians, now at his own people, for some three hours to come. His plan of Battle is soon clear to him: Nypern, with its bogs and scrags, on the Austrian right wing, is tortuous impossible ground, as he well remembers, no good prospect for us there: better ground for us on their left yonder, at Leuthen, even at Sagschütz farther south, whither they are stretching themselves. Attempt their left wing; try our "Oblique Order" upon that, with all the skill that is in us; perhaps we can do it rightly this time, and prosper accordingly! That is Friedrich's plan of action. The four columns once got to Borne, shall fall into two; turn to the right, and go southward, ever southward:—they are to become our two Lines of Battle, were they once got to the right point southward. Well opposite Sagschütz, that will be the point for facing to left, and marching up,—in "Oblique Order," with the utmost faculty they have!*

'The Oblique Order, *Schräge Stellung*,' let the hasty reader pause to understand, 'is an old plan practised by Epaminondas, and 'revived by Friedrich,—who has tried it in almost all his Battles

* See Sketch of Plan, p. 260 *a*.

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'more or less, from Hohenfriedberg forward to Prag, Kolin, Ross-'bach; but never could, in all points, get it rightly done till now, 'at Leuthen, in the highest time of need. "It is a particular man-"œuvre," says Archenholtz, rather sergeant-wise, "which indeed "other troops are now" (1793) "in the habit of imitating; but "which, up to this present time, none but Prussian troops can "execute with the precision and velocity indispensable to it. You "divide your line into many pieces; you can push these forward "stair-wise, so that they shall halt close to one another," obliquely, 'to either hand; "and so, on a minimum of ground, bring your "mass of men to the required point at the required angle. Fried-"rich invented this mode of getting into position; by its close "ranking, by its depth, and the manner of movement used, it had "some resemblance to the Macedonian Phalanx,"—chiefly in the 'latter point, I should guess; for when arrived at its place, it is 'no deeper than common. "Forming itself in this way, a mass of "troops takes up in proportion very little ground; and it shows in "the distance, by reason of the mixed uniforms and standards, a to-"tally chaotic mass of men heaped on one another," going in rapid 'mazes this way and that. "But it needs only that the Commander "lift his finger; instantly this living coil of knotted intricacies deve-"lops itself in perfect order, and with a speed like that of mountain "rivers, when the ice breaks,"—is upon its Enemy.[2]

'Your Enemy is ranked as here, in long line, three or two to 'one. You march towards him, but keep him uncertain as to how 'you will attack; then do on a sudden march up, not parallel to 'him, but oblique, at an angle of 45°,—swift, vehement, in over-'powering numbers, on the wing you have chosen. Roll that wing 'together, ruined, in upon its own line, you may roll the whole five 'miles of line into disorder and ruin, and always be in overpower-'ing number at the point of dispute. Provided, only, you are swift 'enough about it, sharp enough! But extraordinary swiftness, sharp-'ness, precision is the indispensable condition;—by no means try it 'otherwise; none but Prussians, drilled by an Old Dessauer, capable 'of doing it. This is the *Schräge Ordnung*, about which there 'has been such commentating and controversying among military 'people: whether Friedrich invented it, whether Cæsar did it, how

[2] Archenholtz, i. 209.

'Epaminondas, how Alexander at Arbela; how'—Which shall not in the least concern us on this occasion.

The four columns rustled themselves into two, and turned southward on the two sides of Borne;—southward henceforth, for about two hours; as if straight towards the Magic Mountain, the Zobtenberg, far off, which is conspicuous over all that region. Their steadiness, their swiftness and exactitude were unsurpassable. 'It was a 'beautiful sight,' says Tempelhof, an Eyewitness: 'The 'heads of the columns were constantly on the same level, 'and at the distance necessary for forming; all flowed on 'exact, as if in a review. And you could read in the 'eyes of our brave troops the noble temper they were 'in.'[3] I know not at what point of their course, or for how long, but it was from the column nearest him, which is to be first line, that the King heard, borne on the winds amid their field-music, as they marched there, the sound of Psalms,—many-voiced melody of a Church Hymn, well known to him; which had broken out, band accompanying, among those otherwise silent men. The fact is very certain, very strange to me: details not very precise, except that here, as specimen, is a verse of their Hymn:

'Grant that with zeal and skill, this day, I do
'What me to do behoves, what thou command'st me to;
'Grant that I do it sharp, at point of moment fit,
'And when I do it, grant me good success in it.'

'*Gieb dass ich thu' mit Fleiss was mir zu thun gebühret,*
'*Wozu mich dein Befehl in meinem Stande führet,*
'*Gieb dass ich's thue bald, zu der Zeit da ich's soll;*
'*Und wenn ich's thu', so gieb dass es gerathe wohl.*'[4]

One has heard the voice of waters, one has paused in the mountains at the voice of far-off Covenanter psalms; but a

[3] Tempelhof, i. 288, 287.

[4] '*Hymn-Book* of Porst' (Prussian Sternhold-and-Hopkins), 'p. 689:' cited in Preuss, ii. 107.

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voice like this, breaking the commanded silences, one has not heard. "Shall we order that to cease, your Majesty?" "By no means," said the King; whose hard heart seems to have been touched by it, as might well be. Indeed there is in him, in those grim days, a tone as of trust in the Eternal, as of real religious piety and faith, scarcely noticeable elsewhere in his History. His religion, and he had in withered forms a good deal of it, if we will look well, being almost always in a strictly voiceless state,—nay, ultra-voiceless, or voiced the wrong way, as is too well known. "By no means!" answered he; and a moment after, said to some one, Ziethen probably: "With men like these, don't you think I shall have victory this day!"

The loss of their Saxon Forepost proved more important to the Austrians than it seemed;—not computable in prisoners, or killed and wounded. The Height named Scheuberg,—"Borne Rise" (so we might call it, which has got its Pillar of memorial since, with gilt Victory atop[5]);—where Friedrich now is and where the Austrians are not, is at once a screen and a point of vision to Friedrich. By loss of their Nostitz Forepost, they had lost view of Friedrich, and never could recover view of him; could not for hours learn distinctly what he was about; and when he did come in sight again, it was in a most unexpected place! On the farther side of Borne, edge of the big expanse of open country there, Friedrich has halted; ridden with his adjutants to the top of "the Scheuberg (Shy-*hill*)," as the Books call it, though it is more properly a blunt Knoll or "Rise,"—the nearest of a Chain of Knolls, or swells in the ground, which runs from north to south on that part.

Except the Zobtenberg, rising blue and massive, on the southern horizon (famous mythologic Mountain, re-

[5] Not till 1854 (Kutzen, pp. 194, 195).

minding you of an *Arthur's Seat* in shape too, only bigger and solitary), this Country, for many miles round, has nothing that could be called a Hill; it is definable as a bare wide-waving champaign, with slight bumps on it, or slow heavings and sinkings. Country mostly under culture, though it is of sandy quality; one or two sluggish brooks in it; and reedy meres or mires, drained in our day. It is dotted with Hamlets of the usual kind; and has patches of scraggy fir. Your horizon, even where bare, is limited, owing to the wavy heavings of the ground; windmills and church-belfries are your only resource, and even these, from about Leuthen and the Austrian position, leave the Borne quarter mostly invisible to you. Leuthen Belfry, the same which may have stood a hundred years before this Battle, ends in a small tile-roof, open only at the gables:—'Leuthen Belfry,' says a recent Tourist, 'is 'of small resource for a view. To south you can see some 'distance, Sagschütz, Lobetintz, and other Hamlets, amid 'scraggy fir-patches, and meadows, once miry pools; but 'to north, you are soon shut in by a swell or slow rise, 'with two windmills upon it' (important to readers at present); 'and to eastward' (Breslau side and Lissa side), 'or to westward' (Friedrich's side), 'one has no view, ex-'cept of the old warped rafters and their old mouldy tiles 'within few inches; or, if by audacious efforts at each 'end, to the risk of your neck, you get a transient peep, 'it is stopt, far short of Borne, by the slow irregular 'heavings, with or without fir about them.'[6]

In short, Friedrich keeps possession of that Borne ridge of Knolls, escorted by Cavalry in good numbers; twinkling about in an enigmatic way:—"Prussian right wing yonder," think the Austrians; "whitherward, or what can they mean?"—and keeps his own columns and

[6] Tourist's Note, *penes me.*

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the Austrian lines in view; himself and his movements invisible, or worse, to the Austrian Generals from any spyglass or conjecture they can employ.

The Austrian Generals are in windmills, on church-belfries, here, there; diligently scanning the abstruse phenomenon, of which so little can be seen. Daun, who had always been against this adventure, thinks it probable the vanished Prussians are retiring southward: for Bohemia and our Magazines probably. "These good people are smuggling off (*Die guten Leute paschen ab*)," said he: "let them go in peace."[7] Daun, that morning, in his reconnoiterings, had asked of a peasant, "What is that, then?" (meaning the top of a Village-steeple in the distance, but thought by the peasant to be meaning something nearer hand). "That is the Hill our King chases the Austrians over, when he is reviewing here!" Which Daun reported at head-quarters with a grin.[8]

Lucchesi, on the other hand, scanning those Borne Hills, and the Cavalry of Friedrich's escort twinkling hither and thither on them, becomes convinced to a moral certainty, That yonder is the Prussian Vanguard, probable extremity of left wing; and that he, Lucchesi, here at Nypern, is to be attacked. "Attacked, you?" said one Montazet, French Agent or Emissary here: "unless they were snipes, it is impossible!" But Lucchesi saw it too well.

He sends to say that such is the evident fact, and that he, Lucchesi, is not equal to it, but must have large reinforcement of Horse to his right wing. "Tush!" answer Prince Karl and Daun; and return only argument, verbal consolation, to distressed Lucchesi. Lucchesi sends a second message, more passionately pressing, to the like effect; also with the like return. Upon which he sends

[7] Müller, p. 36. [8] Nicolai, *Anekdoten*, iv. 34.

a third message, quite passionate: "If Cavalry do not come, I will not be responsible for the issue!" And now Daun does collect the required reinforcement; 'all the reserve of Horse, and a great many from the left wing;' —and, Daun himself heading them, goes off at a swift trot; to look into Lucchesi and his distresses, three or four miles to right, five or six from where the danger lies. Now is Friedrich's golden moment.

Wending always south, on their western or invisible side of those Knolls, Friedrich's people have got to about the level, or *latitude* as we might call it, of Nadasti's left. To Radaxdorf, namely, to Lobetintz, or still farther south, and perhaps a mile to west of Nadasti. Friedrich has mounted to Lobetintz Windmill; and judges that the time is come. Daun and Cavalry once gone to support their right wing, and our south latitude being now sufficient, Friedrich, swift as Prussian manœuvering can do it, falls with all his strength upon their left wing. Forms in oblique order,—horse, foot, artillery, all perfect in their paces; and comes streaming over the Knolls at Sagschütz, suddenly like a fire-deluge on Nadasti, who had charge there, and was expecting no such adventure! How Friedrich did the forming in oblique order was at that time a mystery known only to Friedrich and his Prussians: but soldiers of all countries, gathering the secret from him, now understand it, and can learnedly explain it to such as are curious. Will readers take a touch more of the *Drill-Sergeant?*

'You go stair-wise (*en échelon*),' says he: 'first bat-
'talion starts, second stands immovable till the first have
'done fifty steps; at the fifty-first, second battalion also
'steps along; third waiting for *its* fifty-first step. First
'battalion' (rightmost battalion or leftmost, as the case may be; rightmost in this Leuthen case) 'doing fifty

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'steps before the next stirs, and each battalion in suc-'cession punctually doing the same:' march along on these terms,—or halt at either end, while you advance at the other,—it is evident you will swing yourself out of the parallel position into any degree of obliquity. And furthermore, merely by halting and facing half-round at the due intervals, you shove yourself to right or to left as required (always to right in this Leuthen case): and so,—provided you *can* march as a pair of compasses would,—you will, in the given number of minutes, impinge upon your Enemy's extremity at the required angle, and overlap him to the required length: whereupon, At him, in flank, in front, and rear, and see if he can stand it! 'A beautiful manœuvre,' says Captain Archenholtz; 'devised by Friedrich,' by Friedrich inheriting Epaminondas and the Old Dessauer; 'and which, 'perhaps, only Friedrich's men, to this day, could do 'with the requisite perfection.'

Nadasti, a skilful War-Captain, especially with Horse, was beautifully posted about Sagschütz; his extreme left folded up *en potence* there (elbow of it at Sagschütz, fore-arm of it running to Gohlau eastward); potence ending in firwood Knolls with Croat musketeers, in ditches, ponds, difficult ground, especially towards Gohlau. He has a strong battery, 14 pieces, on the Height to rear of him, at the angle or elbow of his potence; strong abatis, well manned in front to rightwards: upon this, and upon the Croats in the firwood, the Prussians intend their attack. General Wedell is there, Prince Moritz as chief, with six battalions, and their batteries, battery of 10 Brummers and another; Ziethen also and Horse: coming on, in swift fire-flood, and at an angle of forty-five degrees. Most unexpected, strange

to behold! From south-west yonder; about one o'clock of the day.

Nadasti, though astonished at the Prussian fire-deluge, stands to his arms; makes, in front, vigorous defence; and even takes, in some sort, the initiative,—that is, dashes out his Cavalry on Ziethen, before Ziethen has charged. Ziethen's Horse, who are rightmost of the Prussians, and are bare to the right,—ground offering no bush, no brook there (though Ziethen, foreseeing such defect, has a clump of infantry near by to mend it),—reel back under this first shock, coming downhill upon them; and would have fared badly, had not the clump of infantry instantly opened fire on the Nadasti visitors, and poured it in such floods upon them, that they, in their turn, had to reel back. Back they, well out of range;—and leave Ziethen free for a counter-attack shortly, on easier terms, which was successful to him. For, during that first tussle of his, the Prussian Infantry, to left of Ziethen, has attacked the Sagschütz Firwood; clears that of Croats; attacks Nadasti's line, breaks it, their Brummer battery potently assisting, and the rage of Wedell and everybody being extreme. So that, in spite of the fine ground, Nadasti is in a bad way, on the extreme left or outmost point of his *potence*, or tactical *knee*. Round the kneepan or angle of his *potence*, where is the abatis, he fares still worse. Abatis, beswept by those ten Brummers and other Batteries, till bullet and bayonet can act on it, speedily gives way. "They were mere Würtemburgers, these; and could not stand!" cried the Austrians apologetically, at a great rate, afterwards; as if anybody could well have stood.

Indisputably the Würtemburgers and the abatis are gone; and the Brandenburgers, storming after them, storm Nadasti's interior battery of 14 pieces; and Na-

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dasti's affairs are rapidly getting desperate in this quarter. Figure Prince Karl's scouts, galloping madly to recal that Daun Cavalry! Austrian Battalions, plenty of them, rush down to help Nadasti; but they are met by the crowding fugitives, the chasing Prussians; are themselves thrown into disorder, and can do no good whatever. They arrive on the ground, flurried, blown; have not the least time to take breath and order: the fewest of them ever got fairly ranked, none of them ever stood above one push: all goes rolling wildly back upon the centre about Leuthen. Chaos come on us;—and all for mere lack of time: could Nadasti but once stretch out one minute into twenty! But he cannot. Nadasti does not himself lose head; skilfully covers the retreat, trying to rally once and again. Not for the first few furlongs, till the ditches, till the firwood, quagmires are all done, could Zicthen, now on the open ground, fairly hew in; 'take whole battalions prisoners;' drive the crowd in an altogether stormy manner; and wholly confound the matter in this part.

Prince Karl, his messengers flying madly, has struggled as man seldom did to put himself in some posture about Leuthen, to get up some defences there. Leuthen itself, the churchyard of it especially, is on the defensive. Men are bringing cannon to the windmills, to the swelling ground on the north side of Leuthen; they dig ditches, build batteries,—could they but make Time halt, and Friedrich with him, for one quarter of an hour! But they cannot. By the extreme of diligence, the Austrians have in some measure swung themselves into a new position, or imperfect Line round Leuthen as a centre,—Lucchesi, voluntarily or by order, swinging southwards on the one hand; Nadasti swinging northwards by compulsion;—new Line at an angle say of 75° to the old one.

And here, for an hour more, there was stiff fighting, the stiffest of the day;—of which, take one direct glimpse, from the Austrian side, furnished by a Young Gentleman famous afterwards:

Leuthen, let us premise, is a long Hamlet of the usual littery sort; with two rows, in some parts three, of farm-houses, barns, cattle-stalls; with Church, or even with two Churches, a Protestant and a Catholic; goes from east to west above a mile in length. With the wrecks of Nadasti tumbling into it pell-mell from the south-east, and Lucchesi desperately endeavouring to swing round from the north-west, not quite incoherently, and the Prussian fire-storm for accompaniment, Leuthen is probably the most chaotic place in the Planet Earth, during that hour or so (from half-past two to half-past three) while the agony lasted. At one o'clock Nadasti was attacked; at two, he is tumbling in mid-career towards Leuthen: I guess the date of this Excerpt, or testimony by a Notable Eyewitness, may be half-past two; crisis of the agony just about to begin; and before four it was all finished again. Eyewitness is the young Prince de Ligne, now Captain in an Austrian regiment of Foot; and standing here in this perilous posture, having been called in as part of the Reserve. He says:

'Cry had risen for the Reserve,' in which was my regiment, 'and 'that it must come on as fast as possible,'—to Leuthen, west of us yonder. 'We ran what we could run. Our Lieutenant-Colonel fell 'killed almost at the first; beyond this we lost our Major, and in-'deed all the Officers but three,—three only, and about eleven or 'twelve of the Volunteer or Cadet kind. We had crossed two suc-'cessive ditches, which lay in an orchard to left of the first houses 'in Leuthen; and were beginning to form in front of the Village. 'But there was no standing of it. Besides a general cannonade 'such as can hardly be imagined, there was a rain of case-shot 'upon this Battalion, of which I, as there was no Colonel left, had 'to take command; and a third Battalion of the Royal Prussian 'Footguards, which had already made several of our regiments pass 'that kind of muster, gave, at a distance of eighty paces, the liveliest 'fire on us. It stood as if on the parade-ground, that third Bat-'talion, and waited for us, without stirring.

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'The Austrian regiment Andlau, at our right hand, could not 'get itself formed properly by reason of the houses; it was stand-'ing thirty deep, and sometimes its shot hit us on the back. On 'my left the Austrian regiment Merci ran its ways; and I was glad 'of that, in comparison. By no method or effort could I get the 'dragoons of Batthyani, who stood fifty yards in rear of me, to cut-in 'a little, and help me out,'—no good cutting hereabouts, think the dragoons of Batthyani. 'My soldiers, who were still tired with run-'ning, and had no cannon (these either from necessity or choice 'they had left behind), were got scattered, fewer in number, and 'were fighting mainly out of sullenness. More our honour, than 'the notion of doing good in the affair; prevented us from running 'off. An Ensign of the regiment Arberg helped me a while to form, 'from his and my own fragments, a kind of line; but he was shot 'down. Two Officers of the Grenadiers brought me what they still 'had. Some Hungarians, too, were luckily got together. But at 'last, as, with all helps and the remnants of my own brave Batta-'lion, I had come down to at most 200, I drew back to the Height 'where the Windmill is,'[9]—where many have drawn back, and are standing in sheltered places, a hundred deep, say our Books.

Stiff fighting at Leuthen; especially furious till Leuthen Churchyard, a place with high stone walls, was got. Leuthen Village, we observe, was crammed with Austrians spitting fire from every coign of vantage; Church and Churchyard especially are a citadel of death. Cannon playing from the Windmill Heights, too;—moments are inestimable. The Prussian Commander (name charitably hidden), at Leuthen Churchyard, seems to hesitate in the murderous fire-deluge: Major Möllendorf, nameable from that day forward, growling, "No time this for study," dashes out himself, "*Ein andrer Mann* (Follow me whoever is a man)!"—smashes-in the Church Gate of the place, nine muskets blazing on him through it; smashes,

[9] Kutzen, p. 103 (from 'Prince de Ligne's *Diary*, i. 63, German Translation').

after a desperate struggle, the Austrians clean out of it, and conquers the citadel.[10]

The Austrians, on confused terms, made stiff dispute in this second position, for about an hour. The Prussian Reserve was ordered up by Friedrich; the Prussian left wing, which had stood 'refused,' about Radaxdorf, till now: at one time nearly all the Prussians were in fire. Friedrich is here, is there, wherever the press was greatest; 'Prince Ferdinand,' whom we now and then find named, as a diligent little fellow, and ascertain to be here in this and other Battles of Friedrich's,—'Prince Ferdi-'nand at one time pointed his cannon on the Bush or Fir 'Clump of Radaxdorf;—an aide-de-camp came to him 'with message: "You are firing on the King; the King 'is yonder!" ' At which Ferdinand' (his dear little Brother) '*erschrack*,' or almost fainted with terror.[11]

Stiff dispute; and had the Austrians possessed the Prussian dexterity in manœuvering, and a Friedrich been among them,—perhaps? But on their own terms, there was from the first little hope in it. 'Behind the Windmills they are a hundred men deep;' by and by, your Windmills, riddled to pieces, have to be abandoned; the Prussian left wing rushing on with bayonets, will not all of you have to go? Lucchesi, with his abundant Cavalry, seeing this latter movement and the Prussian flank bare in that part, will do a stroke upon them;—and this proved properly the finale of the matter, final to both Lucchesi and it.

The Prussian flank was to appearance bare in that leftward quarter; but only to appearance: Driesen with the left wing of Horse is in a Hollow hard by; strictly charged by Friedrich to protect said flank, and take nothing else in hand. Driesen lets Lucchesi gallop by,

[10] Müller, p. 42. [11] Kutzen, p. 110.

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in this career of his; then emerges, ranked, and comes storming in upon Lucchesi's back,—entirely confounding his astonished Cavalry and their career. Astonished Cavalry, bullet-storm on this side of them, edge of sword on that, take wing in all directions (or all except to west and south) quite over the horizon; Lucchesi himself gets killed,—crosses a still wider horizon, poor man. He began the ruin, and he ends it. For now Driesen takes the bared Austrians in flank, in rear; and all goes tumbling here too, and in few minutes is a general deluge rearward towards Saara and Lissa side.

At Saara the Austrians, sun just sinking, made a third attempt to stand; but it was hopelessly faint this time; went all asunder at the first push; and flowed then, torrent-wise, towards all its Bridges over the Schweidnitz Water, towards Breslau by every method. There are four Bridges, Stabelwitz below Lissa; Goldschmieden, Hermannsdorf, above; and the main one at Lissa itself, a standing Bridge on the Highroad (also of wood); and by this the chief torrent flows; Prussian horse pursuing vigorously; Prussian Infantry drawn up at Saara, resting some minutes after such a day's work.[12]

Truly a memorable bit of work; no finer done for a hundred years, or for hundreds of years; and the results of it manifold, immediate and remote. About 10,000 Austrians are left on the field, 3,000 of them slain; prisoners already 12,000, in a short time 21,000; flags 51, cannon 116;—"Conquest of Silesia" gone to water; Prince Karl and Austria fallen from their high hopes, in one day. The Prussians lost in killed 1,141, in wounded

[12] Archenholz, i. 209; Seyfarth, *Beylagen*, ii. 243-252 (by an eyewitness, intelligent succinct Account of the Battle and previous March; ib. 252-272, of the Sieges &c. following); Preuss, ii. 112, &c.; Tempelhof, i. 276.

5,118; 85 had been taken prisoners about Sagschütz and Gohlau, in the first struggle there.[13] There and at Leuthen Village had been the two tough passages; about an hour each; in three hours the Battle was done. —"*Meine Herren*," said Friedrich, that night at parole, "after such a spell of work, you deserve rest. This day will bring the renown of your name, and of the Nation's, to the latest posterity."

High and low had shone this day; especially these four: Ziethen, Driesen, Retzow,—and above all Moritz of Dessau. Riding up the line, as night fell, Friedrich, in passing Moritz and the right wing, drew bridle for an instant: "I congratulate you on the Victory, Herr Feldmarschall!" cried he cheerily, and with emphasis on the last word. Moritz, still very busy, answered slightly; and Friedrich repeated louder, "Don't you hear that I congratulate you, Herr *Feldmarschall!*"—a glad sound to Moritz, who ever since Kolin had stood rather in the shadow. "You have helped me, and performed every order, as none ever did before in any battle," added the grateful King.

Riding up the line, all now grown dusky, Friedrich asks, "Any battalion a mind to follow me to Lissa?" Three battalions volunteering, follow him; three are plenty. At Saara, on the Great Road, things are fallen utterly dark. "Landlord, bring a lantern, and escort." Landlord of the poor Tavern at Saara escorts obediently; lantern in his right hand, left hand holding by the King's stirrup-leather,—King (Excellency or General, as the Landlord thinks him) wishing to speak with the man. Will the reader consent to their Dialogue, which is dullish, but singular to have in an authentic form, with Nicolai as voucher?[14] Like some poor old horse-shoe,

[13] Kutzen, pp. 118, 125.

[14] *Anekdoten*, iii. 231-235.

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ploughed-up on the field. Two farthings worth of rusty old iron; now little other than a curve of brown rust: but it galloped at the Battle of Leuthen; that is something!—

King. "Come near; catch me by the stirrup-leather" (Landlord with lantern does so). "We are on the Breslau Great Road, that "goes through Lissa, aren't we?"

Landlord. "Yea, Excellenz."

King. "Who are you?"

Landlord. "Your Excellenz, I am the *Krätschmer*" (Silesian for Landlord) "at Saara."

King. "You have had a great deal to suffer, I suppose."

Landlord. "*Ach*, your Excellenz, had not I! For the last eight-"and-forty hours, since the Austrians came across Schweidnitz Water, "my poor house has been crammed to the door with them, so many "servants they have; and such a bullying and tumbling:—they have "driven me half mad; and I am clean plundered out."

King. "I am sorry indeed to hear that!—Were there Generals "too in your house? What said they? Tell me, then."

Landlord. "With pleasure, your Excellenz. Well; yesterday "noon, I had Prince Karl in my parlour, and his Adjutants and "people all crowding about. Such a questioning and bothering! "Hundreds came dashing in, and other hundreds were sent out: in "and out they went all night; no sooner was one gone, than ten "came. I had to keep a roaring fire in the kitchen all night; so "many officers crowding to it to warm themselves. And they talked "and babbled this and that. One would say, That our King was "coming on, then, 'with his Potsdam Guard-Parade.' Another an-"swers, '*Oach*, he daren't come! He will run for it; we will let "him run.' But now my delight is, our King has paid them their "fooleries so prettily this afternoon!"

King. "When got you rid of your high guests?"

Landlord. "About nine this morning the Prince got to horse; "and not long after three, he came past again, with a swarm of "officers; all going full speed for Lissa. So full of bragging when "they came; and now they were off, wrong side foremost! I saw "how it was. And ever after him, the flood of them ran, High-

" road not broad enough,—an hour and more before it ended. Such " a pellmell, such a welter, cavalry and musketeers all jumbled: our " King must have given them a dreadful lathering. That is what " they have got by their bragging and their lying,—for, your Ex- " cellenz, these people said, too, 'Our King was forsaken by his own " Generals, all his first people had gone and left him:' what I never " in this world will believe."

King (not liking even rumour of that kind). "There you are " right; never can such a thing be believed of my Army."

Landlord (whom this '*my*' has transfixed). "*Mein Gott*, you " are our *gnädigster König* (most gracious King) yourself! Pardon, " pardon, if, in my stupidity, I have"—

King. "No, you are an honest man:—probably, a Protestant?"

Landlord. "*Joa, joa, Ihr Majestät*, I am of your Majesty's " creed!"

Crack-crack! At this point the Dialogue is cut short by sudden musket-shots from the woody fields to right; crackle of about twelve shots in all; which hurt nothing but some horse's feet,—had been aimed at the light, and too low. Instantly the light is blown out, and there is a hunting out of Croats; Lissa or environs not evacuated yet, it seems; and the King's Entrance takes place under volleyings and cannonadings.

King rides directly to the Schloss, which is still a fine handsome house, off the one street of that poor Village,—north side of street; well railed off, and its old fences now trimmed into flower-plots. The Schloss is full of Austrian Officers, bustling about, intending to quarter, when the King enters. They, and the force they still had in Lissa, could easily have taken him: but how could they know? Friedrich was surprised; but had to put the best face on it.[15] "*Bon soir, Messieurs!*" said he, with a gay tone, stepping in: "Is there still room left, think you?" The

[15] In Kutzen (pp. 121, 209 et seq.), explanation of the true circumstances, and source of the mistake.

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Austrians, bowing to the dust, make way reverently to the divinity that hedges a King of this sort; mutely escort him to the best room (such the popular account); and for certain, make off, they and theirs, towards the Bridge, which lies a little farther east, at the end of the Village.

Weistritz or Schweidnitz Water is a biggish muddy stream in that part; gushing and eddying; not voiceless, vexed by mills and their wears. Some firing there was from Croats in the lower houses of the Village, and they had a cannon at the farther Bridge-end; but they were glad to get away, and vanish in the Night; muddy Weistritz singing hoarse adieu to their cannon and them. Prussian grenadiers plunged indignant into the houses; made short work of the musketries there. In few minutes, every Croat and Austrian was across, or silenced otherwise too well; Prussian cannon now going in the rear of them, and continuing to go,—such had been the order, "till the powder you have is done." Fire of musketry and occasional cannon lasts, all night, from the Lissa or Prussian side of the River,—"lest they burn this Bridge, or attempt some mischief." A thing far from their thoughts, in present circumstances.

The Prussian Host at Saara, hearing these noises, took to its arms again; and marched after the King. Thick darkness; silence; tramp, tramp:—a Prussian grenadier broke out, with solemn tenor voice again, into Church-Music; a known Church-Hymn, of the homely *Te-Deum* kind; in which five-and-twenty thousand other voices, and all the regimental bands, soon join:

'Nun danket alle Gott	'Now thank God, one and all,
'Mit Herzen, Mund und Händen,	'With heart, with voice, with hands-a,
'Der grosse Dinge thut	'Who wonders great hath done
'An uns und allen Enden."[16]	'To us and to all lands-a.'

[16] Müller, p. 48.

And thus they advance; melodious, far-sounding, through the hollow Night, once more in a highly remarkable manner. A pious people, of right Teutsch stuff, tender though stout; and, except perhaps Oliver Cromwell's handful of Ironsides, probably the most perfect soldiers ever seen hitherto. Arriving at the end of Lissa, and finding all safe as it should be there, they make their bivouac, their parallelogram of two lines, miles long across the fields, left wing resting on Lissa, right on Guckerwitz; and,—having, I should think, at least tobacco to depend on, and healthy joyful hearts,—pass the night in a thankful, comfortable manner.

Leuthen was the most complete of all Friedrich's victories; two hours more of daylight, as Friedrich himself says, and it would have been the most decisive of this century.[17] As it was, the ruin of this big Army, 80,000 against 30,000,[18] was as good as total; and a world of Austrian hopes suddenly collapsed; and all their Silesian Apparatus, making sure of Silesia beyond an *if*, was tumbled into wreck,—by this one stroke it had got, smiting the corner-stone of it as if with unexpected lightning. On the morrow after Leuthen, Friedrich laid siege to Breslau; Karl had left a garrison of 17,000 in it, and a stout Captain, one Sprecher, determined on defence: such interests hung on Breslau, such immensities of stores were in it, had there been nothing else. Friedrich, pushing with all his strength, in spite of bad weather and of Sprecher's industrious defence, got it in twelve days.[19] Sprecher had posted placards on

[17] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, iv. 167.

[18] '80,200 was the Austrian strength before the Battle' (deduct the Garrisons of Schweidnitz and Liegnitz): Preuss, ii. 109 (from the *Staff-Officers*).

[19] 7th–19th December: *Diarium* &c. of it in *Helden-Geschichte*, iv. 955-961.

BATTLE OF ROSSBACH.

5TH NOVEMBER 1757.

a. a. First position of Combined Army.
b. b. First position of Prussian Camp.
c. c. Advance of Prussian Army.
d. d. Second position of Combined Army.
e. e. Prussians retire to Rossbach.
f. French Cavalry, under St. Germain.
g. g. March of Combined Army to attack Prussian rear.
h. Prussian attack led by Seidlitz.
i. Position of Prussian Guns.

BATTLE OF LEUTHEN.

5TH DECEMBER 1757.

a. a. Austrian Army.
b. b. Position of Saxon Foreport, under Nostitz.
c. c. Advance of Prussian Army.
d. Lucchesi's Cavalry, reinforced by Daun.
e. Left wing, under Nadasti.
f. Friedrich's hill of observation.
g. g. Prussian Army about to attack.
h. Ziethen's Cavalry.
i. i. i. Retreat of Austrians.

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the gallows and up and down, terrifically proclaiming that any man convicted of mentioning surrender should be instantly hanged: but Friedrich's bombardment was strong, his assaults continual; and the ditches were threatening to freeze. On the seventh day of the siege, a Laboratorium blew up; on the ninth, a Powder-magazine, carrying a lump of the rampart away with it. Sprecher had to capitulate: Prisoners of War, we 17,000; our cannons, ammunitions (most opulent, including what we took from Bevern lately); these, we, and Breslau altogether; alas, it is all yours again.

Liegnitz Garrison, seeing no hope, consented to withdraw on leave.[20] Schweidnitz cannot be besieged till Spring come: except Schweidnitz, Maria Theresa, the high Kaiserinn, has no foot of ground in Silesia, which she thought to be hers again. Gone utterly, Patents and all; Schweidnitz alone waiting till Spring. To the lively joy of Silesia in general; to the thrice-lively sorrow and alarm of certain individuals, leading Catholic Ecclesiastics mainly, who had misread the signs of the times in late months! There is one Schaffgotsch, Archbishop or head-man of them, especially, who is now in a bad way. Never was such royal favour; never such ingratitude, say the Books at wearisome length. Schaffgotsch was a showy man of quality, nephew of the quondam Austrian Governor, whom Friedrich, across a good deal of Papal and other opposition, got pushed into the Catholic Primacy; and took some pains to make comfortable there,—Order of the Black Eagle, guest at Potsdam, and the like;—having a kind of fancy for the airy Schaffgotsch, as well as judging him suitable for this Silesian High-Priesthood, with his moderate ideas and quality ways,—which I have heard were a little dissolute withal.

[20] 26th December: *Helden-Geschichte*, iv. 1016.

To the whole of which Schaffgotsch proved signally traitorous and ingrate; and had plucked off the Black Eagle (say the Books, nearly breathless over such a sacrilege) on some public occasion, prior to Leuthen, and trampled it under his feet, the unworthy fellow. Schaffgotsch's pathetic Letter to Friedrich, in the new days posterior to Leuthen, and Friedrich's contemptuous inexorable answer, we could give, but do not: why should we? Oh King, I know your difficulties, and what epoch it is. But, of a truth, your airy dissolute Schaffgotsch, as a grateful "Archbishop and Grand-Vicar," is almost uglier to me than as a Traitor ungrateful for it; and shall go to the Devil in his own way! They would not have him in Austria; he was not well received at Rome; happily died before long.[21] Friedrich was not cruel to Schaffgotsch or the others, contemptuously mild rather; but he knew henceforth what to expect of them, and slightly changed this and that in his Silesian methods in consequence.

Of Prince Karl let us add a word. On the morrow after Leuthen, Captain Prince de Ligne and old Papa D'Ahremberg could find little or no Army; they stept across to Gräbschen, a village on the safe side of the Lohe, and there found Karl and Daun: 'rather silent, 'both; one of them looking, "Who would have thought 'it!" the other, "Didn't I tell you?"'—and knowing nothing, they either, where the Army was. Army was, in fact, as yet nowhere. 'Croat fellows, in this Farm-'stead of ours,' says De Ligne, 'had fallen to shooting 'pigeons.' The night had been unusually dark; the Austrian Army had squatted into woods, into office-houses, farm-villages, over a wide space of country; and only as the day rose, began to dribble in. By count, they are

[21] Preuss, ii. 113, 114; Kutzen, pp. 12, 155-160, for the real particulars.

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still 50,000; but heart-broken, beaten as men seldom were. "What sound is that?" men asked yesterday at Brieg, forty miles off; and nobody could say, except that it was some huge Battle, fateful of Silesia and world. Breslau had it louder; Breslau was still more anxious. "What *is* all that?" asked somebody (might be Deblin the Shoemaker, for anything I know) of an Austrian sentry there: "That? That is the Prussians giving us such a beating as we never had." What news for Deblin the Shoemaker, if he is still above ground!—

'Prince Karl, gathering his distracted fragments, put 17,000 'into Breslau by way of ample garrison there; and with the rest 'made off circuitously for Schweidnitz; thence for Landshut, and 'down the Mountains, home to Königsgratz,—self and Army in the 'most wrecked condition. Chased by Ziethen; Ziethen "sticking 'always to the hocks of them," as Friedrich eagerly enjoins on 'him; or sometimes it is, "sitting on the breeches of them:" for 'about a fortnight to come.[22] Ziethen took 2,000 prisoners; no end 'of baggages, of wagons left in the difficult places: wild weather 'even for Ziethen, still more for Karl, among the Silesian-Bohemian 'Hill-roads: heavy rains, deep muds, then sudden glass, with cut-'ting snowblasts: "An Army not a little dilapidated," writes Prince 'Karl, almost with tears in his eyes; "Army without linens, without "clothes; in condition truly sad and pitiable; and has always, so "close are the enemy, to encamp, though without tents."[23] Did 'not get to Königsgratz, and safe shelter, for ten days more. 'Counted, at Königsgratz in the Christmas time, 37,000 rank and 'file,—"22,000 of whom are gone to hospital," by the Doctor's 'report.

'Universal astonishment, indignation, even incredulity, is the 'humour at Vienna: the high Kaiserinn herself, kept in the dark 'for some time, becomes dimly aware; and by Kaiser Franz's own 'advice, she relieves Prince Karl from his military employments,

[22] Eleven Royal Autographs: in Blumenthal, *Life of De Ziethen* (ii. 94-111), a feeble incorrect Translation of them.

[23] Kutzen, p. 134 ('Prince Karl to the Kaiser, December 14th').

'and appoints Daun instead. Prince Karl withdrew to his Govern-
'ment of the Netherlands; and with the aid of generous liquors, and
'what natural magnanimity he had, spent a noiseless life thence-
'forth; Sword laid entirely on the shelf; and immortal Glory, as of
'Alexander and the like, quite making its exit from the scene, con-
'vivial or other. "The first General in the world," so he used to be
'ten years ago, in Austria, in England, Holland, the thrice-greatest
'of Generals: but now he has tried Friedrich in Five pitched Battles
'(Czaslau, Hohenfriedberg, Sohr, then Prag, then Leuthen);—been
'beaten every time, under every form of circumstance; and now, at
'Leuthen, the fifth beating is such, no public, however ignorant, can
'stand it farther. The ignorant public changes its long-eared eulo-
'gies into contumeliously horrid shrieks of condemnation; in which
'one is still farther from joining. "That crossing of the Rhine,"
'says Friedrich, "was a *belle chose;* but flatterers blew him into
"dangerous self-conceit; besides he was ill-obeyed, as others of us
"have been."[24] Adieu to him, poor redfaced soul;—and good liquor
'to him,—at least if he can take it in moderation!'

The astonishment of all men, wise and simple, at this sudden oversetting of the scene of things, and turning of the gazetteer-diplomatic theatre bottom uppermost, was naturally extreme, especially in gazetteer and diplomatic circles; and the admiration, willing or unwilling, of Friedrich, in some most essential points of him, rose to a high pitch. Better soldier, it is clear, has not been heard of in the modern ages. Heroic constancy, courage superior to fate: several clear features of a hero;—pity he were such a liar withal, and ignorant of common honesty; thought the simple sort, in a bewildered manner, endeavouring to forget the latter features, or think them *not* irreconcilable. Military judges, of most various quality, down to this day, pronounce Leuthen to be essentially the finest Battle of the century; and indeed one of the

[24] 'Prince de Ligne, *Mémoires sur Frédéric* (Berlin, 1789), p. 38' (Preuss, ii. 112).

prettiest feats ever done by man in his Fighting Capacity. Napoleon, for instance, who had run over these Battles of Friedrich (apparently somewhat in haste, but always with a word upon them which is worth gathering from such a source), speaks thus of Leuthen: 'This Battle is 'a masterpiece of movements, of manœuvres, and of reso- 'lution; enough to immortalise Friedrich, and rank him 'among the greatest Generals. Manifests, in the highest 'degree, both his moral qualities and his military.'[25]

How the English Walpoles, in Parliament and out of it; how the Prussian Sulzers, D'Argenses, the gazetteer and vague public, may have spoken and written at that time, when the matter was fresh and on everybody's tongue,—judge still by two small symptoms which we have to show:

1°. *A Letter of Friedrich's to D'Argens* (Dürgoy, near Breslau, 19th December 1757).—'Your friendship seduces you, *mon cher;* I 'am but a paltry knave (*polisson*) in comparison with "Alexander," 'and not worthy to tie the shoe-latchets of "Cæsar!" Necessity, 'who is the mother of industry, has made me act, and have recourse 'to desperate remedies in evils of a like nature.

'We have got here' (this day, by capitulation of Breslau) 'from 'fourteen to fifteen thousand prisoners: so that, in all, I have above 'twenty-three thousand of the Queen's troops in my hands, fifteen 'Generals, and above seven hundred Officers. 'Tis a plaster on my 'wounds, but it is far enough from healing them.

'I am now about marching to the Mountain region, to settle the 'chain of quarters there; and if you will come, you will find the 'roads free and safe. I was sorry at the Abbé's treason,'—paltry De Prades, of whom we heard enough already.[26]

[25] Montholon, *Mémoires &c. de Napoléon*, vii. 211. This Napoleon *Summary of Friedrich's Campaigns*, and these brief Bits of Criticism, are pleasant reading, though the fruit evidently of slight study, and do credit to Napoleon perhaps still more than to Friedrich.

[26] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xix. 47.

2°. *A Pottery-Apotheosis of Friedrich.*—'There stands on this 'mantelpiece,' says one of my Correspondents, the amiable Smelfungus, in short, whom readers are acquainted with, 'a small China 'Mug, not of bad shape; declaring itself, in one obscure corner, 'to be made at Worcester, "R. I., Worcester, 1757" (late in the 'season, I presume, demand being brisk); which exhibits, all round 'it, a diligent Potter's-Apotheosis of Friedrich, hastily got up to 'meet the general enthusiasm of English mankind. Worth, while it 'lasts unbroken, a moment's inspection from you in hurrying along.

'Front side, when you take our Mug by the handle for drinking 'from it, offers a poor well-meant China Portrait, labelled King 'of Prussia: copy of Friedrich's Portrait, by Pesne, twenty years 'too young for the time, smiling out nobly upon you; upon whom 'there descends with rapidity a small Genius (more like a Cupid 'who had hastily forgotten his bow, and goes headforemost on an-'other errand) to drop a wreath on this deserving head;—wreath 'far too small for ever getting on (owing to distance, let us hope), 'though the artless Painter makes no sign; and indeed both Genius 'and wreath, as he gives them, look almost like a big insect, which 'the King will be apt to treat harshly if he notice it. On the oppo-'site side, again, separated from Friedrich's back by the handle, is 'an enormous image of Fame, with wings filling half the Mug, with 'two trumpets going at once (a bass, probably, and a treble), who 'flies with great ease; and between her eager face and the unex-'pectant one of Friedrich (who is 180° off, and knows nothing of 'it) stands a circular Trophy, or Imbroglio of drums, pikes, muskets, 'cannons, field-flags and the like; very slightly tied together,—the 'knot, if there is one, being hidden by some fantastic bit of scroll or 'escutcheon, with a Fame and *one* trumpet scratched on it;—and 'high out of the Imbroglio rise three standards inscribed with 'Names, which we perceive are intended to be names of Friedrich's 'Victories; standards notable at this day, with Names which I will 'punctually give you.

'Standard first, which flies to the westward or leftward, has '"Reisberg" (no such place on this distracted globe; meaning 'Bevern's *Reichenberg*, perhaps),—"Reisberg," "Prague," "Collin." 'Middle standard curves beautifully round its staff, and gives us to 'read, "Welham" (non-extant, too; may mean *Welmina* or Lobo-

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'sitz), "Rossbach" (very good), "Breslau" (poor Bevern's, thought a 'victory in Worcester, at this time!). Standard third, which flies 'to eastward or right hand, has "Neumark" (that is, *Neumarkt* and 'the Austrian Bread-ovens, 4th December); "Lissa" (not yet *Leu-'then* in English nomenclature); and "Breslau" again, which means 'the capture of Breslau *City* this time, and is a real success, '7th-19th December;—giving us the approximate date, Christmas '1757, to this hasty Mug. A Mug got up for temporary English 'enthusiasm, and the accidental instruction of posterity. It is of 'tolerable China; holds a good pint, "To the Protestant Hero, with 'all the honours;"—and offers, in little, a curious eyehole into the 'then England, with its then lights and notions, which is now so 'deep hidden from us, under volcanic ashes, French Revolutions, 'and the wrecks of a Hundred very decadent Years.'

CHAPTER XI.

WINTER IN BRESLAU: THIRD CAMPAIGN OPENS.

FRIEDRICH, during those grand victories, is suffering sadly in health, '*colique depuis huit jours*, neither sleep nor appetite;' 'eight months of mere anguishes and agitations do wear one down.' He is tired too, he says, of the mere business talk, coarse and rugged, which has been his allotment lately; longs for some humanly roofed kind of lodging, and a little talk that shall have flavour in it.[1] The troops once all in their Winter-quarters, he sits down in Breslau as his own wintering place: place of relaxation,—of rest, or at least of changed labour,—no man needing it more. There for some three months he had a tolerable time; perhaps, by contrast, almost a delightful. Readers must imagine it; we have no details allowed us, nor any time for them even if we had.

There come various visitors, various gaieties,—King's Birthday (January 24th); quality Balls, 'at which Royal Majesty sometimes deigned to show himself.' A lively Breslau, in comparison. Sister Amelia paid a beautiful visit of a fortnight or more: Sister Amelia, and along with her, two married Cousins (once Margravines of Schwedt), whose Husbands, little Brother Ferdinand, and Eugene of Würtemburg, are wintering here. The Marquis D'Argens, how exquisitely treated we shall see, is a

[1] Letters of his to Prince Henri (December 26th &c.: *Œuvres*, xxvi. 167, 169; Stenzel, v. 123).

principal figure; Excellency Mitchell, deep in very important business just now, is another. Reader de Catt (he who once, in a Dutch River-Boat, got into conversation with the snuffy gentleman in black wig) made his new appearance, this Winter,—needed now, since De Prades is off. "Should you have known me again?" asked Friedrich. "Hardly, in that dress; besides, your Majesty looks thinner." "That I can believe, with the cursed life I have been leading!"[2] There came also, day not given, a Captain Guichard ("Major Quintus Icilius" that is to be) with his new Book on the Art Military of the Ancients, *Mémoires Militaires sur les Grecs et les Romains*;[3] which cannot but be welcome to Friedrich. A solid account of that matter, by the first man who had ever understood both War and Greek. Far preferable to Folard's, a man without Greek at all, and with military ideas not a little fantastic here and there. Of Captain Guichard, were his Book once read, and himself a little known, there will be more to say. For the present, fancy him retained as supernumerary:—and in regard to Friedrich's Winter generally, accept the following small hints, small but direct:

Friedrich to D'Argens (three different times).

1°. *On the road to Leuthen* 'Torgau, 15th November 1757). * * I have been obliged to have the Abbé arrested' (De Prades, of whom enough, long since); 'he has been playing the spy, and I 'have many evident proofs of it. That is very infamous and very 'ungrateful.—I have made a prodigious quantity of verses (*prodi-gieusement de vers*). If I live, I will show them you in Winter-'quarters: if I perish, they are bequeathed to you, and I have 'ordered that they be put into your hand.'

'Adieu, my dear Marquis. I fancy you to be in bed: don't rot

[2] Rödenbeck, i. 285.

[3] La Haye, 2 tomes, 4to, 1757 (Nicolai, *Anekdoten*, vi. 134).

'there;—and remember you have promised to join me in Winter-'quarters:'—on this latter point Friedrich is very urgent, amiably eager; prepared to wrap the poor Marquis in cotton, and carry him and lodge him, like glass with care.[4] For example:

2°. *While settling the Winter-quarters* ('Striegau, 26th December 1757:' Siege of Breslau done ten days ago). * * 'What a 'pleasure to hear you are coming! Your travelling you can do in 'your own way. I have chosen a party of Light Horse (*Jäger*), 'who will appear at Berlin to conduct you. You can make short 'journeys: the first to Frankfurt, the second to Crossen, the third 'to Grünberg, fourth to Glogau, fifth to Parchwitz, sixth to Breslau. 'I have directed that horses be ordered for you, that your rooms 'be warmed everywhere, and good fowls ready on all roads. Your 'apartment in this House' (Royal House in Breslau, which the King has built for himself years ago) 'is carpeted, hermetically shut. You 'shall suffer nothing from draughts or from noise.'[5]—Lucky Marquis; what a landlord! Came accordingly; staid till deep in April, —waiting latterly for weather, I perceive; long after the King himself was off. Thus:

3°. *Friedrich on the field again for five weeks past* ('Münster-'berg, 23d April, 1758'). 'Adieu, dear Marquis; I fancy you are 'now in Berlin again. Go to Charlottenburg whenever and how 'you like; take care of yourself; and be ready for the beginning 'of October next!—As to me, *mon cher*, I am off to fight wind-'mills and ostriches (*Autruches*), that is Russians and Austrians '(*Autrichiens*). Adieu, *mon cher*.'[6]

There circulated in the Newspapers, this Winter, something of what was called a *Letter* from Friedrich to Maria Theresa, formally proposing Peace, after these magnificent successes. And certainly, of all things in the Earth, Friedrich would have best liked Peace, this year, last year, and for the next five years: "Go home, then, good neighbours; don't break into my house, don't cut my poor throat, and we will be friends again!" Friedrich, it appears, had actually, finding or making

[4] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xix. 43. [5] Ib. xix. 48. [6] Ib. xix. 49.

opportunity, sent some polite Letter, of pacific tenor, in his light clever way, to that address;—not without momentary hopes of perhaps getting good from it.[7] And the Kaiserinn herself, Austria's high Mother, did, they say, after such a Leuthen coming on the back of such a Rossbach, feel discouraged; but the Pompadour (not France's Mother, whatever she might be to France) was of far other mind: "Do not speak of it, *ma Reine!* Double or quits, that is our game: can we yield for a little ill-luck? Never!"

France dismisses its D'Argenson, "What Armies are these of his; flying home on us, like draggled poultry, across the Rhine!"—summons the famed Belleisle to be War-Minister, and give things an eagle-quality:[8] France engages to pay its subsidies better (France now the general paying party, Austria, Sweden, Russia itself, all looking to France,—would she were as punctual as England used to be!),—in a word, engages to be magnanimous extremely, and will hear of nothing but persistence. "Shall not we reap, then, where there is such a harvest standing white to us?" Kaunitz admits that there never will again be such a chance.—Peace, it is clear enough, will not be got of these people by any Letter, or human device whatever, except simply by uttermost, more or less miraculous fighting for it. Friedrich is profoundly aware of this fact;—is busy completing his Army: 145,000 for the field, this Year, 53,000 the Silesian part, 'a good many of them Austrian deserters;'[9] and is closing an important Subsidy Treaty with England,—of which more anon.

And if this is the mood in France and Austria, think

[7] In *Preuss*, ii. 130 (Friedrich's Letter mostly given;—bearer a Prince von Lobkowitz, prisoner at Leuthen, now going home on handsome terms): Stenzel, v. 124 (for the *per-contra* feeling).

[8] '26th February 1758' (*Barbier*, iv. 258).

[9] Stenzel, v. 155.

what Russia's will be! The Czarina is not dead of dropsy, as some had expected, but, on the contrary, alive, and fiercer than ever; furious against Apraxin, and determined that Fermor, his successor, shall defy Winter, and begin work at once. She has indignantly dismissed Apraxin (to be tried by Court Martial, he); dismisses Bestuchef the Chancellor; appoints a new General, Fermor by name; orders Fermor to go and lose not a moment, now in the depth of Winter since it was not done in the crown of Summer, and take possession of East Preussen in her name.

Which Fermor does; 16th January, crosses the border again, 31,000 in all, without opposition except from the frost; plants himself up and down,—only two poor Prussian battalions there; who retire with their effects, especially 'with seven wagons of money.' January 22d, Fermor enters Königsberg; publishes no end of proclamations, manifestoes, rescripts, to inform the poor people, trembling at the Cossack atrocities of last Year, "That his august Sovereign Elizabeth of All the Russias has now become Proprietress of East Preussen, which shall be perfectly protected and exquisitely well governed henceforth; and that all men of official or social position have, accordingly, to come and take the oath to her, with the due alacrity and punctuality, at their peril."

No man is willing for the operation, most men shudder at it; but who can help them? Surely it was an unblessed operation. Poor souls, one pities them; for at heart they were, and continued, loyal to their own King; thoroughly abhorrent of becoming Russian, as Czarish Majesty has thoroughly resolved they shall. Some few absconded, leaving their property as spoil; the rest swore, with mental reservation, with shifts, such as they could devise:—for example, some were observed to swear with

gloves on; the right hand, which they held up, was a mere right *fist* with a stuffed glove at the end of it,—*so* help me Beelzebub (or whoever is the recording Angel here)![10] And thus does Preussen, with astonishment, as by the spell of a Czarina Circe, find itself changed suddenly to Russian: and does not recover the old human form till four years hence,—when, again suddenly, as we shall see, the Circe and her wand chance to get broken.

Friedrich could not mend or prevent this bad Business; but was so disgusted with it, he never set foot in East Preussen again,—never could bear to behold it, after such a transformation into temporary Russian shape. I cannot say he abhorred this constrained Oath as I should have done: on the contrary, in the first spurt of indignation, he not only protested aloud, but made reprisals,—"Swear *me* those Saxons, then!" said he; and some poor magistrates of towns, and official people, had to make a figure of swearing (if not allegiance altogether, allegiance for the time being), in the same sad fashion, till one's humour cooled again.[11] East Preussen, lost in this way, held by its King as before, or more passionately now than ever; still loved Friedrich, say the Books; but it is Russia's for the present, and the mischief is done. East Preussen itself, Circe Czarina cherishing it as her own, had a much peaceabler time: in secret it even sent moneys, recruits, numerous young volunteers to Friedrich; much more, hopes and prayers. But his disgust with the late transformation by enchantment was inexpiable.

It was May or June, as had been anticipated, before the Russian main Army made its practical appearance in those parts. Fermor had, in the interim, seized Thorn,

[10] *Helden-Geschichte*, v. 147-9; Preuss, ii. 145, iii. 578, iv. 477, &c.
[11] Preuss, ii. 163: Oath given in *Helden-Geschichte*, v. 631.

seized Elbing ("No offence, magnanimous Polacks, it is only for a time!"),—and would fain have had Dantzig too, but Dantzig wouldn't. Not till June 16th did the unwieldly mass (on paper 104,000, and in effect, and exclusive of Cossack rabble, about 75,000) get on way; and begin slowly staggering westward. Very slowly, and amid incendiary fire and horrid cruelty, as heretofore;—and in August coming we shall be sure to hear of it.

Lehwald was just finishing with the Swedes,—had got them all bottled up in Stralsund again, about New-year's time, when these Russians crossed into Preussen. We said nothing of the Swedish so-called Campaign of last Year;—and indeed are bound to be nearly silent of that and of all the others. Five Campaigns of them, or at least Four and a half; such Campaigns as were never made before or since. Of Campaign 1757, the memorable feature is that of the whole "Swedish Division," as the laughing Newspapers called it, which was "put to flight by Five Berlin Postillions;"—substantially a truth, as follows:

'Night of September 12th-13th, the Swedes, 22,000 strong, did 'at last begin business; crossed Peene River, the boundary between 'their Pommern and ours; and, having nothing but some fractions 'of Militia to oppose them, soon captured the Redoubts there; spread 'over Prussian Pommern, and on into the Uckermark; diligently 'raising contributions, to a heavy amount. No less than 90,000*l.* 'in all for this poor Province; though, by a strange accident, '60,000*l.* proved to be the actual sum.

'Towards the end of October they had got as much as 60,000*l.* 'from the northern parts of Uckermark, Prentzlow being their head-'quarter during that operation; and they now sent out a Detach-'ment of 200 grenadiers and 100 dragoons towards Zehdenick, 'another little Town, some forty miles farther south, there to wring 'out the remaining sum. The Detachment marched by night, not

'courting notice; but people had heard of its coming, and five 'Prussian Postillions,—shifty fellows, old hussars it may be, at any 'rate skilful on the trumpet, and furnished with hussar jackets and 'an old pistol each, determined to do something for their Country. 'The Swedish Detachment had not marched many miles, when,— 'after or before some flourishes of martial trumpeting,—there verily 'fell on the Swedish flank, out of a clump of dark wood, five shots, 'and wounded one man. To the astonishment and panic of the other 'Two hundred and ninety-nine; who made instant retreat, under 'new shots and trumpet-tones, as if it were from five whole hussar 'regiments;—retreat, double-quick, to Prentzlow; alarm waxing by 'the speed; alarm spreading at Prentzlow itself: so that the whole 'Division got to its feet, recrossed the Peene; and Uckermark had 'nothing more to pay, for that bout! This is not a fable, such as go 'in the Newspapers,' adds my Authority, 'but an accurate fact:'[12] —probably, in our day, the alone memorable one of that "Swedish War."

'The French,' says another of my Notes, 'who did the subsidy- 'ing all round (who paid even the Russian Subsidy, though in Aus- 'tria's name), had always an idea that the Swedes,—22,000 stout 'men, this year, 4,000 of them cavalry,—might be made to co- 'operate with the Russians; with them or with somebody; and do 'something effective in the way of destroying Friedrich. And be- 'sides their subsidies and bribings, the French took incredible pains 'with this view; incessantly contriving, correspondencing, and run- 'ning to and fro between the parties;[13] but had not, even from the 'Russians and Czarish Majesty, much of a result, and from the 'Swedes had absolutely none at all. By French industry and flagi- 'tation, the Swedish Army was generally kept up to about 20,000:

[12] *Helden-Geschichte*, iv. 764, 807; Archenholtz, i. 160.

[13] For example: M. le Marquis de Montalembert, *Correspondance avec &c., étant employé par le Roi de France à l'Armée Suédoise*, 1757–1761 ('with the Swedish Army,' yes, and sometimes with the Russian,—and sometimes on the French Coasts, ardently fortifying against Pitt and his Descents there:—a very intelligent, industrious, observant man; still amusing to read, if one were idler), *à Londres* (evidently Paris), 1777, 3 *voll.*, small 8vo. Then, likewise very intelligent, there is a Montazet, a Mortaigne, a Caulaincourt; a *Campagne des Russes en* 1757; &c. &c.—in short, a great deal of fine faculty employed there in spinning ropes from sand.

'the soldiers were expert with their fighting-tools, knew their field-'exercise well; had fine artillery, and were stout hardy fellows: 'but the guidance of them was wonderful. "They had no field-"commissariat," says one Observer, "no field-bakery, no magazines, "no pontoons, no light troops; and," among the Higher Officers, "no subordination."[14] Were, in short, commanded by nobody in 'particular. Commanded by Senator Committee-men in Stockholm; 'and, on the field, by Generals anxious to avoid responsibility; who, 'instead of acting, held continual Councils of War. The history of 'their Campaigns, year after year, is, in summary, this:

'Late in the season (always late, War-Offices at home, and Cap-'taincies here, being in such a state), they emerge from Stralsund, 'an impregnable place of their own,—where the men, I observe, 'have had to live on dried fishy substances, instead of natural boiled 'oatmeal;[15] and have died extensively in consequence:—they march 'from Stralsund, a forty or thirty miles, till they reach the Swedish-'Pommern boundary, Peene River; a muddy sullen stream, flowing 'through quagmire meadows, which are miles broad, on each shore: 'River unfordable everywhere; only to be crossed in four or five 'places, where paved causeways are. The Swedes, with deliberation, 'cross Peene; after some time, capture the bits of Redoubts, and 'the one or two poor Prussian Towns upon it; Anklam Redoubt, '*Peenemünde* (Peene-mouth) Redoubt; and rove forward into Prus-'sian Pommern, or over into the Uckermark, for fifty, for a hundred 'miles; exacting contributions; foraging what they can; making the 'poor country people very miserable, and themselves not happy,—'their soldiers "growing yearly more plunderous," says Archenholtz, "till at length they got, though much shyer of murder, to resemble "Cossacks," in regard to other pleas of the crown.

'There is generally some fractional regiment or so of Prussian 'force, left under some select General Manteuffel, Colonel Belling; 'who hangs diligently on the skirts of them, exploding by all op-'portunities. There have been Country Militias voluntarily got on 'foot, for the occasion; five or six small regiments of them; officered 'by Prussian Veterans of the Squirearchy in those parts; who do

[14] Archenholtz, i. 158.

[15] Montalembert, i. 32-37, 335, 394 &c. (that of the demand for Norse *porridge*, which interested me, I cannot find again).

'excellent service. The Governor of Stettin, Bevern, our old Silesian 'friend, strikes out now and then, always vigilant, prompt and 'effective, on a chance offering. This, through Summer, is what 'opposition can be made: and the Swedes, without magazines, scout-'service, or the like military appliances, but willing enough to fight' (when they can *see*), 'and living on their shifts, will rove inward, 'perhaps 100 miles; say south-westward, say south-eastward' (towards Ruppin, which we used to know),—'they love to keep Meck-'lenburg usually on their flank, which is a friendly Country. Small 'fights befal them, usually beatings; never anything considerable. 'That is their success through Summer.

'Then, in Autumn, some remnant more of Prussian regulars 'arrive, disposable now for that service; upon which the Swedes 'are driven over Peene again (quite sure to be driven, when the 'River with its quagmires freezes); lose Anklam Redoubt, Peene-'münde Redoubt; lose Demmin, Wollin; are followed into Swedish 'Pommern, oftenest to the gates of Stralsund, and are locked up 'there, there and in Rügen adjoining, till a new season arrive.'—This year (1757-8), Lehwald, on turning the key of Stralsund, might have done a fine feat; frost having come suddenly, and welded Rügen to the mainland. "What is to hinder you from starving them into surrender?" signifies Friedrich, hastily: "Besiege me Stralsund!" Which Lehwald did; but should have been quicker about it; or the thaw came too soon, and admitted ships with provision again. Upon which Lehwald resigned, to a General Graf von Dohna; and went home, as grown too old: and Dohna kept them bottled there till the usual Russian Advent (deep in June); by which time, what with limited stockfish diet, what with sore labour (breaking of the ice, whenever frost reappeared) and other hardship, more than half of them had died.—'Every new season, there was a 'new General tried; but without the least improvement. There was 'mockery enough, complaint enough; indignant laughter in Stock-'holm itself; and the Dalecarlians thought of revolting: the Senator 'Committee-men held firm, ballasted by French gold, for four years.

'The Prussian Militias are a fine trait of the matter; about 'fifteen regiments in different parts;—about five in Pommern, which 'set the example; which were suddenly raised last Autumn by the '*Stände* themselves, drilled in Stettin continually, while the Swedes

'were under way, and which stood ready for some action, under 'veterans of the squirearchy, when the Swedes arrived. They were 'kept up through the War. The *Stände* even raised a little fleet,[16] 'river fleet and coast fleet, twelve gunboats, with a powerful car- 'ronade in each, and effective men and captain; a great check on 'plundering and coast-mischief, till the Swedes, who are naval, at 'last made an effort and destroyed them all.'

Friedrich was very sensible of these procedures on the part of his *Stände;* and perhaps readers are not prepared for such, or for others of the like, which we could produce elsewhere, in a Country without Constitution to speak of. Friedrich raises no new taxes,—except upon himself exclusively, and these to the very blood:—Friedrich gets no Life-and-Fortune Addresses of the vocal or printed sort, but only of the acted. Very much the preferable kind, where possible, to all parties concerned. These poor militias and flotillas one cheerfully puts on record; cheerfully nothing else, in regard to such a Swedish War;—nor shall we henceforth insult the human memory by another word upon it that is not indispensable.

Of the English Subsidy.

One of Friedrich's most important affairs, at present, —vitally connected with his Army and its furnishings, which is the all-important,—was his Subsidy Treaty with England. It is the third treaty he has signed with England in regard to this War; the second in regard to subsidy for it; and it is the first that takes real practical effect. It had cost difficulty in adjusting, not a little correspondence and management from Mitchell; for the King is very shy about subsidy, though grim necessity prescribes it as inevitable; and his pride, and his reflec-

[16] Archenholtz, i. 110.

11th April 1758.
tions on the last Subsidy Treaty, "One Million sterling, Army of Observation, and Fleet in the Baltic," instead of which came Zero and Kloster-Zeven, have made him very sensitive. However, all difficulties are got over; Plenipotentiary Knyphausen, Pitt, Britannic Majesty and everybody striving to be rational and practical; and at London, 11th April 1758, Subsidy Treaty, admirably brief and to the point, is finished:[17] "That Friedrich shall have Four Million Thalers, that is, 670,000*l.*; payable in London to his order, in October, this Year; which sum Friedrich engages to spend wholly in maintenance and increase of his Army for behoof of the common object;—neither party to dream of making the least shadow of peace or truce without the other." Of Baltic Fleet, there is nothing said; nor, in regard to that, was anything done, this year or afterwards; highly important as it would have been to Friedrich, with the Navies so-called of both Sweden and Russia doing their worst upon him. "Why not spare me a small English squadron, and blow these away?" Nor was the why ever made clear to him; the private why being, that Czarish Majesty had, last year, intimated to Britannic, "Any such step on your part will annihilate the now old friendship of Russia and England, and be taken as a direct declaration of War!"—which Britannic Majesty, for commercial and miscellaneous reasons, hoped always might be avoided. Be silent, therefore, on that of Baltic Fleet.

In all the spoken or covenanted points, the Treaty was accurately kept: 670,000*l.*, two-thirds of a million very nearly, will, in punctual promptitude, come to Friedrich's hand, were October here. And in regard to Ferdinand (a point left silent, this too), Friedrich's expectations

[17] In four short Articles; given in *Helden-Geschichte*, v. 16-17.

were exceeded, not the contrary, so long as Pitt endured. This is the Third English-Prussian Treaty of the Seven-Years War, as we said above; and it is the First that took practical effect: this was followed by three others, year after year, of precisely the same tenor, which were likewise practical and punctually kept,—the last of them, '12th December 1760,' had reference to Subsidy for 1761: —and before another came, Pitt was out. So that, in all, Friedrich had Four Subsidies; 670,000*l.* × 4 = 2,680,000*l.* of English money altogether:—and it is computed by some, there was never as much good fighting otherwise had out of all the 800,000,000*l.* we have funded in that peculiar line of enterprise.[18]

Pitt had no difficulty with his Parliament, or with his Public, in regard to this Subsidy; the contrary rather. Seldom, if ever, was England in such a heat of enthusiasm about any Foreign Man as about Friedrich, in these months since Rossbach and what had followed. Celebrating this "Protestant Hero," authentic new Champion of Christendom; toasting him, with all the honours, out of its Worcester and other Mugs, very high indeed. Take these Three Clippings from the old Newspapers, omitting all else; and rekindle these, by good inspection and consideration, into feeble symbolic lamps of an old illumination, now fallen so extinct.

No. 1. *Reverend Mr. Whitfield and the Protestant Hero.* 'Mon-'day, January 2d,' 1758, 'was observed as a Day of Thanksgiving,

[18] First Treaty, 16th January 1756 (is in *Helden-Geschichte*, iii. 681), 'We will oppose by arms any foreign Armament entering Germany;' Second Treaty, 11th January 1757 (never published till 1802), is in Schöll, iii. 30-32: 'one million subsidy, a Fleet &c.' (not *kept* at all); after which,

Third Treaty (the *first* really issuing in subsidy and performance) is 11th April 1758 (given in *Helden-Geschichte*, v. 17); Fourth (really *second*), 7th December 1758 (Ib. v. 752); Fifth (*third*), 9th November 1759; Sixth (*fourth*), 12th December 1760. See *Preuss*, ii. 124 n.

'at the Chapel in Tottenham-Court Road' (brand-new Chapel, still standing and acting, though now in a dingier manner), 'by Mr. 'Whitfield's people, for the signal Victories gained by the King of 'Prussia over his Enemies.[19]—"Why rage the Heathen; why do "the people imagine a vain thing? Sinful beings we, perilously "sunk in sin against the Most High:—but they, do they think "that, by earthly propping and hoisting, their unblessed Chimera, "with his Three Hats, can sweep away the Eternal Stars!"'—In this strain, I suppose: Protestant Hero and Heaven's long-suffering Patiences and Mercies in raising up such a one for a backsliding generation; doubtless with much unction by Mr. Whitfield.

No. 2. *King of Prussia's Birthday* (Tuesday, January 24th). 'This being the Birthday of the King of Prussia, who then entered 'into the forty-seventh year of his age, the same was observed with 'illuminations and other demonstrations of joy;'—throughout the Cities of London and Westminster, 'great rejoicings and illumina-'tions,' it appears,[20]—now shining so feebly at a century's distance! —No. 3 is still more curious; and has deserved from us a little special inquiring into.

No. 3. *Miss Barbara Wyndham's Subsidy.* 'March 13th, '1758,'—while Pitt and Knyphausen are busy on the Subsidy Treaty, still not out with it, the Newspapers suddenly announce,—

'Miss Bab. Wyndham, of Salisbury, sister of Henry Wyndham, 'Esq., of that City, a maiden lady of ample fortune, has ordered 'her banker to prepare the sum of 1,000*l.* to be immediately re-'mitted, in her own name, as a present to the King of Prussia.'[21] Doubtless to the King of Prussia's surprise, and that of London Society, which would not want for commentaries on such a thing!

Before long, the Subsidy Treaty being now out, and the Wyndham topic new again, London Society reads, in the same Newspaper, a Documentary Piece, calculated to help in its commentaries. There

[19] *Gentleman's Magazine*, xxviii. (for 1758), p. 41.

[20] Ib. p. 43; and vol. xxix. p. 42, for next year's birthday, and p. 81 for another kind of celebration.

[21] *London Chronicle*, March 14th-16th, 1758; *Lloyd's Evening Post*; &c. &c.

is good likelihood of guess, though no certainty now attainable, that the "English Lady" referred to may be Miss Bab. herself;—of whose long-vanished biography, and brisk, airy, nomadic ways, we catch hereby a faint shadow, momentary, but conceivable, and sufficient for us:

'*To the Authors of the London Chronicle.*[22]

'The following Account, which is a real fact, will serve to show 'with what punctuality and exactness the King of Prussia attends 'to the most minute affairs, and how open he is to applications 'from all persons.

'An English Lady being possessed of actions' (shares) 'in the 'Embden Company, and having occasion to raise money on them, 'repaired to Antwerp' (some two years ago, as will be seen), 'and 'made application for that purpose to a Director of the Company, 'established there by the King of Prussia for the managing all affairs 'relative thereto. This person,' Van Erthorn the name of him, 'very 'willingly entered into treaty with her; but the sum he offered to 'lend being far short of what the actions would bring, and he also 'insisting on forfeiture of her right in them, if not redeemed in 'twelve months,—she broke off with him, and had recourse to some 'merchants at Antwerp, who were inclinable to treat with her on 'much more equitable terms. The proceeding necessarily brought 'the parties before this Director for receiving his sanction, which was 'essential to the solidity of the agreement; and he, finding he was 'like to lose the advantage he had flattered himself with, disputed 'the authenticity of the actions, and thereby threw her into such 'discredit, as to render all attempts to raise money on them ineffec- 'tual. Upon this the Lady wrote a Letter by the common post to his 'Majesty of Prussia, accompanied with a Memorial complaining of 'the treatment she had received from the Director; and she like- 'wise enclosed the actions themselves in another letter to a friend 'at Berlin. By the return of the post, his Majesty condescended to 'answer her Letter; and the actions were returned authenticated; 'which so restored her credit, that in a few hours all difficulties 'were removed relating to the transaction she had in hand; and it

[22] *London Chronicle*, of 13th–15th April 1758.

'is more than probable the Director has felt his Majesty's resent-
'ment for his ill behaviour.—The Lady's Letter was as follows:

"Antwerp, 19th February 1756.

"Sir,—Having had the happiness to pay my court to your "Majesty during a pretty long residence at Berlin" (say in Voltaire's time; Miss Barbara's "Embden Company," I observe, was the first of the two, date 1750; that of 1753 is not hers), "and "to receive such marks of favour from their Majesties the Queens" (a Barbara capable of shining in the Royal soirées at Monbijou, of talking to, or of, your Voltaires and lions, and investing moneys in the new Embden Company) "as I shall ever retain a grateful "sense of,—I presume to flatter myself that your Majesty will not "be offended at the respectful liberty I have taken in laying before "you my complaints against one Van Erthorn, a Director of the "Embden China Company, whose bad behaviour to me, as set "forth in my Memorial, hath forced me to make a very long and "expensive stay at this place; and, as the considerable interest I "have in that Company may further subject me to his caprices, I "cannot forbear laying my grievances at the foot of your Majesty's "throne; most respectfully supplicating your Majesty that you would "be graciously pleased to give orders that this Director shall not act "towards me for the future as he hath done hitherto.

"I hope for this favour from your Majesty's sovereign equity; "and I shall never cease offering up my ardent prayers for the pro-"sperity of your glorious reign; having the honour to be, with the "most respectful zeal, Sir, your Majesty's most humble, most obe-"dient, and most devoted servant, * * *"

'*The King of Prussia's Answer.*

"Potsdam, 26th February 1756.

"Madam,—I received the Letter of the 19th instant, which you "thought proper to write to me, and was not a little displeased to "hear of the bad behaviour of one of the Directors of the Asiatic "Company of Embden towards you, of which you were forced to "complain. I shall direct your grievances to be examined, and have "just now despatched my orders for that purpose to Lenz, my Pre-

" sident of the Chamber of East Friesland," Chief Judge in those parts.[23] "You may assure yourself the strictest justice shall be done " you that the case will admit. God keep you in his holy protec- " tion.—FRIEDRICH."

Whether this refers to Miss Barbara or not, there is no affirming. But the interesting point is, Friedrich did receive and accept Miss Barbara's 1,000*l.* The Prussian account, which calls her " an English *Jungfrau, Lady Salisbury*, who actually sent a sum of money,"[24] would not itself be satisfactory: but, by good chance, there is still living, in Salisbury City, a very aged Gentleman, well known for his worth, and intelligence on such matters, who, being inquired of, makes reply at once: That the First Earl of Malmesbury (who was of his acquaintance, and had many anecdotes and reminiscences of Friedrich, all noted down, it was understood, with diplomatic exactitude, but never yet published or become accessible) did, as 'I well 'remember, among other things, mention the King's telling him that 'he,' the King, 'had received a Thousand Pounds from Miss Wynd- 'ham; with a part of which he had bought the Flute then in his 'hand.'[25] Which latter circumstance, too, is curious. For, at all times, however straitened Friedrich's Exchequer might be, it was his known habit, during this War, to have always, before the current year ended, the ways and means completely settled and provided for the year coming; so that everything could be at once paid in money (good money or bad,—good still up to this date);—and nothing was observed to fall short, so much as the customary liberality of his gifts to those about him. I infer, therefore: Friedrich had decided to lay out this 1,000*l.* in what he would call luxuries, chiefly gifts,—and, among other things, had said to himself, "I will have a new flute, too!" Probably one of his last; for I understand he had,

[23] Seyfarth, ii. 139.

[24] Preuss, ii. 124, whose reference is merely '*Gentleman's Magazine for* 1758.' Both in the *Annual Register* of that Year (i. 86), and in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, pp. 142, 177, the above Paragraph and Letters are copied from the Newspapers, but without the smallest commentary (there, or elsewhere), or any mention of a 'Lady Salisbury.'

[25] Letter from John Fowler, Esq., 'Salisbury, 2d April 1860,' to a Friend of mine (*penes me*): of Barbara's identity, or otherwise, with the Antwerp-Embden Lady, Mr. F. can say nothing.

March 15th—April 16th 1758.

by this time (Malmesbury's time, 1772), ceased much playing, and ceased altogether not long after.[26]

James Harris, First Earl of Malmesbury, was Resident at Berlin, 1772: that is all the date we have for the King's saying, "And with part of it I bought this Flute!" Date of Lord Malmesbury's mention of it at Salisbury, we have none,—likeliest there might be various dates; a thing mentioned more than once, and not improvable by dating. The Wyndhams still live in the Close of Salisbury; a respected and well-known Family; record of them (none of Barbara there, or elsewhere except here) to be found in the County Histories.[27] I only know farther, Barbara died, May 1765, 'aged and wealthy,' and 'with the bulk of her fortune endowed a Charity, to be called "Wyndham College,"'[28]—which I hope still flourishes. Enough on this small Wyndham matter; which is nearly altogether English, but in which Friedrich too has his indefeasible property.

Friedrich, as indeed Pitt's People and Others have done, takes the Field uncommonly early: Friedrich goes upon Schweidnitz, as the Preface to whatever his Campaign may be.

While this Subsidy Treaty is getting settled in England, Duke Ferdinand has his French in full cackle of universal flight; and before the signing of it (April 11th), every feather of them is over the Rhine; Duke Ferdinand busy preparing to follow. Glorious news, day after day, coming in, for Pitt, for Miss Barbara and for all English souls, Royal Highness of Cumberland hardly excepted! The "Descent on Rochefort," last Autumn, had a good deal disappointed Pitt and England;—an expensively elaborate Expedition, military and naval; which could not

[26] Preuss, i. 371-373.

[27] Britton's *Beauties of England and Wales*, xv. part ii. p. 118; Hoare's *Salisbury* (mistaken, p. 815); &c.

[28] *Annual Register* (for 1765), viii. 86.

"descend" at all, when it got to the point; but merely went groping about, on the muddy shores of the Charente, holding councils of war yonder; 'cannonaded the Isle of Aix for two hours;' and returned home without result of any kind, Courts-martial following on it, as too usual. This was an unsuccessful first-stroke for Pitt. Indeed, he never did much succeed in those Descents on the French Coast, though never again so ill as this time. Those are a kind of things that require an exactitude as of clockwork, in all their parts: and Pitt's Generalcies and War-Offices,—we know whether they were of the Prussian type or of the Swedish! A very grievous hindrance to Pitt;—which he will not believe to be quite incurable. Against which he, for his part, stands up, in grim earnest, and with his whole strength; and is now, and at all times, doing what in him lies to abate or remedy it:—successfully, to an unexpected degree, within the next four years. From America, he has decided to recal Lord Loudon, as a cunctatory haggling mortal, the reverse of a General; how very different from his Austrian Cousin![29] "Abercrombie may be better," hopes he;—was better, still not good. But already in the gloomy imbroglio over yonder, Pitt discerns that one Amherst (the son of people unimportant at the hustings) has military talent: and in this puddle of a Rochefort Futility, he has got his eye on a young Officer named Wolfe, who was Quartermaster of the Expedition; a young man likewise destitute of Par-

[29] Cousins certainly enough: their Progenitors were Brothers, of that House, about 1568,—when Matthew, the cadet, went 'into Livonia,' into foreign Soldiering (Papa having fallen Prisoner 'at the Battle of Langside,' 1568, and the Family prospects being low); from this Matthew comes, through a series of Livonian Soldiers, the famed Austrian Loudon. Douglas, *Peerage of Scotland*, p. 425; &c. &c. *Vie de Loudon* (ill informed on that point and some others) says, the first Livonian Loudon came from Ayrshire, 'in the fourteenth century'!

liamentary connection, but who may be worth something. Both of whom will be heard of! In a four-years determined effort of this kind, things do improve: and it was wonderful, to what amount,—out of these chaotic War-Offices little better than the Swedish, and ignorant Generalcies fully worse than the Swedish,—Pitt got heroic successes and work really done.

On Pitt, amid confused clouds, there is bright dawn rising; and Friedrich, too, for the last month, in Breslau, has a cheerful prospect on that Western side of his horizon. Here is one of his Postscripts, thrown off in Autograph, which Duke Ferdinand will read with pleasure: "I "congratulate you, *mon cher*, with my whole heart! May "you *fleur-de-lys* every French skin of them; cutting out "on their"—what shall we say *(leur imprimant sur le cul)*!—"the Initials of the Peace of Westphalia, and "packing them across the Rhine," tattooed in that latest extremity of fashion![30]

Friedrich, grounding partly on those Rhine aspects, has his own scheme laid for Campaign 1758. It is the old scheme tried twice already: to go home upon your Enemy swiftly, with your utmost collective strength, and try to strike into the heart of him before he is aware. Friedrich has twice tried this; the second time, with success, respectable though far short of complete. Weakened as now, but with Ferdinand likely to find the French in employment, he means to try it again; and is busy preparing at Neisse and elsewhere, though keeping it a dead

[30] Friedrich to Duke Ferdinand, 'Grüssau, 19th March 1758:' in Knesebeck, *Herzog Ferdinand*, i. 64. *Herzog Ferdinand während des 7-jährigen Krieges* ('from the English and Prussian Archives') is the full Title of Knesebeck's Book: *Letters* altogether; not very intelligently edited, but well worth reading by every student, military and civil: 2 voll. 8vo, Hannover, 1857.

secret for the time. There is, in fact, no other hopeful plan for him, if this prove feasible at all. Double your velocity, you double your momentum. One's weight is given,—weight growing less and less;—but not, or not in the same way and degree, one's velocity, one's rightness of aim. Weight given: it is only by doubling or trebling his velocity that a man can make his momentum double or treble, as needed! Friedrich means to try it, readers will see how,—were the Fort of Schweidnitz once had; for which object Friedrich watches the weather like a very D'Argens, eager that the frost would go. Recapture of Schweidnitz, the last speck of Austrianism wiped away there; that is evidently the preface to whatsoever dayswork may be ahead.

March 15th, frost being now off, Friedrich quits Breslau and D'Argens,—his Headquarter thenceforth Kloster-Grüssau, near Landshut, troops all getting cantoned thereabout, to keep Bohemia quiet,—and goes at once upon Schweidnitz. With the top of the morning, so to speak; means to have Schweidnitz before campaigning usually can begin, or common labourers take their tools in this trade. The Austrian Commandant has been greatly strengthening the works; he had, at first, some 8,000 of garrison; but the three-months blockade has been tight upon him and them; and it is hoped the thing can be done.

April 1st-2d,—Siege-material being got to the ground, and Siege Division and Covering Army all in their places, —in spite of the heavy rains, we open our first parallel, Austrian Commandant not noticing till it is nearly done. April 8th, we have our batteries built; and burst out, at our best rate, into cannonade; aiming a good deal at "Fort No. 1," called also "*Galgen* or Gallows Fort," which we esteem the principal. Cannonade continues day after day, prospers tolerably on Gallows Fort,—

16th April 1758.

though the wet weather, and hardship to the troops, are grievous circumstances, and make Friedrich doubly urgent. "Try it by storm!" counsels Balbi, who is Engineer. Night of *April* 15*th*-16*th*, storm takes place; with such vigour and such cunning, that the Gallows Fort is got for almost nothing (loss of ten men);—and few hours after, Austria beat the chamade.[31] Fifty-one new Austrian guns, for one item, and about 7,000*l.* of money. Prisoners of War the garrison, 8,000 gone to 4,900; with such stores as we can guess, of ours and theirs added: Balbi was Prussian Engineer-in-Chief, Treskau Captain of the Siege;—other particulars I spare the reader.

Unfortunate Schweidnitz underwent four Sieges, four captures or recaptures, in this War;—upon all of which we must be quite summary, only the results of them important to us. For the curious in sieges, especially for the scientifically curious, there is, by a Captain Tielcke, excellent account of all these Schweidnitz Sieges, and of others;—Artillery-Captain Tielcke, in the Saxon or Saxon-Russian service; whom perhaps we shall transiently fall in with, on a different field, in the course of this Year.

[31] Tempelhof, ii. 21-25; *Helden-Geschichte*, v. 109-123: above all, Tielcke, *Beyträge zur Kriegs-Kunst und zur Geschichte des Krieges von* 1756 *bis* 1763 (6 voll. 4to, Freyberg, 1775–1786), iv. 43-76. Vol. iv. is wholly devoted to Schweidnitz and its successive Sieges.

CHAPTER XII.

SIEGE OF OLMÜTZ.

FOUQUET, on the first movement towards Schweidnitz, had been detached from Landshut to sweep certain Croat Parties out of Glatz; Ziethen, with a similar view, into Troppau Country; both which errands were at once perfectly done. Daun lies behind the Bohemian Frontier (betimes in the field, he too, 'arrived at Königsgrätz, March 13th'); and is, with all diligence, perfecting his new levies; entrenching himself on all points, as man seldom did; 'felling whole forests,' they say, building abatis within abatis;—not doubting, especially on these Ziethen-Fouquet symptoms, but Friedrich's Campaign is to be an Invasion of Bohemia again. "Which he shall not do gratis!" hopes Daun; and, indeed, judges say the entrance would hardly have been possible on that side, had Friedrich tried it; which he did not.

Schweidnitz being done, and Daun deep in the Bohemian problem,—Friedrich, in an unintelligible manner, breaks out from Grüssau and the Landshut region (April 19th–25th), not straight southward, as Daun had been expecting, but straight south-eastward through Niesse, Jägerndorf: all gone, or all but Ziethen and Fouquet gone, that way;—meaning who shall say what, when news of it comes to Daun? In two divisions, from 30 to 40,000 strong; through Jägerndorf, ever onward through Troppau, and not till *then* turning southward:* indubitable march of that cunning Enemy; rapidly proceeding,

* See Map, p. 342 *a*.

his 40,000 and he, along those elevated upland countries, watershed of the Black Sea and the Baltic, bleakly illumined by the April sun; a march into the mists of the future tense, which do not yet clear themselves to Daun. Seeing the march turn southward at Troppau, a light breaks on Daun: "Ha! coming round upon Bohemia from the east, then?" That is Daun's opinion, for some time yet; and he immediately starts that way, to save a fine magazine he has at Leutomischl over there. Daun, from Skalitz near Königsgrätz where he is, has but some eighty miles to march, for the King's hundred-and-fifty; and arrives in those parts few days after the King; posts himself at Leutomischl, veiled in Pandours. Not for two weeks more does he ascertain it to have been a march upon the Olmütz Country, and the intricate forks of the Morawa River; with a view to besieging Olmütz, by this wily Enemy! Upon which Daun did strive to bestir himself thitherward, at last; and, though very slow and hesitative, his measures otherwise were unexceptionable, and turned out luckier than had been expected by some people.

Olmütz is an ancient pleasant little City, in the Plains of Mähren, romantic, indistinct to the English mind; with Domes, with Steeples eminent beyond its size,—population little above 10,000 souls;—has its Prince-Archbishop and ecclesiastic outfittings, with whom Friedrich has lodged in his time. City which trades in leather, and Russian and Moldavian droves of oxen. Memorable to the Slavic populations for its grand Czech Library, which was carried away by the Swedes, happily into thick night;[1] also for that poor little Wenzel of theirs (last heir of the Bohemian Czech royalties, whom no reader has the least

[1] To Stralsund (1645), 'and has not since been heard of.'

memory of) being killed on the streets here;—uncertain, to this day, by whom, though for whose benefit that dagger-stroke ended is certain enough:[2]—poor little Wenzel's dust lies under that highest Dome, of the old Cathedral yonder, if anybody thought of such a thing in hot practical times. Poor Lafayette, too, lodged here in prison, when the Austrians seized him. City trades in leather and live stock, we said; has much to do with artillery, much with ecclesiastry;—and Friedrich besieged it, for seven weeks, in the hot summer days of 1758, to no purpose. Friedrich has been in Olmütz more than once before; his Schwerin once took it in a single day, and it was his for months, in the old Moravian-Foray time: but the place is changed now; become an arsenal or military storehouse of Austria; strongly fortified, and with a Captain in it, who distinguishes himself by valiant skill and activity on this occasion.

Friedrich's Olmütz Enterprise, the rather as it was unsuccessful, has not wanted critics. And certainly, according to the ordinary rules of cautious prudence, could these have been Friedrich's in his present situation, it was not to be called a prudent Enterprise. But had Friedrich's arrangements been punctually fulfilled, and Olmütz been got in fair time, as was possible or probable, the thing might have been done very well. Duke Ferdinand, in these early May days, is practically making preparations to follow the French across the Rhine; no fear of French Armies interfering with us this year. Dohna has the Swedes locked in Stralsund (capable of being starved, had not the thaw come); and in Hinter-Pommern he has General Platen, with a tolerable Detachment, watching Fermor and his Russians; Dohna, with Platen, may entertain the Russians for a little, when they get on

[2] Suprà, vol. i. p. 145.

way,—which we know will be at a slow pace, and late in the season. Prince Henri commands in Saxony, say with 30,000;—King's vicegerent and other self there, "Do *your* wisest and promptest; hold no councils of war!" Prince Henri, altogether on the aggressive as yet, is waiting what Reichs Army there may be;—has already had Mayer and Free Corps careering about in Franken Country once and again, tearing up the incipiences and preparations, with the usual emphasis; and is himself intending to follow thither, in a still more impressive manner. Friedrich's calculation is, Prince Henri will have his hands free for a good few weeks yet. Which proved true enough, so far as that went.

And now, supposing Olmütz ours, and Vienna itself open to our insults, does not, by rapid suction, every armed Austrian flow thitherward; Germany all drained of them: in which case, what is to hinder Prince Henri from stepping into Böhmen, by the Metal-Mountains; capturing Prag; getting into junction with us here, and tumbling Austria at a rate that will astonish her! Her, and her miscellaneous tagraggery of Confederates, one and all. Königsberg, Stralsund, Bamberg; Russians, Swedes, Reichsfolk,—here, in Mähren, will be the crown of the game for all these. Prosper in Mähren, all these are lamed; one right stroke at the heart, the limbs become manageable quantities! This was Friedrich's program; and had not imperfections of execution, beyond what was looked for, and also a good deal of plain ill-luck, intervened, this bold stroke for Mähren might have turned out far otherwise than it did.

The march thither (started from Neisse, April 27th) was beautiful: Friedrich with vanguard and first division; Keith with rearguard and second, always at a day's distance; split into proper columns, for convenience of road

and quarter in the hungry countries; threading those silent mountain villages, and upper streamlets of Oder and Morawa: Ziethen waving intrusive Croateries far off; Fouquet, in thousands of wagons, shoving on from Neisse, 'in four sections,' with the due intervals, under the due escorts, the immensity of stores and siege-furniture, through Jägerndorf, through Troppau, and onwards;[3]—punctual everybody; besiegers and siege-materials ready on their ground by the set day. Daun too had made speed to save his Magazine. Daun was at Leutomischl, May 5th, —a forty miles to west of the Morawa,—few days after Friedrich had arrived in those countries by the eastern or left bank, by Troppau, Gibau, Littau, Aschmeritz, Prossnitz; and a week before Friedrich had finished his reconnoiterings, campings, and taken position to his mind. Camps, four or more (shrank in the end to three), on both banks of the River: a matter of abstruse study; so that it was May 12th before Friedrich first took view of Olmütz itself, and could fairly begin his Problem,—Daun, with his best Tolpatcheries, still unable to guess what it was.

Of the Siege I propose to say little, though the accounts of it are ample, useful to the Artillerist and Engineer. If the reader can be made to conceive it as a blazing loud-sounding fact, on which, and on Friedrich in it, the eyes of all Europe were fixed for some weeks, it may rest now in impressive indistinctness to us. Keith is Captain of the Siege, whom all praise for his punctual firmness of progress; Balbi, as before, is Engineer, against whom goes the criticism, Keith's first of all, that he "opened his first parallel 800 yards too far off,"—which much increased the labour, and the expenditure of useless gunpowder, shot having no effect at such a distance. There

[3] Table of his routes and stages, in *Tempelhof*, ii. 46.

12th–27th May 1758.

were various criticisms: some real, as this; some imaginary, as that Friedrich grudged gunpowder, the fact being that he had it not, except after carriage from Neisse, say a hundred and twenty miles off,—Troppau, his last Silesian Town, or safe place (*his* for the moment), is eighty miles;—and was obliged to waste none of it.

Friedrich is not thought to shine in the sieging line as he does in the fighting; which has some truth in it, though not very much. When Friedrich laid himself to engineering, I observe, he did it well: see Neisse, Graudenz, Magdeburg. His Balbi went wrong with the parallels, on this occasion; many things went wrong: but the truly grievous thing was his distance from Silesia and the supplies. A hundred and twenty miles of hill-carriage, eighty of them disputable, for every shot of ammunition, and for every loaf of bread; this was hard to stand:—and perhaps no War-apparatus but a Prussian, with a Friedrich for sole chief-manager, could have stood it so long. Friedrich did stand it, in a wonderfully tolerable manner; and was continuing to stand it, and make fair progress; and it is not doubted he would have got Olmütz, had not there another fact come on him, which proved to be of unmanageable nature. The actual loss, namely, of one Convoy, after so many had come safe, and when, as appears, there was now only one wanted and no more!—Let us attend to this a little.

Had Daun, at Olmütz, been as a Duke of Cumberland relieving Tournay, rushing into fight at Fontenoy, like a Hanover White-Horse, neck clothed with thunder, and head destitute of knowledge,—how lucky had it been for Friedrich! But Daun knows his trade better. Daun, though superior in strength, sits on his Magazine, clear not to fight. By no art of manœuvering, had Friedrich much tried it, or hoped it, this time, could Daun have

been brought to give battle. As Fabius Cunctator he is here in his right place; taking impregnable positions, no man with better skill in that branch of business; pushing out parties on the Troppau road; and patiently waiting till this dangerous Enemy, with such endless shifts in him, come in sight perhaps of his last cartridge, or perhaps make some stumble on the way towards that consummation. Daun is aware of Friedrich's surprising qualities. Bos against Leo, Daun feels these procedures to be altogether feline (*felis-leonine*); such stealthy glidings about, deceptive motions, appearances; then such a rapidity of spring upon you, and with such a set of claws, —destructive to bovine or rhinoceros nature: in regard to all which, Bos, if he will prosper, surely cannot be too cautious. It was remarked of Daun, that he was scrupulously careful; never, in the most impregnable situations, neglecting the least precaution, but punctiliously fortifying himself to the last item, even to a ridiculous extent, say Retzow and the critics. It was the one resource of Daun: truly a solid stubborn patience is in the man; stubborn courage too, of bovine-rhinoceros type;—stupid, if you will, but doing at all times honestly his best and his wisest without flurry; which character is often of surprising value in War; capable of much mischief, now and then, to quicker people. Rhinoceros Daun did play his Leo a bad prank, more than once; and this of barring him out from Olmütz was one of them, perhaps the worst after Kolin.

Daun's management of this Olmütz business is by no means reckoned brilliant, even in the Fabius line; but, on the contrary, inert, dim-minded, inconclusive; and in reality, till almost the very last, he had been of little help to the besieged. For near three weeks (till May 23d) Daun sat at Leutomischl, immovable on his bread-basket

there, forty or more miles from Olmütz; and did not see that a Siege was meant. May 27th-28th, Balbi opened his first parallel, in that mistaken way; four days before which, Daun does move inwards a march or so, to Zwittau, to Gewitsch (still thirty miles to west of Olmütz); still thinking of Bohemia, not of any siege; still hanging by the mountains and the bread-basket. And there, about Gewitsch, siege or no siege, Daun sits down again; pretty much immovable, through the five weeks of bombardment; and,—except that Loudon and the Light Horse are very diligent to do a mischief, 'attempting our convoys, 'more than once, to no purpose,' and alarming some of 'our outposts almost every night, but every night beaten 'off,'—does, in a manner, nothing; sits quiet, behind his impenetrable veil of Pandours, and lets the bombardment take its course. Had not express Order come from Vienna on him, it is thought Daun would have sat till Olmütz was taken; and would then have gone back to Leutomischl and impregnable posts in the Hills. On express order, he—But gather, first, these poor sparks in elucidation:

'The "destructive sallies" and the like, at Olmütz, were princi-
'pally an affair of the gazetteers and the imagination: but it is
'certain, Olmütz, this time, was excellently well defended; the Com-
'mandant, a vigorous skilful man, prompt to seize advantages; and
'Garrison and Townsfolk zealously helping: so that Friedrich's pro-
gress was unusually slow. Friedrich's feelings, all this while, and
'Balbi's (who "spent his first 1220 shots entirely in vain," beginning
'so far off), may be judged of,—the sound of him to Balbi sometimes
'stern enough! As when (June 9th) he personally visits Balbi's
'parallels (top of the Tafelberg yonder); and inquires, "When do
'you calculate to get done, then?" West side of Olmütz and of the
River (east side lies mostly under water), there is the bombarding;
seventy-one heavy guns; Keith, in his expertest manner, doing all
'the captaincies: Keith has about 8,000 of foot and horse, busy and
'vigilant, with their faces to the east: in a ring of four camps, or

'principally three (Prossnitz, Littau, and Neustadt, which is across 'the River), all looking westward or north-westward, some ten or 'twenty miles from Keith, Friedrich (headquarters oftenest Pross- 'nitz, the chief camp) stands facing Daun; who lies concentric to 'him, at the distance of another ten or twenty miles, in good part 'still thirty or forty miles from Olmütz, veiled mostly under a cloud 'of Pandours.

'Of Friedrich's impatiences, we hear little, though they must 'have been great. Prince Henri is ready for Prag; many things 'are ready, were Olmütz but done! May 22d, Prince Henri had 'followed Mayer in person, with a stronger corps, to root out the 'Reichsfolk,—and is now in Bamberg City and Country. And is 'even in Baireuth itself, where was lately the Camp of the new 'Reichs General, Serene Highness of Zweibrück, and his nascent 'Reichs Army; who are off bodily to Bohemia, "to Eger and the 'Circle of Saatz," a week before.[4] Fancy that visit of Henri's to a 'poor Wilhelmina; the last sight she ever had of a Brother, or of 'the old Prussian uniforms, clearing her of Zweibrücks and sorrowful 'guests! Our poor Wilhelmina, alas she is sunk in sickness, this 'year more than ever; journeying towards death, in fact; and is 'probably the most pungent, sacredly tragic, of Friedrich's sorrows, 'now and onwards. June 12th, Friedrich's pouting Brother, the 'Prince of Prussia, died; this also he had to hear in Camp at 'Olmütz. "What did he die of?" said Friedrich to the Messenger, 'a Major Something. "Of chagrin," said the Major, "*Aus Gram.*" 'Friedrich made no answer.

'On the last night of May, by beautiful management, military 'and other, Duke Ferdinand is across the Rhine; again chasing the 'French before him; who, as they are far the more numerous, cannot 'surely but make some stand: so that a Battle there may be ex- 'pected soon,—let us hope, a Victory; as indeed it beautifully proved 'to be, three weeks after.[5] On the other hand, Fermor and his 'Russians are astir; continually wending towards Brandenburg, in 'their voluminous manner, since June 16th, though at a slow rate. 'How desirable the Siege of Olmütz were done!'

[4] *Helden-Geschichte*, v. 206-209. Wilhelmina's pretty Letter to Friedrich ('Baireuth, 10th May'); Friedrich's Answer ('Olmütz, June 1758'): in *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxvii. 1. 313-315.

[5] Battle of Crefeld, 23d June.

28th May—26th June 1758.

On express from Vienna, Daun did bestir himself; cautiously got on foot again; detached, across the River, an expert Hussar General ("Be busy all ye Loudons, St. Ignons, Ziskowitzes, doubly now!");—expèrt Hussar General, one item of whose force is 1100 chosen grenadiers;—and himself cautiously stept southward and eastward, nearer the Siege Lines. The Hussar General's meaning seemed to be some mischief on our Camp of Neustadt and the outposts there; but in reality it was to throw his 1100 into Olmütz (useful to the Commandant); which,—by ingenious manœuvering, and guidance from the peasants 'through bushy woods and bypaths' on that east side of the River,—the expert Hussar General, though Ziethen was sent over to handle him, did perfectly manage, and would not quit for Ziethen till he saw it finished. Which done, Daun keeps stepping still farther southward, nearer the Siege Lines; and, at Prossnitz, morning of June 22d, Friedrich, with his own eyes, sees Daun taking post on the opposite heights; says to somebody near him, "*Voilà les Autrichiens, ils apprennent à marcher*, There "are the Austrians; they are learning to march, though!" —getting on their feet, like infants in a certain stage ('*marcher*' having that meaning too, though I know not that the King intended it);—they have learned a great many things, since your Majesty first met them. Friedrich took Daun to be, now at last, meaning Battle for Olmütz, and made some slight arrangements accordingly; but that is not Daun's intention at all; as Friedrich will find to his cost, in few days. That very day, Daun has vanished again, still in the southerly direction, again under veil of Pandours.

Meanwhile, in spite of all things, the Siege makes progress; 'June 22d, Balbi's sap had got to their glacis, 'and was pushing forward there,'—June 22d, day when

Daun made momentary appearance, and the reinforcement stole in:—within a fortnight more, Balbi promises the thing shall be done. But supplies are indispensable: one other convoy from Troppau, and let it be a big one, 'between 3 and 4,000 wagons,' meal, money, iron, powder; Friedrich hopes this one, if he can get it home, will suffice. Colonel Mosel is to bring this Convoy; a resolute expert Officer, with perhaps 7,000 foot and horse: surely sufficient escort: but, as Daun is astir, and his Loudons, Ziskowitzes, and light people, are gliding about, Friedrich orders Ziethen to meet this important Convoy, with some thousands of new force, and take charge of bringing it in. Mosel was to leave Troppau, June 26th; Ziethen pushes out to meet him from the Olmütz end, on the second day after; and, one hopes, all is now safe on that head.

The driving of 3,000 four-horse wagons, under escort, ninety miles of road, is such an enterprise as cannot readily be conceived by sedentary pacific readers;—much more the attack of such! Military science, constraining chaos into the cosmic state, has nowhere such a problem. There are twelve thousand horses, for one thing, to be shod, geared, kept roadworthy and regular; say six thousand country wagoners, thicksoled peasants: then, hanging to the skirts of these, in miscellaneous crazy vehicles and weak teams, equine and asinine, are one or two thousand sutler people, male and female, not of select quality, though on them, too, we keep a sharp eye. The series covers many miles, as many as twenty English miles (says Tempelhof), unless in favourable points you compress them into five, going four wagons abreast for defence's sake. Defence, or escort, goes in three bulks or brigades; vanguard, middle, rearguard, with sparse pickets intervening;—wider than five miles, you cannot get the

26th June 1758.

parts to support one another. An enemy breaking in upon you, at some difficult point of road, woody hollow or the like, and opening cannon, musketry and hussar exercise on such an object, must make a confused transaction of it! Some commanders, for the road has hitherto been mainly pacific, divide their train into parts, say four parts; moving with their partial escorts, with an interval of one day between each two: this has its obvious advantages, but depends, of course, on the road being little infested, so that your partial escort will suffice to repel attacks. Toiling forward, at their diligent slow rate, I find these trains from Troppau take about six days (from Neisse to Olmütz they take eleven, but the first five are peaceable[6]);—can't be hurried beyond that pace, if you would save your laggards, your irregulars, and prevent what we may call *raggery* in your rearward parts; the skirts of your procession get torn by the bushes if you go faster. This time Colonel Mosel will have to mend his pace, however, and to go in the lump withal; the case being critical, as Mosel knows, and *more* than he yet knows.

Daun, who has friends everywhere, and no lack of spies in this country, generally hears of the convoys. He has heard, in particular, of this important one, in good time. Hitherto Daun had not attempted much upon the convoys, nor anything with success: King's posted corps and other precautions are of such a kind, not even Loudon, when he tried his best, could do any good; and common wandering hussar parties are as likely to get a mischief as to do one, on such service. Cautious Daun had been busy enough keeping his own Camp safe, and flinging a word of news or encouragement, at the most a trifle of reinforcement, into Olmütz when possible. But now it becomes evident there must be one of two things:

[6] Tempelhof, ii. 48.

this convoy seized, or else a battle risked;—and that in defect of both these, the inevitable third thing is, Olmütz will straightway go.

Major-General Loudon, the best partisan soldier extant, and ripening for better things, has usually a force of perhaps 10,000 under him, four regiments of them regular grenadiers; and has been active on the convoys, though hitherto unsuccessful. Let an active Loudon, with increased force, try this, their vitally important convoy, from the west side of the River; an active Ziskowitz cooperating on the east side, where the road itself is; and do their uttermost! That is Daun's plan,—now in course of execution. Daun, instead of meaning battle, that day when Friedrich saw him, was cautiously stealing past, intending to cross the River farther down; and himself support the operation. Daun has crossed accordingly, and has doubled up northward again to the fit point; Ziskowitz is in the fit point, in the due force, on this east side too. Loudon, on the west side, goes by Muglitz, Hof;* making a long deep bend far to westward and hillward of all the Prussian posted corps and precautions, and altogether hidden from them; Loudon aims to be in Troppau neighbourhood, 'Güntersdorf, near Bautsch,' by the proper day, and pay Mosel an unexpected visit in the passage there.

Colonel Mosel, marshalling his endless Trains with every excellent precaution, and the cleverest dispositions (say the Books), against the known and the unknown, had got upon the road, and creaked forward, many-wheeled, out of Troppau, Monday, 26th June.[7] The roads, worn by the much travelling and wet weather, were utterly bad; the pace was perhaps quicker than usual; the much-jolting Train got greatly into a jumble:

* See Map, p. 342*a*.

[7] Tempelhof, ii. 89-94.

28th June 1758.
—Mosel, to bring up the laggards, made the morrow a rest-day; did get about two-thirds of his laggards marshalled again; ordered the others to return, as impossible. They say, had it not been for this rest-day, which seemed of no consequence, Loudon would not have been at Güntersdorf in time, nor have attempted as he did at Güntersdorf and afterwards. At break of day (Wednesday 28th), Mosel is again on the road; heavily jumbling forward from his quarters in Bautsch. Few miles on, towards Güntersdorf, he discovers Loudon posted ahead in the defiles. What a sight for Mosel, in his character of Wagoner up with the dawn! But Mosel managed the defiles and Loudon, this time; halted his train, dashed up into the woody heights and difficult grounds; stormed Loudon's cannon from him, smote Loudon in a valiant tempestuous manner; and sent him travelling again, for the present.

Loudon, I conjecture, would have struggled farther, had not he known that there would be a better chance again not very many miles ahead. Loudon has studied this Convoy; knows of Ziethen coming to it with so many; of Ziskowitz coming to him, Loudon, with so many; that Ziethen cannot send for more (roads being all beset by our industry yesterday), that Ziskowitz can, should it be needful;—and that at Domstädtl there is a defile, or confused woody hollow, of unequalled quality! Mosel jumbles on all day with his Train, none molesting; at night gets to his appointed quarters, Village of Neudörfl;[8] and there finds Ziethen: a glad meeting, we may fancy, but an anxious one, with Domstädtl ahead on the morrow. Loudon concerts with Ziskowitz this day; calls in all reinforcements possible, and takes his measures.

[8] The *l*, or *el*, is a diminutive in these Names: 'New-Thorp*let*,' 'Cathedral-Town*let*,' and the like.

Thursday morning, Ziethen finds the Train in such a state, hardly half of it come up, he has to spend the whole day, Mosel and he, in rearranging it: Friday morning, June 30th, they get under way again;—Friday, the catastrophe is waiting them.

The Pass of Domstädtl, lapped in the dim Moravian distance, is not known to me or to my readers; nor indeed could the human pen or intellect, aided by ocular inspection or whatever helps, give the least image of what now took place there, rendering Domstädtl a memorable locality ever since. Understand that Ziethen and Mosel, with their waste slow deluge of wagons, come jumbling in, with anxiety, with precautions,—precautions doubled, now that the woody intricacies about Domstädtl rise in sight. "Pooh, it is as we thought: there go Austrian cannon-salvoes, horse-charges, volleying musketries, as our first wagons enter the Pass;—and there will be a job!" Indecipherable to mankind, far off, or even near. Of which only this feature and that can be laid hold of, as discernible, by the most industrious man. Escort, in three main-bodies, vanguard, middle, rearguard, marches on each side; infantry on the left, cavalry on the right, as the ground is leveller there. Length of the Train in statute miles, as it jumbles along at this point, is not given; but we know it was many miles; that horses and wagoners were in panic hardly restrainable; and we dimly descry, here especially, human drill-sergeantcy doing the impossible to keep chaos plugged down. The poor wagoner, cannon playing ahead, whirls homeward with his vehicle, if your eye quit him,—still better, and handier, cuts his traces, mounts in a good moment, and is off at heavy-footed gallop, leaving his wagon. Seldom had human drill-sergeantcy such a problem.

The Prussian Vanguard, one Krockow its commander,

30th June 1758.

repulsed that first Austrian attack; swept the Pass clear for some minutes; got their section of the carriages, or some part of it, 250 in all, hurried through; then halted on the safe side, to wait what Ziethen would do with the remainder. Ziethen does his best and bravest, as everybody does; keeps his wagon chaos plugged down; ranks it in square mass, as a wagon-fortress (*Wagenburg*); ranks himself and everybody, his cannon, his platoon musketry, to the best advantage round it; furiously shoots out in all manner of ways, against the furious Loudon on this flank, and the furious Ziskowitz on that; takes hills, loses them; repels and is repelled (wagon chaos ever harder to keep plugged); finally perceives himself to be beaten; that the wagon chaos has got *un*plugged (fancy it!)—and that he, Ziethen, must retreat; back foremost if possible. He did retreat, fighting all the way to Troppau; and the Convoy is a ruin and a prey.

Krockow, with the 250, has got under way again, hearing the powder-wagons start into the air (fired by the enemy), and hearing the cannon and musketry take a northerly course, and die away in that ominous direction. These 250 were all the carriages that came in:—happily, by Ziethen's prudence, the money, a large sum, had been lodged in the vanmost of these. The rest of the Convoy, ball, powder, bread, was of little value to Loudon, but beyond value to Friedrich at this moment; and it has gone to annihilation and the belly of Chaos and the Croats. Among the tragic wrecks of this Convoy there is one that still goes to our heart. A longish, almost straight row of young Prussian recruits stretched among the slain, what are these? These were 700 recruits coming up from their cantons to the Wars; hardly six months in training: see how they have fought to the death, poor lads, and have honourably, on the sudden, got manu-

mitted from the toils of life. Seven hundred of them stood to arms, this morning; some sixty-five will get back to Troppau; that is the invoice account. They lie there, with their blond young cheeks and light hair; beautiful in death;—could not have done better, though the sacred poet has said nothing of them hitherto,—nor need, till times mend with us and him. Adieu, my noble young Brothers; so brave, so modest, no Spartan nor no Roman more; may the silence be blessed to you!

Contrary to some current notions, it is comfortably evident that there was a considerable fire of loyalty in the Prussians towards their King, during this War; loyalty kept well under cover, not wasting itself in harangues or noisy froth; but coming out, among all ranks of men, in practical attempts to be of help in this high struggle, which was their own as well as his. The *Stände*, landed Gentry, of Pommern and other places, we heard of their poor little Navy of twelve gunboats, which were all taken by the Swedes. Militia Regiments too, which did good service at Colberg, as may transiently appear by and by:—in the gentry or upper classes, a respectable zeal for their King. Then, among the peasantry or lower class—Here are Seven Hundred who stood well where he planted them. And their Mothers—Be Spartan also, ye Mothers! In peaceable times, Tempelhof tells us the Prussian Mother is usually proud of having her son in this King's service: a country wife will say to you: "I have three of them, all in the regiment," Billerbeck, Itzenplitz, or whatever be the Canton regiment; "the eldest is ten inches" (stands five feet ten), "the second is eleven, the third eight, for indeed he is yet young."

Daun, on the day of this Domstädtl business, and by way of masking it, feeling how vital it was, made various

2d–8th July 1758.
extensive movements, across the River by several Bridges; then hither, thither, on the farther side of Olmütz, mazing up and down: Friedrich observing him, till he should ripen to something definite, followed his bombarding the while; perhaps having hopes of wager of battle ensuing. Of the disaster at Domstädtl, Friedrich could know nothing, Loudon having closed the roads. Daun by no means ripens into battle: news of the disaster reached Friedrich early next day (Saturday, July 1st),—who 'immediately assembled his Generals, and spoke a few inspiring words to them,' such as we may fancy. Friedrich perceives that Olmütz is over; that his Third Campaign, third lunge upon the Enemy's heart, has prospered worse, thus far, than either of the others; that he must straightway end this of Olmütz, without any success whatever, and try the remaining methods and resources. No word of complaint, they say, is heard from Friedrich in such cases; face always hopeful, tone cheery. A man in Friedrich's position needs a good deal of Stoicism, Greek or other.

That Saturday night the Prussian bombardment is quite uncommonly furious, long continuing; no night yet like it:—the Prussians are shooting off their superfluous ammunition this night; do not quite end till Sunday is in. On Sunday itself, packings, preparations all completed; and 'Keith, with above 4,000 wagons, safe 'on the road since 2 A.M.'—the Prussians softly vanish in long smooth streams, with music playing, unmolested by Daun; and leaving nothing, it is boasted, but five or three mortars, which kept playing to the last, and one cannon, to which something had happened.

Of the retreat, there could be much said, instructive to military men who were studious; extremely fine re-

treat, say all judges;—of which my readers crave only the outlines, the results. Daun, it was thought, should have ruined Friedrich in this retreat; but he did nothing of harm to him. In fact, for a week he could not comprehend the phenomenon at all, and did not stir from his place,—which was on the other, or wrong, side of the River. Daun had never doubted but the retreat would be to Silesia; and he had made his detachments, and laid himself out for doing something upon it, in that direction: but, lo, what roads are these, what motions whitherward? In about a week it becomes manifest that the retreat, which goes on various roads, sometimes three at once, has converged on Leutomischl; straight for Bohemia instead of Silesia; and that Daun is fallen seven days behind it; incapable now to do anything. Not even the Magazine at Leutomischl could be got away, nor could even the whole of it be burnt.

Keith and the baggage once safe in Leutomischl (July 8th), all goes in deliberate long column; Friedrich ahead to open the passages. July 14th, after five more marches, Friedrich bursts up Königsgrätz; scattering any opposition there is; and sits down there, in a position considered, he knows well how inexpugnable; to live on the Country, and survey events. The 4,000 baggage-wagons came in about entire. Fouquet had the first division of them, and a secondary charge of the whole; an extremely strict, almost pedantic man, and of very fiery temper: "*Hé, d'où venez-vous?*" asked he sharply of Retzow senior, who had broken through his order, one day, to avert great mischief: "How come you here, *Mon Général?*" "By the Highway, your Excellency!" answered Retzow in a grave stiff tone.[9]

Keith himself takes the rear-guard, the most ticklish

[9] Retzow, i. 302.

post of all, and manages it well, and with success, as his wont is. Under sickness at the time, but with his usual vigilance, prudence, energy; qualities apt to be successful in War. Some brushes of Croat fighting he had from Loudon; but they did not amount to anything. It was at Holitz, within a march of Königsgrätz, that Loudon made his chief attempt; a vehement, well-intended thing; which looked well at one time. But Keith heard the cannonading ahead; hurried up with new cavalry, new sagacity and fire of energy; dashed out horse charges, seized hill tops, of a vital nature; and quickly ended the affair. A man fiery enough, and prompt with his stroke when wanted, though commonly so quiet. "Tell Monsieur,—" some General who seemed too stupid or too languid on this occasion,—"Tell Monsieur from me," said Keith to his Aide-de-Camp, "he may be a very pretty thing, but "he is not a man (*qu'il peut être une bonne chose, mais "qu'il n'est pas un homme*)!"[10] The excellent vernacular Keith;—still a fine breadth of accent in him, one perceives! He is now past sixty; troubled with asthma; and I doubt not may be, occasionally, thinking it near time to end his campaigns. And in fact, he is about ending them; sooner than he or anybody had expected.

Daun, picking his steps and positions, latterly with threefold precaution, got into Königsgrätz neighbourhood, a week after Friedrich; and looked down with enigmatic wonder upon Friedrich's new settlement there. Forage abundant all round, and the corn-harvest growing white —here, strange to say, has Friedrich got planted in the *in*side of those innumerable Daun redoubts, and 'woods of abatis;' and might make a very pretty "Bohemian Campaign" of it, after all, were Daun the only adversary he

[10] Varnhagen, *Leben des &c. Jakob von Keith*, p. 227.

had! Judges are of opinion, that Daun, with all his superiority of number, could not have disrooted Friedrich this season.[11] Daun did try him by the Pandour methods, '1,000 Croats stealing in upon Königsgrätz at one in the morning,' and the like; but these availed nothing. By the one effectual method, that of beating him in battle, Daun never would have tried. What did disroot Friedrich, then?—Take the following dates, and small hints of phenomena in other parts of the big Theatre of War. 'Konitz' is a little Polish Town, midway between Dantzig and Friedrich's Dominions:

'*Konitz*, 16*th June* 1758. This day Feldmarschall Fermor 'arrives in his principal Camp here. For many weeks past, he has 'been dribbling across the Weichsel hitherward, into various small 'camps, with Cossack Parties flying about, under check of General 'Platen. But now, being all across, and reunited, Fermor shoots 'out Cossack Parties of quite other weight and atrocity; and is 'ready to begin business,—still a little uncertain how. His Cos-'sacks, under their Demikows, Romanzows, capable of no good fight-'ing, but of endless incendiary mischief in the neighbourhood;—'shoot far ahead into Prussian territory: Platen, Hordt with his 'Free-Corps, are beautifully sharp upon them; but many beatings 'avail little. "They burn the town of Driesen" (Hordt having been 'hard upon them there); "town of Ratzebuhr, and nineteen villages 'around;"—burn poor old women and men, one poor old clergyman 'especially, wind him well in straw-roping, then set fire, and leave 'him;—and are worse than fiends or hyænas. Not to be checked 'by Platen's best diligence; not, in the end, by Platen and Dohna 'together. Dohna (18th June) has risen from Stralsund in check 'of them,—leaving the unfortunate Swedes to come out' (shrunk to about 7,000, so unsalutary their stockfish diet there),—'these 'hyæna Cossacks being the far more pressing thing. Dohna is

[11] *Tempelhof*, ii. 170-176, 185;—who, unluckily, in soldier fashion, here as too often elsewhere, does not give us the Arithmetical Numbers of each, but counts by 'Battalions' and 'Squadrons,' which, except in time of Peace, are a totally uncertain quantity:—guess vaguely, 75,000 against 30,000.

14th July—3d Aug. 1758.

'diligent, gives them many slaps and checks; Dohna cannot cut 'the taproot of them in two; that is to say, fight Fermor and beat 'him: other effectual check there can be none.[12]

'*Tschopau* (in Saxony), 21*st June*. Prince Henri has quitted 'Bamberg Country; and is home again, carefully posted, at Tschopau 'and up and down, on the southern side of Saxony; with his eye 'well on the Passes of the Metal-Mountains,—where now, in the turn 'things at Olmütz have taken, his clear fate is to be invaded, *not* 'to invade. The Reichs Army, fairly afoot in the Circle of Saatz, 'counts itself 35,000; add 15,000 Austrians of a solid quality, 'there is a Reichs Army of 50,000 in all, this Year. And will cer- 'tainly invade Saxony,—though it is in no hurry; does not stir till 'August come, and will find Prince Henri elaborately on his guard, 'and little to be made of him, though he is as one to two.

'*Crefeld* (Rhine-Country), 23*d June*. Duke Ferdinand, after 'skilful shoving and advancing, some forty or fifty miles, on his new 'or French side of the Rhine, finds the French drawn up at Crefeld, '(June 23d); 47,000 of them *versus* 33,000: in altogether intri- 'cate ground; canal-ditches, osier-thickets, farm-villages, peat-bogs. 'Ground defensible against the world, had the 47,000 had a Cap- 'tain; but reasonably safe to attack, with nothing but a Clermont 'acting that character. Ferdinand, I can perceive, knew his Cler- 'mont; and took liberties with him. Divided himself into three 'attacks: one in front, one on Clermont's right flank, both of which 'cannonaded, as if in earnest, but did not prevent Clermont going 'to dinner. One attack on front, one on right flank; then there 'was a third, seemingly on left flank, but which winded itself round. '(perilously imprudent, had there been a Captain, instead of a Cler- 'mont deepish in wine by this time), and burst in upon Clermont's 'rear; jingling his wine-glasses and decanters, think at what a 'rate;—scattering his 47,000 and him to the road again, with a 'loss of men, which was counted to 4,000 (4,000 against 1,700), 'and of honour—whatever was still to lose!'[13]

Ferdinand, it was hoped, would now be able to maintain himself, and push forward, on this French side of the Rhine: and had Wesel been his (as some of us know it is not!), perhaps he might. At any

[12] *Helden-Geschichte*, v. 149 et seq.; Tempelhof, ii. 135 &c.

[13] Mauvillon, i. 297-309; Westphalen, i. 588-604; Tempelhof; &c. &c.

rate, veteran Belleisle took his measures:—dismissal of Clermont Prince of the Blood, and appointment of Contades, a man of some skill; recal of Soubise and his 24,000 from their Austrian intentions; these and other strenuous measures,—and prevented such consummation. A gallant young Comte de Gisors, only son of Belleisle, perished in that disgraceful Crefeld:—unfortunate old man, what a business that of "cutting Germany in four" has been to you, first and last!

'*Louisburg* (North America), *July 8th.* Landing of General 'Amherst's people, at Louisburg in Cape Breton; with a view of 'besieging that important place. Which has now become extremely 'difficult; the garrison, and their defences, military, naval, being in 'full readiness for such an event. Landing was done by Brigadier 'Wolfe; under the eye of Amherst and Admiral Boscawen from 'rearward, and under abundant fire of batteries and musketries 'playing on it ahead: in one of the surfiest seas (but we have 'waited four days, and it hardly mends), tossing us about like corks; '—so that "many of the boats were broken;" and Wolfe and people '"had to leap out, breast deep," and make fight for themselves, the 'faster the better, under very intricate circumstances! Which was 'victoriously done, by Wolfe and his people; really in a rather 'handsome manner, that morning. As were all the subsequent 'Siege-operations, on land and on water, by them and the others:— 'till (August 8th) the Siege ended: in complete surrender,—positively for the last time (Pitt fully intends); no Austrian Netherlands now to put one on revoking it![14]

'These are pretty victories, cheering to Pitt and Friedrich: but 'the difficult point still is that of Fermor. Whose Cossacks, and 'their devil-like ravagings, are hideous to think of:—unrestrainable 'by Dohna, unless he could cut the root of them; which he cannot. '*June 27th*' (while Colonel Mosel, with his 3,000 wagons, still only one stage from Troppau, was so busy), 'slow Fermor rose from 'Konitz; began hitching southward, southward gradually to Posen, '—a considerably stronger Polish Town; on the edge both of Brandenburg and of Silesia;—and has been sitting there, almost ever 'since our entrance into Bohemia; his Cossacks burning and wasting 'to great distances in both Countries; no deciding which of them

[14] General Amherst's *Diary of the Siege* (in *Gentleman's Magazine*, xxviii. 384-89).

3d Aug. 1758.

'he meant to invade with his main Army. Sits there almost a 'month, enigmatic to Dohna, enigmatic to Friedrich: till Friedrich 'decides at last that he cannot be suffered longer, whichever of 'them he mean; and rises for Silesia (August 2d). Precisely about 'which day Fermor had decided for Brandenburg, and rolled over 'thither, towards Cüstrin and the Frankfurt-on-Oder Country, her-'alded by fire and murder, as usual.'

Friedrich's march to Landshut is again much admired. Daun had beset the three great roads, the two likeliest especially, with abundant Pandours, and his best Loudons and St. Ignons: Friedrich, making himself enigmatic to Daun, struck into the third road by Skalitz, Nachod; circuitous, steep, but lying Glatz-ward, handy for support of various kinds. He was attempted, once or more, by Pandours, but used them badly; fell in with Daun's old abatis (well wind-dried now), in different places, and burnt them in passing. And in five days, was in Kloster-Grüssau, safe on his own side of the Mountains again. One point only we will note, in these Pandour turmoilings. From Skalitz, the first stage of his march, he answers a Letter of Brother Henri's:

To Prince Henri (at Tschopau in Saxony). "What you write "to me of my Sister of Baireuth" (that she has been in extremity, cannot yet write, and must not be told of the Prince of Prussia's death lest it kill her) "makes me tremble! Next to our Mother, "she is what I have the most tenderly loved in this world. She is "a Sister who has my heart and all my confidence; and whose cha-"racter is of price beyond all the crowns in this universe. From "my tenderest years, I was brought up with her: you can conceive "how there reigns between us that indissoluble bond of mutual "affection and attachment for life, which in all other cases, were it "only from disparity of ages, is impossible. Would to Heaven I "might die before her;—and that this terror itself don't take away "my life without my actually losing her!"[15] * *

[15] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxvi. 179, 'Klenny, near Skalitz, 3d August 1758;' Henri's Letter is dated, 'Camp of Tschopau, 28th July' (ib. 177).

At Grüssau (August 9th) he writes to his dear Wilhelmina herself: "Oh, you the dearest of my family, you whom I have most "at heart of all in this world,—for the sake of whatever is most pre- "cious to you, preserve yourself, and let me have at least the con- "solation of shedding my tears in your bosom! Fear nothing for "*us*, and"—O King, she is dying, and I believe knows it, though you will hope to the last! There is something piercingly tragical in those final Letters of Friedrich to his Wilhelmina, written from such scenes of wreck and storm, and in Wilhelmina's beautiful ever-loving quiet Answers, dictated when she could no longer write.[16]

Friedrich had last left Grüssau, April 18th; he has returned to it, August 8th: after sixteen weeks of a very eventful absence. In Grüssau he staid two whole days;—busy enough he, probably, though his people were resting! August 10th, he draws up, for Prince Henri, "under seal of the most absolute secrecy," and with admirable business-like strictness, brevity and clearness, forgetting nothing useful, remembering nothing useless, a Paper of Directions in case of a certain event: "I march tomorrow "against the Russians: as the events of war may lead to "all sorts of accidents, and it may easily happen to me to "be killed, I have thought it my duty to let you know "what my plans were," and what you are to do in that event,—"the rather as you are Guardian of our Nephew" (late Prince of Prussia's Son) "with an unlimited autho- "rity." Oath from all the armies the instant I am killed: rapid, active, as ever; the enemy not to notice that there is any change in the command. I intend to "beat the Russians utterly" (*à plate couture*, 'splay-seam'), "if it be

[16] 'July 18th' is the last by her hand, and 'almost illegible;'—still extant, it seems, though withheld from us. Was received at Grüssau here, and answered at some length (*Œuvres*, xxvii. 1. 316), according to the specimen just given. Two more of hers follow, and Four of the King's (ib. 317-322). Nearly meaningless, as printed there, without commentary for the unprepared reader.

11th Aug. 1758.

possible;" then to &c.:—gives you his "itinerary," too, or probable address, till "the 25th" (notably enough); in short, forgets nothing useful, nor remembers any thing that is not, in spite of his hurry.[17] For Minister Finck also there went a Paper; seal *not* needing to be opened, for the moment.

With Margraf Karl, and Fouquet under him, who are to guard Silesia, he leaves in two Divisions about Half the late Olmütz Army:—added to the other force, this will make about 40,000 for that service.[18] Keith has the chief command here; but is ordered to Breslau, in the mean time, for a little rest and recovery of health. Friday, 11th August, Friedrich himself, with the other Half, pushes off towards Fermor and the Cossack demons; through Liegnitz, through Hohenfriedberg Country, straight for Frankfurt, with his best speed.

[17] '*Disposition Testamentaire*' (so they have labelled it); given in *Œuvres*, iv. (*Appendice*) 261-262. Friedrich's *Testament* proper is already made, and all in order, years ago ('11th January 1752'): of this there followed Two new Redactions (new *editions* with slight improvements, '7th November 1768,' and '8th January 1769' the *finally* valid one); and various Supplements, or summary Enforcements (as here), at different times of crisis: See *Preuss*, iv. 277, 401, and *Œuvres de Frédéric*, vi. p. 13 (of Preface), for some confused account of that matter.

[18] Stenzel, v. 163.

CHAPTER XIII.

BATTLE OF ZORNDORF.

SUNDAY, 20th August, Friedrich, with his small Army, hardly above 15,000 I should guess, arrived at Frankfurt-on-Oder: 'his Majesty,' it seems, 'lodged in the Le-'bus Suburb, in the house of a Clergyman's Widow; and 'was observed to go often out of doors, and listen to the 'cannonading, which was going on at Cüstrin.'[1] From Landshut hither, he has come in nine days; the swiftest marching; a fiery spur of indignation being upon all his men and him, for the last two days fierier than ever,—longing all to have a blow at those incendiary Russian gentlemen. Five days ago, the Russians, attempting blindly on the Garrison of Cüstrin, had burnt,—nothing of the Garrison at all,—but the poor little Town altogether. Which has filled everybody with lamentation and horror. And, listen yonder, they are still busy on the solitary Garrison of Cüstrin;—audible enough to Friedrich, from his northern or Lebus Suburb, which lies nearest the place, at a distance of some twenty miles.

Of Fermor's redhot savagery on Cüstrin, it is lamentably necessary we should say something: to say much would be a waste of record; as the thing itself was a waste of powder. A thing hideous to think of; without the least profit to Fermor, but with total ruin to all the inhabitants, and to the many strangers who had sought

[1] Rödenbeck, i. 347.

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refuge there. One interior circumstance is memorable and lucky to us. Artillery-Captain Tielcke happened to be with these people; had come in the train of 'two Saxon Princes, serving as volunteers;' and, with a singular lucidity, and faithful good sense, not scientific alone, he illuminates these black Russian matters for such as have to do with them.

Tielcke's Book of *Contributions to the Art of War*[2] is still in repute with Soldiers, especially in the Artillery line; and indeed shows a sound geometrical head, and contains bits of excellent Historical reading interspersed among the scientific parts. This Tielcke, it appears, was a common foot-soldier, one of those Pirna 14,000 made Prussian against their will; but Tielcke had a milkmaid for sweetheart in those regions, who, good soul, gave him her generous farewell, a suit of her clothes, perhaps a pair of her pails; and in that guise he walked out of bondage. Clear away; to Warsaw, to favour with the King and others (being of real merit, an excellent, studious, modest little man); and here he now reappears, in a higher capacity; as articulate Eyewitness of the Cüstrin Business and the Zorndorf, among much other Russian darkness, which shall remain comfortably blank to us.

Up to Cüstrin, the Journal of the Operations of the Russian Army, which I could give from day to day,[3] is of no interest except to the Nether Powers of this Universe; the Russian Operations hitherto having consisted in slow marches, sluttish cookeries, cantoonings, bivouackings, with destruction of a poor innocent Country, and arson, theft and murder done on the great scale, by inhu-

[2] *Beyträge zur Kriegs-Kunst und* (zur) *Geschichte des Krieges von* 1756 *bis* 1763 (six thin vols. 4to, with many Plates); cited above.

[3] '*Tagebuch beyder &c.* (Diary of both Armies from the beginning of the Campaign till Zorndorf'), in Tielcke, ii. 1-75; Tempelhof, ii. 136, 216-224; *Helden-Geschichte*, v.; &c. &c.

man vagabonds, Cossacks so-called, *not* tempered on this occasion by the mercy of Calmucks. The regular Russian Army, it appears, participates in the common horror of mankind against such a method of making war; but neither Feldmarschall Fermor, nor General Demikof (properly *Thémicoud*, a Swiss, deserving little thanks from us, who has taken in hand to command these Missionaries of the Pit), can help the results above described. Which are justly characterised as abominable, to gods and men; and not fit to be recorded in human Annals; execration, and if it were possible, oblivion, being the human resource with them. The Russian Officers, it seems, despise this Cossack rabble incredibly; for their fighting qualities withal are close on zero, though their talent for arson and murder is so considerable. And, contrariwise, the Cossacks, for their part, have no objection to plunder or even, if obstreperous, to kill, any regular Officer they may meet unescorted in a good place. Their talent for arson is great. They do uncountable damage to the Army itself; provoking all the Country people to destroy by fire what could be eaten or used, the foraging, food and equipments of horse and man; so that horse and man have to be fed by victual carted hundreds of miles out of Poland; and the Russian Army sticks, as it were, tethered with a welter of broken porridge-pots and rent mealbags hung to every foot it has.

East Preussen is quiet from the storms of War; holds its tongue well, and hopes better days: but the Russians themselves are little the better for it, a country so lately burned bare; they are merely flung so many scores of miles forward, farther from home and their real resources, before they can begin work. They have no port on the

Baltic: poor blockheads, they are aware how desirable, for instance, Dantzig would be; to help feeding them out of ships; but the Dantzigers won't. Colberg, a poor little place, with only 700 militia people in it, would be of immense service to them as a sea-haven: but even this they have not yet tried to get; and after trying, they will find it a job. "Why not unite with the Swedes and take Stettin (the finest harbour in the Baltic), which would bring Russia, by ships, to your very hand?" This is what Montalembert is urgent upon, year after year, to the point of wearying everybody; but he can get no official soul to pay heed to him,—the difficulties are so considerable. "Swedes, what are they?" say the Russians: "Russians what?" say the Swedes. "Sweden would be so handy for the Artilleries," urges Montalembert; "Russians for the Soldiery, or covering and fighting part."—"Can't be done!" Officiality shakes its head: and Montalembert is obliged to be silent.

The Russians have got into the Neumark of Brandenburg, on those bad terms; and are clearly aware that, without some Fortress as a Place of Arms, they are an overgrown Incompetency and Monstrosity in the field of War; doing much destruction, most of which proves *self*-destructive before long. But how help it? If the carrying of meal so far be difficult, what will the carrying of siege-furniture be? A flat impossibility. Fermor, aware of these facts, remembers what happened at Oczakow,—long ago, in our presence, and Keith's and Münnich's, if the reader have not quite forgot. Münnich, on that occasion, took Oczakow without any siege-furniture whatever, by boldly marching up to it; nothing but audacity and good luck on his side. Fermor determines to try Cüstrin in the like way,—if peradventure Prussian soldiery be like Turk?—

Fermor rose from Posen, August 2d, almost three weeks ago; making daily for the Neumark and those unfortunate Oder Countries; nobody but Dohna to oppose him,—Dohna in the ratio of perhaps one against four. Dohna naturally laid hold of Frankfurt and the Oder Bridge, so that Fermor could not cross there; whereupon Fermor, as the next best thing, struck northward for the Warta (black Polish stream, last big branch of Oder); crossed this, at his ease, by Landsberg Bridge, August 10th;[1] and after a day or two of readjustment in Landsberg, made for Cüstrin Country (his next headquarter is at Gross Kamin*); hoping, in some accidental or miraculous way to cross Oder thereabouts, or even get hold of Cüstrin as a Place of Arms. If peradventure he can take Cüstrin without proper siege-artillery, in the Oczakow or Anti-Turk way? Fermor has been busy upon Cüstrin since August 15th;—in what fashion we partly-heard, and will now, from authentic sources, see a little for ourselves.

The Castle of Cüstrin, built by good Johann of Cüstrin; and 'roofed with copper,' in the Reformation times,—we know it from of old, and Friedrich has since had some knowledge of it. Cüstrin itself is a rugged little Town, with some moorland traffic, and is still a place of great military strength, the garrison of those parts. Its rough pavements, its heavy stone battlements and barriers, give it a gnarled obstinate aspect,—stern enough place of exile for a Crown-Prince fallen into such disfavour with Papa! A rugged, compact, by no means handsome little Town, at the meeting of the Warta and the Oder; stands naturally among sedges, willows and drained mire, except that human industry is pleasantly busy upon it, and has long been. So that the neighbourhood is populous beyond expectation; studded with rough cottages in whitewash; hamlets in a paved condition; and comfortable signs of labour victoriously wrestling with the wilderness. Cüstrin, an arsenal and garrison, begirt with two rivers, and with awful bulwarks, and bas-

[1] Tempelhof, ii. 216.

* Map at p. 342*a*.

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tions cased in stone,—'perhaps too high,' say the learned,—is likely to be impregnable to Russian engineering on those terms. Here, with brevity, is the catastrophe of Cüstrin.

Tuesday, 15th August 1758. At two in the morning, several thousand Russians, grenadiers, under Quarter-Master General Stoffeln, whom the readers of Mannstein know from old Oczakow times, are astir; pushing along from Gross-Kamin, through the scraggy firwoods, and flat peat countries; intending a stroke on Cüstrin, if perhaps they can get it:[5]—not the slightest chance to get Cüstrin; Prussian soldiership and Turkish being two quite different things! The pickeering and manœuvering of Stoffeln shall not detain us. Stoffeln came along by the Landsberg road (course of the now Königsberg-Cüstrin Railway); and drove in the Prussian out-parties, who at first took him for Cossacks. Stoffeln set himself down on the north side of the place; planted cannon in certain claypits thereabouts, and about nine o'clock began firing shells and incendiary grenadoes at a great rate. Tielcke saw everything;—and had the honour to take luncheon, that evening, with certain chief Officers, sitting on the ground, after all was over, and only a few shots from the Garrison still dropping.[6]

At the third grenado, which, it seems, fell into a straw magazine, Cüstrin took fire; could not be quenched again, so much dry wood in it, so much disorder too, the very soldiers some of them disorderly (a bad deserter set); so that it soon flamed aloft,—from side to side one sea of flame: and man, woman and child, every soul (except the Garrison, which sat enclosed in strong stone), had to fly across the River, under penalty of death by fire. Of Cüstrin, by five in the evening, there was nothing left but the black ashes; the Garrison standing unharmed, and the Church, School-house, and some stone edifices in a charred skeleton condition. 'No life was lost, except that of one child in arms.' All Neumark had lodged its valuables in this place of strength; all are fled now in horror and terror across the Oder, by the Bridge, before it also unquenchably takes fire, at the western or Non-Russian end of the place. Such a day as was seldom seen in human experience;—Fermor responsible for it, happily not we.

[5] Tempelhof, ii. 217; but Tielcke, ii. 69 et seq., the real source.

[6] Tielcke, ii. 75 n.

Fermor, in the evening, said to his Artillery People: "Why have you ceased to fire grenadoes?" "Excellency, the Town is out; nothing now but ashes and stone." "Never mind; give them the rest, one every quarter of an hour. We shall not need the grenadoes again. The cannon-balls we shall; them, therefore, do not waste." On the morrow morning, after this performance on the Town, Fermor sends a Trumpeter: "Surrender, or else —!" rather in the tremendous style. "Or else?" answers the Commandant, pointing to the ashes, to the black inconsumable stones; and is deaf to this *ex-postfacto* Trumpeter. The Russians say they sent one yesterday morning, not *ex-postfacto*, but he was killed in the pickeerings, and never heard of again. A mile or so to rear of Cüstrin, on the westward or Berlin side of the River, lies Dohna, for the last four days; expecting that the Laws of Nature will hold good, and Cüstrin prove tenable against such sieging. So stands it on Friedrich's arrival.

We left Friedrich in the Lebus Suburb of Frankfurt, Sunday, August 20th, listening to the distant cannonade. Next morning, he is here himself; at Dohna's Camp of Görgast, taking survey of affairs; came early, under rapid small escort, leaving his Army to follow; scorn and contemptuous indignation the humour of him, they say; resolution to be swiftly home upon that surprising Russian armament, and teach it new manners. The black skeleton of Cüstrin stares hideously across the River; "Cüstrin Siege" so-called still going on;—had better make despatch now, and take itself away! He greatly despises Russian soldiership: "Pooh, pooh," he would answer, if Keith from experience said, "Your Majesty does not do it justice;"—and Keith has been known to hint, "If the trial ever come, your Majesty will alter that opinion." A day or two hence, amid these hideous Russian fire-traceries, the Hussars bring him a dozen of Cossacks they have made prisoners: Friedrich looks at the dirty green vagabonds, says to one of his Staff: "And this is the kind of Doggery I have to bother with!"—

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The sight of the poor country people, and their tears of joy and of sorrow, on his re-appearance among them, much affected him. Taking inspection of Dohna, he finds Dohna wonderfully clean, pipe-clayed, complete: "You are very fine indeed, you;—I bring you a set of fellows, rough as *grasteufeln*" ('grass-devils,' I never know whether insects or birds); "but they can bite,"—hope you can!

Tuesday, August 22d, at five in the morning our Army has all arrived, the Frankfurt people just come in; 30,000 of us now in Camp at Görgast. Friedrich orders straightway that a certain Russian Redoubt on the other side of the River, at Schaumburg, a mile or two down stream, be well cannonaded into ruin,—as if he took it for some incipiency of a Russian Bridge, or were himself minded to cross here, under cover of Cüstrin. Friedrich's intention very certainly is to cross,—here or not just here;—and that same night, after some hours of rest to the Frankfurt people,—night of Tuesday-Wednesday, Friedrich, having persuaded the Russians that his crossing-place will be their Redoubt at Schaumburg, marches ten or twelve miles down the River, silently his 30,000 and he, till opposite the Village of Güstebiese; rapidly makes his Bridges there, unmolested: Fermor, with his eye on the cannonaded Redoubt only, has expected no such matter; and is much astonished when he hears of it, twenty hours after. Friedrich, across with the vanguard, at an early hour of Wednesday, gets upon the knoll at Güstebiese for a view: and all Güstebiese, hearing of him, hurries out, with low-voiced tremulous blessings, irrepressible tears: "God reward your Majesty, that have come to us!"—and there is a hustling and a struggling, among the women especially, to kiss the skirts of his coat. Poor souls: one could have stood tremendous cheers; but

this is a thing I forgive Friedrich for being visibly affected with.

Friedrich leaves his baggage on the other side of the Oder, and the Bridge guarded; our friend Hordt, with his Free-Corps, doing it. Friedrich marches forward some ten miles that night; eastward, straight for Gross Kamin, as if to take the Russians in rear; encamps at a place called Klossow, spreading himself obliquely towards the Mützel (black sluggish tributary of the Oder in those parts), meaning to reach Neu Damm on the Mützel tomorrow, there almost within wind of the Russians, and be ready for crossing on them. It was at Klossow (23d August, evening), that the Hussars brought him in their dozen or two of Cossacks, and he had his first sight of Russian soldiery; by no means a favourable one, "Ugh, only look!"—As we are now approaching Zorndorf, and the monstrous tug of Battle which fell out there, readers will be glad of the following:

'From Damm on the Mützel, where Friedrich intends crossing it 'tomorrow night, south to Gross Kamin, not far from the Warta, 'where Fermor's headquarter lately was, may be about five miles. 'From Cüstrin, Kamin lies north-east about eight or ten miles: 'Zorndorf, the most considerable Village in this tract, lies,—little 'dreaming of the sad glory coming to it,—pretty much in the centre 'between big Warta and smaller Mützel. The Country is by nature 'a peat-wilderness, far and wide; but it has been tamed exten- 'sively; grows crops, green pastures; is elsewhere covered with 'wood (Scotch fir, scraggy in size, but evidently under forest man- 'agement); perhaps half the country is in Fir tracts, what they call '*Heiden* (Heaths); the cultivated spaces lying like light-green 'islands with black-green channels and expanses of circumambient 'Fir. The Drewitz Heath, the Massin or Zicher Heath, and others 'about Zorndorf, will become notable to us. The Country is now 'much drier than in Friedrich's time; the human spade doing its 'duty everywhere: so that much of the Battle-ground has become

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'irrecognisable, when compared with the old marshy descriptions 'given of it. Zorndorf, a rough substantial Hamlet, has nothing of 'boggy now visible near by; lies east to west, a firm broad highway 'leading through: a sea of forest before it, to south; to north, good 'dry barley-grounds or rye-grounds, sensibly rising for half a mile, 'then waving about in various slow slight changes of level towards 'Quartschen, Zicher, &c.: forming an irregular cleared "island," 'altogether of perhaps four miles by three, with unlimited cir-'cumambiencies of wood. It was here, on this island as we 'call it, that the Battle, which has made Zorndorf famous, was 'fought.

'Zorndorf (or even the open ground half a mile to north of it, 'which will be more important to us) is probably not 50 feet above 'the level of the Mützel, nor 100 above Warta and Oder, six miles 'off; but it is the crown of the Country;—the ground dropping 'therefrom, every way, in lazy dull waves or swells; towards Tamsel 'and Gross Kamin on south-east; towards Birken-Busch, Quartschen, 'Darmützel[7] on north-west; as well as towards Damm and its 'Bridge north-east, where Friedrich will soon be, and towards 'Cüstrin south-west, where he lately was, each a five or six miles 'from Zorndorf.

'Such is the poor moorland tract of Country; Zorndorf the centre 'of it,—where the Battle is likely to be:—Zorndorf and environs a 'bare quasi-island among these woods; extensive bald crown of the 'landscape, girt with a frizzle of firwoods all round. Boggy pools 'there are, especially on the western side (all drained in our time). 'Mützel, or north side, is of course the lowest in level: and ac-'cordingly,' what is much to be marked by readers here, 'from the 'south, or Zorndorf side, at wide intervals, there saunter along, in a 'slow obscure manner, Three miserable continuous Leakages, or oozy 'Threads of Water, all making for Quartschen, to north or north-'west, there to disembogue into the Mützel. Each of these has its 'little Hollow; of which the westernmost, called Zabern Hollow '(*Zaberngrund*), is the most considerable, and the most important 'to us here: *Galgengrund* (Gallows Hollow) is also worth naming 'in this Battle; the third Leakage, though without importance, in-'vites us to name it, *Hosebruch*, quasi *Stocking*-quagmire,—because

[7] *Dar* of the Mützel, whatever '*Dar*' may be.

'you can use no stockings there, except with manifest disadvantage.' —Take this other concluding trait:

* * 'Inexpressible fringe of marsh, two or three miles broad, 'mostly bottomless, woven with sluggish creeks and stagnant pools, 'borders the Warta for many miles, towards Landsberg; Cüstrin-'Landsberg Causeway the alone sure footing in it; after which, the 'country rises insensibly, but most beneficially, and is mainly dryer 'till you get to the Mützel again, and find the same fringe of mud lace-work again. Zorndorf we called the crown of it. Tamsel, 'Wilkersdorf, Klein Kamin, Gross Kamin, and other places known 'to us, lie on the dry turf-fuel country, but looking over close upon 'the hem of that marsh-fringe, and no doubt getting peats, wild-'ducks, pike-fishes, eels, and snatches of summer pasture and cow-'hay out of it.'

Thursday, August 24th, Friedrich is again speeding on; occupying Darmützel, and other crossing places of the Mützel;[8]—by no means himself crossing there; on the contrary, carefully breaking all the Bridges before he go ("No retreat for those Russian vagabonds, only death or surrender for them!")—himself not intending to cross till he be up at Damm, Neu Damm, well eastward of his Russians, and have got them all pinfolded between Mützel and Oder in that way. In the evening, he reaches Damm and the Mill of Damm, some three or four miles higher up the Mützel;—and there pushes partly across at once. That is to say, his vanguard at once, and takes a defensive position; his Artillery and other Divisions, by degrees, in the silent night hours; and, before day-break tomorrow, every soul will be across, and the Bridge broken again;—and Fermor had better have his accounts settled.

Fermor's roving Cossack clouds seldom bring him in

[8] Mitchell to Holderness, 'Dermützel, 24th August 1758' (*Memoirs and Papers*, i. 425; Ib. ii. 40-47, Mitchell's Private Journal).

intelligence; but only return stained with charcoal grime, and red murder: up to late last night, he had not known where Friedrich was at all; had idly thought him busy with the Schaumburg Redoubt, on the other side of Oder, fencing and precautioning: but now (night of the 23d), these Cossacks do come in with news, "Indisputable to our poor minds, the Prussians are at Klossow yonder,—captured a dozen green vagabonds of us, and have sent us galloping!"—which news, with the night closing in on him, was astonishing, thrice and four times important to Fermor.

Instantly he raises the siege of Cüstrin, any siege there was; gets his immense baggage-train shoved off that night to Klein Kamin, Landsberg way; summons the force from Landsberg to join him without loss of a moment;—and in the mean while, pitches himself in long bivouac in the Drewitz Wood or Fir-Heath, with the quaggy Zaberngrund in front. Quaggy Zaberngrund,—do readers remember it; one of those "Three continuous Leakages," very important to Fermor and us at present? This is the safest place Fermor can find for himself; scraggy firs around, good quagmires and Zabern Hollow in front; looking to the east, waiting what a new day will bring. That was Fermor's posture, while Friedrich quitted Klossow in the dawn of the 24th. Be busy, ye Cossack doggeries; return with news, not with mere grime and marks of blood on your mouths!

Evening of the 24th, Cossacks report that Friedrich has got to Damm Mill; has hold of the Bridge there; and may be looked for, sure as the daylight tomorrow. Fermor is 50,000 odd, his Landsberg forces all coming in; one Detachment out Stettin way, which cannot come in; Fermor finds that his baggage-train is fairly on the road to Klein Kamin;—and that he will have to quit

this bosky bivouac, and fight for himself in the open ground, or do worse.

Theseus and the Minotaur over again,—that is to say, Friedrich at Handgrips with Fermor and his Russians (25th August 1758).

Artless Fermor draws out to the open ground, north of Zorndorf, south of Quartschen; arranges himself in huge quadrilateral mass, with his 'staff-baggage' (lighter baggage) in the centre, and his front, so to speak, every where.[9] Mass, say two miles long by one mile broad; but it is by no means regular, and has many zigzags according to the ground, and narrows and droops southward on the eastern end: one of the most artless arrangements; but known to Fermor, and the readiest on this pinch of time. Münnich devised this quadrilateral mode; and found it good against the Turks, and their deluges of raging horse and foot: Fermor could perhaps do better; but there is such a press of hurry. Fermor's western flank, or biggest breadth of quadrilateral, leans on that Zabern Hollow, with its fine quagmires; his eastern, narrowest part, droops down on certain mud-pools and conveniences towards Zicher. Gallows Hollow, a slighter than the Zabern, runs through the centre of him; and, with his best people, he fronts towards the Mützel Bridges, especially towards Damm Mill Bridge, whence Friedrich will emerge, sure as the sunrise, one knows not with what issue. Artless Fermor is nothing daunted; nor are his people; but stand patiently under arms, re-

[9] Excellent Plan of him, or rather Plans, in his successive shapes, in Tielcke, ii. (*Plates* 4, 5, 6, 7, 8). Our poor Sketch at p. 342*a*. strives to represent him as he stood when first attacked.

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gardless of future and present, to a degree not common in soldiering.

Friday, August 25th, by half-past three in the morning, Friedrich is across the Mützel; self and Infantry by Damm-Mützel Bridge, cavalry by another Bridge (*Kersten-brügge*, means "Christian Bridge," in the dialect of Charlemagne's time, a very old arrangement of Successive Logs up there!) some furlongs higher up. The Bridge at Damm is perhaps some three miles from the nearest Russians about Zicher; but Friedrich has no thought of attacking Fermor there; he has a quite other program laid, and will attack Fermor precisely on the side opposite to there. Friedrich's intention is to sweep quite round this monstrous Russian Quadrilateral; to break in upon it on the western flank, and hurl it back upon Mützel and its quagmires. He has broken his two bridges after passing, all bridges are gone there, and the country is bottomless: surrender at discretion if once you are driven thither! And Friedrich's own retreat, if he fail, is short and open to Cüstrin. "Admirable," say the critics, "and altogether in Friedrich's style!"—Friedrich, adds one Critic, was not aware that the Russian Heavy-Baggage Train, which is their powderflask and breadbasket and staff of life, lies at Klein Kamin, within few miles on his left just now, Russians themselves on his right; that the Russians could have been abolished from those countries without fighting at all![10] This is very true. Friedrich's haste is great, his humour hot; and he has not heard of this Klein-Kamin fact, which in common times he would have done, and of which in a calmer mood he would, with a fine scientific gusto, have taken his advantage.

Friedrich pours incessant southward; cavalry parallel to infantry and a certain distance beyond it, eastward of

[10] Retzow, i. 305-329.

it; and they have burnt the Bridges; which is a curious fact! Continually southward, as if for Tamsel:—poor old Tamsel, do readers recollect it at all, does Friedrich at all? No pleasant dinner, or lily-and-rose complexions, there for one to-day!—Some distance short of Tamsel, Friedrich, emerging, turns westward;—intending what on earth? thinks Fermor. Friedrich has been mostly hidden by the woods all this while, and enigmatic to Fermor. Fermor does now at last see the colour of the facts;—and that one's chief front must change itself to southward, one's best leg and arm be foremost, or towards Zorndorf, not towards the Mützel as hitherto. Fermor stirs up his Quadrilateral, makes the required change, "You, best or northern line, step across, and front southward; across to southward, I say; second-best go northward in their stead:" and so, with some other slight polishings, suggested by the ground and phenomena, we anew await this Prussian Enigma with our best leg foremost. The march or circular sweep of these Prussian lines, from Damm Bridge through the woods and champaign to their appointed place of action, is seven or eight miles; lines when halted in battle-order will be two miles long or more.

Friedrich pours steadily along, horse and foot, by the rear of Wilkersdorf, of Zorndorf,—Russian Minotaur scrutinising him in that manner with dull bloodshot eyes, uncertain what he will do. It is eight in the morning, hot August; wind a mere lull, but southernly if any. Small Hussar pickets ride to right of the main Army March; to keep the Cossacks in check: who are roving about, all on wing; and pert enough, in spite of the Hussar pickets. Desperado individuals of them gallop up to the Infantry ranks, and fire off their pistols there,—without reply; reply or firing, till the word come, is strictly forbidden.

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Infantry pours along, like a ploughman drawing his furrow, heedless of the circling crows. Crows or Cossacks, finding they are not regarded, set fire to Zorndorf, and gallop off. Zorndorf goes up readily, mainly wood and straw; rolls in big clouds of smoke far northward in upon the Russian Minotaur, making him still blinder in the important moments now coming.

Friedrich rides up to view the Zabern Hollow: "Beyond expectation deep; very boggy, too, with its foul leakage or brook: no attacking of their western flank through this Zabern-grund;—attack the corner of them, then; here on the south-west!" That is Friedrich's rapid resource. The lines halt, accordingly; make ready. Behind flaming Zorndorf stands his extreme left, which is to make the attack; infantry in front; horse to rear and farther leftwards,—and under the command of Seidlitz in this quarter, which is an important circumstance. Right wing, reaching to behind Wilkersdorf, is to refuse itself; whole force of centre is to push upon that Russian corner, to support the left in doing it;—according to the Leuthen or *Leuctra* principle, once more. May no mistakes occur in executing it this day!—

The first division of the Prussian Infantry, or extreme Left, marches forward by the west end of flaming Zorndorf; next division, which should stand close to right of it, or even behind it, in action, and follow it close into the Russian fire, has to march by the east end of Zorndorf; this is a farther road, owing to the flames; and not a lucky one. Second division could never get into fair contact with that first division again: that was the mistake: and it might have been fatal, but was not, as we shall see. First division has got clear of Zorndorf, in advancing towards its Russian business;—is striding forward, its left flank safe against the Zabern-grund; steadily by

fixed stages, against the fated Russian Corner, which is its point of attack. First division, second division, are clear of Zorndorf, though with a wide gap between them; are steadily striding forward towards the Russian Corner. Two strong batteries, wide apart, have planted themselves ahead; and are playing upon the Russian Quadrilateral, their fires crossing at the due Corner yonder, with terrible effect; Russian artillery, which are multitudinous and all gathered down to this south-western corner, are responding, though with their fire spread, and far less effectual. The Prussian line steps on, extreme left perhaps in too animated a manner; their cannon batteries enfilade the thick mass of Russians at a frightful rate ('forty-two men of a certain regiment blown away by a single ball,' in one instance[11]), drive the interior baggage-horses to despair: a very agitated Quadrilateral, under its grim canopy of cannon smoke, and of straw smoke, heaped on it from the Zorndorf side here. Manteuffel, leader of that first or leftmost division, sees the internal simmering; steps forward still more briskly, to firing distance; begins his platoon thunder, with the due steady fury,—had the second division but got up to support Manteuffel! The second division is in fire too; but not close to Manteuffel, where it should be.

Fermor notices the gap, the wavering of Manteuffel unsupported; plunges out in immense torrent, horse and foot, into the gap, into Manteuffel's flank and front; hurls Manteuffel back, who has no support at hand: "*Arah, Arah!* Victory, Victory (Hurrah, Hurrah)!" shout the Russians, plunging wildly forward, sweeping all before them, capturing twenty-six pieces of cannon, for one item. What a moment for Friedrich; looking on it from some knoll somewhere near Zorndorf, I suppose; hastily bidding Seid-

[11] Tielcke.

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litz strike in: "Seidlitz, now!" The hurrahing Russians cannot keep rank at that rate of going, like a buffalo stampede; but fall into heaps and gaps: Seidlitz, with a swiftness, with a dexterity beyond praise, has picked his way across that quaggy Zabern Hollow; falls, with say 5,000 horse, on the flank of this big buffalo stampede; tumbles it into instant ruin;—which proves irretrievable, as the Prussian Infantry come on again, and back Seidlitz.

In fifteen minutes more (I guess it now to be ten o'clock), the Russian Minotaur, this end of it, on to the Gallows Ground, is one wild mass. Seldom was there seen such a charge; issuing in such deluges of wreck, of chaotic flight, or chaotic refusal to fly. The Seidlitz cavalry went sabring till, for very fatigue, they gave it up, and could no more. The Russian horse fled to Kutzdorf,—Fermor with them, who saw no more of this Fight, and did not get back till dark;—had not the Bridges been burnt, and no crossing of the Mützel possible, Fermor never would have come back, and here had been the end of Zorndorf. Luckier if it had! But there is no crossing of the Mützel, there is only drowning in the quagmires there:—death any way; what can be done but die?

The Russian infantry stand to be sabred, in the above manner, as if they had been dead oxen. More remote from Seidlitz, they break open the sutlers' brandy-casks, and in few minutes get roaring drunk. Their officers, desperate, split the brandy-casks; soldiers flap down to drink it from the puddles; furiously remonstrate with their officers, and 'kill a good many of them' (*viele*, says Tielcke), especially the foreign sort. 'A frightful blood-bath,' by all the Accounts: blood-bath, brandy-bath, and chief Nucleus of Chaos then extant above ground. Fermor is swept away: this chaos, the very Prussians draw-

ing back from it, wearied with massacring, lasts till about one o'clock. Up to the Gallows-ground, the Minotaur is mere wreck and delirium: but beyond the Gallows-ground, the other half forms a new front to itself; becomes a new Minotaur, though in reduced shape. This is Part First of the Battle of Zorndorf; Friedrich,—on the edge of great disaster at one moment, but miraculously saved,—has still the other half to do (unlucky that he left no Bridges on the Mützel), and must again change his program.

Half of the Minotaur is gone to shreds in this manner; but the attack upon it, too, is spent: what is to be done with the other half of the monster, which is again alive; which still stands, and polypus-like has arranged a new life for itself, a new front against the Galgen-grund yonder? Friedrich brings his right wing into action. Rapidly arranges right wing, centre, all of the left that is disposable, with batteries, with cavalry; for an attack on the opposite or south-eastern end of his monster. If your monster, polypus-like, come alive again in the tail part, you must fell that other head of him. Batteries, well in advance, begin work upon the new head of the monster, which was once his tail; fresh troops, long lines of them, pushing forward to begin platoon volleying:—time now, I should guess, about half-past two. Our infantry has not yet got within musket range,—when torrents of Russian Horse, Foot too following, plunge out; wide-flowing, stormfully swift; and dash against the coming attack. Dash against it; stagger it; actually tumble it back, in the centre part; take one of the batteries, and a whole battalion prisoners. Here again is a moment! Friedrich, they say, rushed personally into this vortex; rallied these broken battalions, again rallied and led them up; but it

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was to no purpose: they could not be made to stand, these centre battalions;—'some sudden panic in them, a 'thing unaccountable,' says Tempelhof; 'they are Dohna's 'people, who fought perfectly at Jägersdorf, and often 'elsewhere' (they were all in such a finely burnished state, the other day; but have not biting talent, like the grass-devils): enough, they fairly scour away, certain disgraceful battalions, and are not got ranked again till below Wilkersdorf, above a mile off; though the grass-devils, on both hands of them, stand grimly steady, left in this ominous manner.

What would have become of the affair, one knows not, if it had not been that Seidlitz, once more made his appearance. On Friedrich's order, or on his own, I do not know; but sure it is, Seidlitz, with sixty-one squadrons, arriving from some distance, breaks in like a *Deus ex Machinâ*, swift as the storm-wind, upon this Russian Horse-torrent; drives it again before him, like a mere torrent of chaff, back, ever back, to the shore of Acheron and the Stygian quagmires (of the Mützel, namely); so that it did not return again; and the Prussian Infantry had free field for their platoon exercise. Their rage against the Russians was extreme; and that of the Russians corresponded. Three of these grass-devil battalions, who stood nearest to Dohna's runaways, were natives of this same burnt-out Zorndorf Country; we may fancy the Platt-Teutsch hearts of them, and the sacred lightning, with a moisture to it, that was in their eyes. Platt-Teutsch platooning, bayonet-charging,—on such terms no Russian or mortal Quadrilateral can stand it. The Russian Minotaur goes all to shreds a second time; but will not run. "No quarter!"—"Well, then none!"

'Shortly after four o'clock,' say my Accounts, 'the 'firing,' regular firing, 'altogether ceased; ammunition

'nearly spent, on both sides; Prussians snatching cart-'ridge-boxes of Russian dead;' and then began a tug of deadly massacring and wrestling man to man, 'with bayo-'nets, with butts of muskets, with hands, even with teeth (in some Russian instances), 'such as was never seen be-'fore.' The Russians, beaten to fragments, would not run: whither run? Behind is Mützel and the bog of Acheron; —on Mützel is no bridge left; 'the shore of Mützel is 'thick with men and horses, who have tried to cross, and 'lie there swallowed in the ooze'—'like a pavement,' says Tielcke. The Russians,—never was such *vis inertiæ* as theirs now. They stood like sacks of clay, like oxen already dead; not even if you shot a bullet through them, would they fall at once, says Archenholtz, but were deliberate about it.

Complete disorder reigned on both sides; except that the Prussians could always form again when bidden, the Russians not. This lasted till nightfall,—Russians getting themselves shoved away on these horrid terms, and obstinate to take no other. Towards dark, there appeared, on a distant knoll, something like a ranked body of them again,—some 2,000 foot and half as many horse; whom Thémicoud (superlative Swiss Cossack, usually written Demikof or Demikow) had picked up, and persuaded from the shore of Acheron, back to this knoll of vantage, and some cannon with them. Friedrich orders these to be dispersed again: General Forcade, with two battalions, taking the front of them, shall attack there; you, General Rauter, bring up those Dohna fellows again, and take them in flank. Forcade pushes on, Rauter too,—but at the first taste of cannon-shot, these poor Dohna-people (such their now flurried, disgraced state of mind) take to flight again, worse than before; rush quite through Wilkersdorf this time, into the woods, and can hardly be

got together at all. Scandalous to think of. No wonder Friedrich 'looked always askance on those regiments that 'had been beaten at Gross Jägersdorf, and to the end of 'his life gave them proofs of it:'[12] very natural, if the rest were like these!

Of poor General Rauter, Tempelhof and the others, that can help it, are politely silent; only Saxon Tielcke tells us, that Friedrich dismissed him, "Go, you, to some other trade!"—which, on Prussian evidence too, expressed in veiled terms, I find to be the fact: *Militair-Lexikon*, obliged to have an article on Rauter, is very brief about it; hints nothing unkind; records his personal intrepidity; and says, 'in 1758, he, on his request, had leave to withdraw,'—poor soul, leave and more!

Forcade, left to himself, kept cannonading Thémicoud; Thémicoud responding, would not go; stood on his knoll of vantage, but gathered no strength: "Let him stand," said Friedrich, after some time; and Thémicoud melted in the shades of night, gradually towards the hither shore of Acheron,—that is, of Acheron-Mützel, none now attempting to *pave* it farther, but simmering about at their sad leisure there. Feldmarschall Fermor is now got to his people again, or his people to him; reunited in place and luck: such a chaos as Fermor never saw before or after. No regiment or battalion now is; mere simmering monads, this fine Army; officers doing their utmost to cobble it into something of rank, without regard to regiments or qualities. Darkness seldom sank on such a scene.

Wild Cossack parties are scouring over all parts of the field; robbing the dead, murdering the wounded; doing arson, too, wherever possible; and even snatching

[12] Retzow;—and still more emphatically, *Briefe eines alten Preussischen Officiers* (Hohenzollern, 1790), i. 34, ii. 52, &c.

at the Prussian cannon left rearwards, so that the Hussars have to go upon them again. One large mass of them plundering in the Hamlet of Zicher, the Hussars surrounded: the Cossacks took to the outhouses; squatted, ran, called in the aid of fire, their constant friend: above 400 of them were in some big barn, or range of straw houses; and set fire to it,—but could not get out for Hussars; the Hussars were at the outgate: Not a devil of you! said the Hussars; and the whole four hundred perished there, choked, burnt, or slain by the Hussars,—and this poor Planet was at length rid of them.[13]

Friedrich sends for his tent-equipages; and the Army pitches its camp in two big lines, running north and south, looking towards the Russian side of things; Friedrich's tent in front of the first line; a warrior King among his people, who have had a day's work of it. The Russian loss turns out, when counted, to have been 21,529 killed, wounded and missing, 7,990 of them killed; the Prussian sum-total is 11,390 (above the Prussian third man), of whom 3,680 slain. And on the shores of Acheron northward yonder, there still is a simmering. And far and wide the country is alight with incendiary fires,—many devils still abroad. Excellency Mitchell, about eight in the evening, is sent for by the King; finds various chief Generals, Seidlitz among them, on their various businesses there; congratulates "on the noble victory" (not so conclusive hitherto) "which Heaven has granted your Majesty." "Had it not been for him," said Friedrich,—"Had it not been for him, things would have had a bad look by this time!" and turned his sun-eyes upon Seidlitz, with a fine expression in them.[14] To which Seidlitz's

[13] *Helden-Geschichte*, v. 166.

[14] Preuss, ii. 153. Mitchell (ii. 432) mentions the Interview, nothing of Seidlitz.

reply, I find, was an embarrassed blush, and of articulate only, "Hm, no, ha, it was your Majesty's Cavalry that did their duty,—but Wakenitz" (my second) "does deserve promotion!"—which Wakenitz, not in a too overflowing measure, got.

Fermor, during the night-watches, having cobbled himself into some kind of ranks or rows, moves down well westward of Zabern Hollow; to the Drewitz Heath, where he once before lay, and there makes his bivouac in the wood, safe under the fir-trees, with the Zabern-ground to front of him. By the above reckoning, 28 or 29,000 still hang to Fermor, or float vaporously round him; with Friedrich, in his two lines, are some 18,000:—in whole, 46,000 tired mortals sleeping thereabouts; near 12,000 others have fallen into a deeper sleep, not liable to be disturbed;—and of the wounded on the field, one shudders to imagine.

Next day, Saturday 26th, Fermor, again brought into some kind of rank, and safe beyond the quaggy Zabern ground, sent out a proposal, "That there be Truce of Three Days for burying the dead!"—Dohna, who happened to be General in command there, answers, "That it is customary for the Victor to take charge of burying the slain; that such proposal is surprising, and quite inadmissible, in present circumstances." Fermor, in the mean while, had drawn himself out, fronting his late battlefield and the morning sun; and began cannonading across the Zabern ground; too far off for hitting, but as if still intending fight: to which the Prussians replied with cannon, and drew out before their tents in fighting order. In both armies there was question, or talk, of attacking anew; but in both 'there was want of ammunition,' want of real likelihood. On Fermor's side, that of "attacking," could be talk only, and on Friedrich's, besides

the scarcity of ammunition, all creatures, foot and especially horse, were so worn out with yesterday's work, it was not judged practically expedient. A while before noon, the Prussians retired to their Camp again; leaving only the artillery to respond, so far as needful, and bow-wow across the Zabern-ground, till the Russians lay down again.

Friedrich's Hussars knew of the Russian *Wagenburg*, or general Baggage reservoirs, at Klein Kamin, by this time. The Hussars had been in it, last night; rummaging extensively, at discretion for some time; and had brought away much money and portable plunder. Why Friedrich, who lay direct between Fermor and his Wagenburg, did not, this day, extinguish said Wagenburg, I do not know; but guess it may have been a fault of omission, in the great welter this was now grown to be to the weary mind. Beyond question, if one had blown up Fermor's remaining gunpowder, and carried off or burnt his meal-sacks, he must have cowered away all the faster towards Landsberg to seek more. Or perhaps Friedrich now judged it immaterial, and a question only of hours?

About midnight of Saturday-Sunday, there again rose bow-wowing, bellowing of Russian cannon; not from beyond the Zabern-ground this time, nor stationary anywhere, but from the south some transient part of it, and not far off;—a ball struck a carriage near the King's tent, and shattered it. Thick mist mantles everything, and it is difficult to know what the Russians have on hand in their sylvan seclusions. After a time, it becomes manifest the Russians are on retreat; winding round, through the southern woods, behind Zorndorf and the charred Villages, to Klein Kamin, Landsberg way. Friedrich, following now on the heel of them, finds all

got to Klein Kamin, to breakfast there in their Wagenburg refectory,—sharply vigilant, many *flèches* (little arrow-shaped redoubts, so called) and much artillery round them. Nothing considerable to be done upon them, now or afterwards, except pick up stragglers, and distress their rear a little. The King himself, in the first movement, was thought to be in alarming peril, such a blaze of case-shot rose upon him, as he went reconnoitring foremost of all.[15]

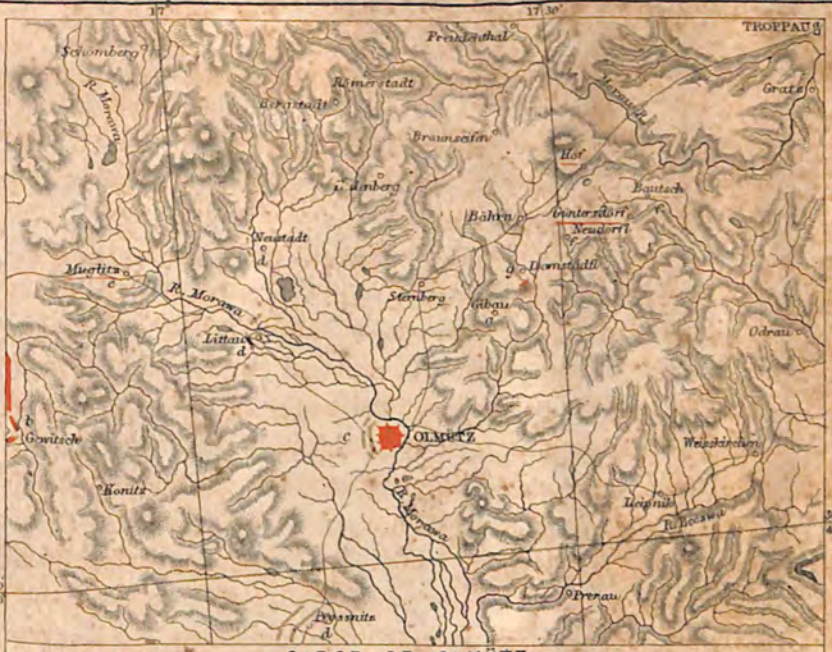
And this was, at last, the end of Zorndorf Battle; on the third day this. Was there ever seen such a fight of Theseus and the Minotaur! Theseus, rapid, dextrous, with Heaven's lightning in his eyes, seizing the Minotaur; lassoing him by the hinder foot, then by the right horn; pouring steel and destruction into him, the very dust darkening all the air. Minotaur refusing to die when killed; tumbling to and fro upon its Theseus; the two lugging and tugging, flinging one another about, and describing figures of 8 round each other, for three days before it ended. Minotaur walking off on his own feet, after all. It was the bloodiest battle of the Seven-Years War; one of the most furious ever fought; such rage possessing the individual elements; rage unusual in modern wars. Must have altered Friedrich's notion of the Russians, when he next comes to speak with Keith. It was not till the fourth day hence (August 31st), so unattackably strong was this position at Klein Kamin, that the Russian Minotaur would fairly get to its feet a second time, and slowly stagger off, in real earnest, Landsberg way, and Königsberg way;—Friedrich right glad to leave

[15] Tempelhof, ii. 216-238; Tielcke, ii. 79-154; Archenholz, i. 253-264; *Helden-Geschichte*, v. 156-179 (with many *Lists*, private *Letters* and the like details); &c.

Dohna in attendance on it; and hasten off (September 2d) towards Saxony and Prince Henri, where his presence is now become very needful.

Fermor, walking off in this manner,—not till the third day, nay not conclusively till the seventh day, after Zorndorf,—strove at first to consider himself victorious. "I passed the night on the field of battle" (or *not* far from it, for good reasons, Mützel being bridgeless): "may not I, in the language of enthusiasm, be considered conqueror? Here are 26 of their cannon, got when I cried 'Arah!' prematurely. (Where the 103 pieces of my own are, and my 27 flags, and my Army-chest and sundries? Dropped somewhere; they will probably turn up again!)" thinks Fermor,—or strives to think, and says. So that, at Petersburg, at Paris and Vienna, in the next three weeks, there were *Te Deums*, Ambrosian chantings, fires-of-joy; and considerable arguing among the Gazetteers on both parts,—till the dust settled, and facts appeared as they were. To the effect: "*Te Deum* NON *laudamus;* alas no, we must retract; and it was good gunpowder thrown after bad!"

On always homewards, but at its own pace, waited on by Dohna, goes the Russian Monster; violently case-shotting if you prick into its rearward parts. One Palmbach, with a Detachment of 15,000, which was thought sufficient for the object, did try to make a dash on Colberg,—how happy had we any port on the Baltic, to feed us in this Country! But though Colberg is the paltriest crow's-nest (*bicoque*), according to all engineers, and is defended only by 700 militia (the Colonel of them, one Heiden, a gray old Halfpay, not yet renowned in the soldier world, as he here came to be), Palmbach, with his best diligence, could make nothing of it; but, after battering, bombarding, even scalading, and in all ways



SIEGE OF OLMÜTZ.

12TH MAY — 2ND JULY 1758.

a.a. Stages of the Prussian March. b. Daun's Encampment.
c. Prussian Batteries and Entrenchments. d.d.d. Prussian Camps.
e.e. Loudon's March against Mosel's Convoy.
f f Mosel's resting quarters. g. Convoy attacked and ruined.

BATTLE OF ZORNDORF.

25TH AUGUST 1758.

a.a Prussian Army about to cross the Mützel.
bbb Russian Army ranked for Battle. c. Russian Baggage
d.d Prussian Infantry. e.e. Prussian Cavalry. f. Prussian Baggage.

blurting and blazing at a mighty rate for four weeks, and wasting a great deal of gunpowder and 2,000 Russian lives, withdrew on those remarkable terms.[16] And did then, as tail of Fermor, what Fermor and the Russian Monster was universally doing, make off at a good pace, —having nothing to live upon farther,—and vanish from those Countries, to the relief of Dohna and mankind.

September 2d, Friedrich, leaving all that, had marched for Saxony; his presence urgently required there. Daun ought to be far on with the conquest of that Country? Might have had it, say judges, if he had been as swift as some.—At Zorndorf, among the Russian Prisoners were certain Generals, Soltikof, Czernichef, Sulkowski the Pole, proud people in their own eyes: no lodging for them but the cellars of Cüstrin. Russian Generals complained, "Is this a lodging for Field Officers of rank!" Friedrich was not used to profane swearing, or vituperative outbursts; but he answered to the effect: "Silence, ye incendiary individuals. Is there a choice left of lodgings, and for you above others!" Upon which they lay silent for some days, till better suited; in fact, till exchanged,—and perhaps will soon turn up on us again.

[16] In *Helden-Geschichte*, v. 349-365 ('3d-31st October 1758'), a complete and minute *Journal* of this First Siege of Colberg, which is interesting to read of, as all the Three of them are.

CHAPTER XIV.

BATTLE OF HOCHKIRCH.

So soon as Friedrich quitted Bohemia and Silesia for his Russian Enterprise, there rose high question at Vienna, "To what shall our Daun now turn himself?" A Daun, a Reichs Army, free for new employment; in Saxony not much to oppose them, in Silesia almost nothing in comparison. "Recapture of Silesia?" Yes truly; that is the steady pole-star at Vienna. But they have no Magazines in Silesia, no Siege-furnitures; and the season is far spent. They decide that there shall be a stroke upon Dresden, and recovery of Saxony, in Friedrich's absence. Nothing there at present but a Prince Henri, weak in numbers, say one to two of the Reichs Army by itself. Let the Reichs Army rise now, and advance through the Metal Mountains from south-east on Prince Henri; let Daun circle round on him, through the Lausitz from north-east: cannot they extinguish Henri between them; snatch Dresden, a weak ill-fortified place, by sudden onslaught, and recapture Saxony? That will be magnanimous to our august Allies;—and that will be an excellent scaffolding for recapture of Silesia next year. And cannot Daun leave a Force in the Silesian vicinities,—Deville with so many thousands, Harsch with so many,—to besiege one of their Frontier Places; Neisse, for example? Siege-furnitures to come from Mähren: Neisse is not farther from Olmütz than Olmütz was from it.

That was the scheme fallen upon; now getting executed while Friedrich is at Zorndorf well away. And

that, if readers fix it intelligently in their memory, will suffice to introduce to them the few words more that can be allowed us here upon it. A very few words, compressed to the utmost,—merely as preface to Hochkirch, whither we must hasten; Hochkirch being the one incident which, except to studious soldiers, has now and here any interest, out of the very many incidents which, then and there, were so intensely interesting to all mankind. To readers who are curious, and will take with them any poorest authentic Outline of the Localities concerned,* the following condensed Note will not be unintelligible.

Daun and the Reichs Army invade Saxony, in Friedrich's Absence.

'Daun, pushing out with his best speed, along the Bohemian-'Silesian border, had got to Zittau, *August 17th;* which poor City 'is to be his basis and storehouse; the greatest activity and wagon-'ing now visible there,'—among the burnt walls getting rebuilt. 'And in the same days, Zweibrück and his Reichs Army are vigor-'ously afoot; Zweibrück pushing across the Metal Mountains, the 'fastest he can; intending to plant himself in Pirna Country. Not 'to mention General Dombâle, Zweibrück's Austrian Second; who 'has the Austrian 15,000 with him; and, by way of preface, has 'emerged to westward, in Zwickau-Tschopau Country; calculating 'that Prince Henri will not be able to attend to him just now. 'And in effect Prince Henri, intent upon Zweibrück and the Pirna 'Country, takes position in the old Prussian ground there ("head-'quarter Gross Seidlitz," as in 1756); and can only leave a Detach-'ment in Tschopau Country to wait upon Dombâle; who does at least 'shoot out Croat parties, "quite across Saxony, to Halle all the way," 'and entertain the Gazetteers, if he can do little real mischief.

'*August 19th*, from Zittau, Daun, after short pause, again pushes 'forward,—nothing but Ziethen attending him in the distance, till 'we see whitherward;—Margraf Karl waiting impatient, at Grüs-'sau, till Ziethen see.[1] Daun, soon after Zittau, shoots out Loudon, 'Brandenburg way, as if magnanimously intending "coöperation

* Map at p. 370.

[1] Tempelhof, ii. 258, 260 et seq.

'with the Russians;" which would give Daun pleasure, could it be 'done without cost. Loudon does despatch a 500 hussars to Frank-'furt' (Friedrich now gone for Cüstrin), 'who, I think, carry a Letter 'for Fermor there; but lose it by the way,'—for the benefit of readers, if they will wait. 'Loudon captures a poor little place in 'Brandenburg itself; bullies it into surrender, after a day (the very 'day of Zorndorf Battle, "August 25th"):—place called Peitz, gar-'risoned by forty-five invalids; who go on "free withdrawal," poor 'old souls, and leave their exiguous stock of salt-victual and mili-'tary furnitures to Loudon.[2] Upon which Loudon whirls back out 'of those Countries; finding his skirts trodden on by Ziethen,—who 'now sees what Daun and he are at; and warns Margraf Karl' (properly Keith, who has now joined again, as real president or chief) 'That *hither* is the way. Margraf Karl, on the slip for some time 'past, starts from Grüssau instantly (I should guess, not above '25,000 of all arms); leaving Fouquet with perhaps 10,000 to do 'his utmost, when Generals Harsch and Deville with their 20 or '30,000 come upon Silesia and him,—as indeed they are already 'doing; already blockading Neisse, more or less, with an eye to be-'sieging it so soon as possible.

'Meanwhile, Serene Highness of Zweibrück, the Reichsfolk and 'some Austrians with him, prefaced by Dombâle more to westward, 'is wending into Pirna Country; and, in spite of what Prince Henri 'can do (Mayer and the Free Corps shiningly diligent, and Henri 'one of the watchfullest of men), Zweibrück does get in; sets Ma-'guire with Austrians upon besieging Pirna, that is to say, the 'Sonnenstein of Pirna; *3d-5th September*, gets the Sonnenstein, a 'thought sooner than was counted on;[3] and roots himself there,— '"headquarters in Struppen" again, "bridge at Ober-Raden" again, 'all as in 1756; which, if nothing else can well do it, may give 'his Highness a momentary interest with some readers here. Prince 'Henri is at Gross Seidlitz, alive every fibre of him: but with Daun 'circling round to northward on his left, intending evidently to take 'him in flank or rear; with Dombâle already to rear, in the above 'circumstances, on his right; and Zweibrück himself lying here in

[2] In *Helden-Geschichte*, v. 229-232, the 'Capitulation' *in extenso*.

[3] In ib. v. 223-228, account of this poor Siege, and of the movements before and after.

17th Aug.—12th Sept. 1758.

'front free to act, and impregnable if acted upon: what is Prince 'Henri to do? It is for Henri's rear, not his flank, that Daun 'aims: *August 26th*, Daun, who had got to Görlitz, a march or 'two from Zittau, started again at his best step by the Bautzen 'Highway towards Meissen Bridge, a 70 or 80 miles down the 'Elbe: there Daun intends to cross, and to double back upon 'Dresden and Prince Henri; who will thus find himself enclosed 'between *three* fires,—if two were not enough, or even if one (the 'Daun one itself, or the Zweibrück itself, not to count the Dom-'bâle), in such strength as Prince Henri has!

'A lost Prince Henri,—if there be not shift in him, if there be 'not help coming to him! Prince Henri, seeing how it was, drew 'back from Gross Seidlitz; with beautiful suddenness, one night; 'unmolested: in the morning, Zweibrück's hussars find him posted 'inexpugnable on the Heights of Gahmig,—which is nearer Dresden 'a good step; nearer Dombâle; and not so ready to be enclosed 'by Daun, without enclosure of Dresden too. Prince Henri's man-'œuvering, in this difficult situation, is the admiration of military 'men: how he stuck by Gahmig; but threw out, in the vital points, 'little camps,—"camp of Kesselsdorf" (a place memorable), on the 'west of Dresden; and on the east, in the north Suburb of Dresden 'itself, across the River (should we have to go across the River for 'Daun's sake), a "strong abatis;" and neglected nothing; self, and 'everybody under him, lively as eagles to make themselves dan-'gerous, Mayer in particular distinguishing himself much. Prince 'Henri would have been a hard morsel for Daun. But beyond that, 'there is help on the road.'

Friedrich intervening, Daun draws back; entrenches himself, in Neighbourhood to Dresden and Pirna; Friedrich following him. Four Armies standing there, in dead Lock, for a Month; with Issue, a Flank March on the Part of Friedrich's Army,—which halts at Hochkirch (September 12th—October 10th, 1758).

Daun, since August 26th, is striding towards Meissen Bridge; without rest, day after day, at the very top of

his speed,—which I find is 'nine miles a day;'[4] Bos being of heavy foot, at his best. September 1st, Daun has got within ten miles of Meissen Bridge, when—Here is news, my friends: King of Prussia has beaten our poor Russians; will soon be in full march this way! King of Prussia and Margraf Karl both bending hitherward; at the rate, say of 'nineteen miles a day,' instead of nine:—Meissen Bridge is not the thing we shall want! Daun instantly calls halt, at this news; waits, entrenches; and, in a day or two, finding the news true, hurries to rearward all he can. From the Russian side too, Daun has heard of Zorndorf, and the grand "Victory" of Fermor there; but knows well, by this sudden reëmergence of the Anti-Fermor, what kind of Victory it is.

Was it here while waiting about Meissen, or where was it, that Daun got his Letter to Fermor answered in that singular way? The Letter of two weeks ago,—carried by Loudon's Hussars or by whomsoever,—for certain, it was retorted, or returned upon Daun; not as if from the Dead-Letter Office, but with an Answer he little expected! Here is what record I have; very vague for a well-known little fact of sparkling nature:

'A curious Letter fell into Friedrich's hands' (Bearer, I always guess, the Loudon Hussar-Captain with his 500, pretending to form junction with Fermor), 'Prussian Hussars picking it up somewhere, '—date, place, circumstances, blurred into oblivion in those poor 'Books; Letter itself indisputable enough, and Answer following on 'it; Letter and Answer substantially to this effect:

'*Daun to Fermor*' (Probably from Zittau, by Loudon's Hussars).

"Your Excellenz does not know that wily Enemy as I do. By "no means get into battle with such a one. Cautiously manœuvre

[4] Tempelhof, ii. 261.

9th–12th Sept. 1758.

" about; detain him there, till I have got my stroke in Saxony " done: don't try fighting him.—DAUN."

'*Answer as from Fermor* (Zorndorf once done, Daun, by the first ' opportunity got his Answer, duly signed "Fermor," but evi- ' dently in a certain King's handwriting):

"Your Excellenz was in the right to warn me against a cunning " Enemy, whom you knew better than I. Here have I tried fight- " ing him, and got beaten. Your unfortunate—FERMOR."[5]

September 9th, Friedrich and Margraf Karl, correct to their appointment, meet at Grossenhayn, some miles north of Meissen and its Bridge; by which time Daun is clean gone again, back well above Dresden again, strongly posted at Stolpen (a place we once heard of, in General Haddick's time, last Year), well in contact with Daun's Pirna friends across the River, and out of dangerous neighbourhoods. Friedrich and the Margraf have followed Daun at quick step; but Daun would pause nowhere, till he got to Stolpen, among the bushy gullets and chasms. September 12th, Friedrich had speech of Henri, and the pleasure of dining with him in Dresden. Glad to meet again, under fortunate management on both parts; and with much to speak and consult about.

A day or two before, there had lain (or is said to have lain) a grand scheme in Daun: Zweibrück to burst out from Pirna, by daybreak, and attack the Camp of Gahmig in front (35,000 against 20,000); Daun to cross the River on pontoons, some hours before, under cloud of night, and be ready on rear and left flank of Gahmig

[5] Müller, *Kurzgefasste Beschreibung der drei Schlesischen Kriege* (Berlin, 1755); in whom, alone, of all the reporters, is the story given in an intelligible form. This Müller's Book is a meritoriously brief Summary, incorrect in no essential particular, and with all the Battle-Plans on one copperplate: *Lieutenant* Müller, this one; not *Professor* Müller *alias* Schottmüller by any means!

(with as many supplemental thousands as you like): what can save Prince Henri? Beautiful plan; on which there were personal meetings and dinings together by Zweibrück and Daun; but nothing done.[6] At the eleventh hour, say the Austrian accounts, Zweibrück sent word, "Impossible tomorrow; cannot get in my Out-Parties in time!"—and next day, here is Friedrich come, and a collapse of everything. Or perhaps there never seriously was such a plan? Certain it is, Daun takes camp at Stolpen, a place known to him, one of the strongest posts in Germany; entrenches himself to the teeth,—good rearguard towards Zittau and the Magazines; River and Pirna on our left flank; Loudon strong and busy on our right flank, barring the road to Bautzen;—and obstinately sits there, a very bad tooth in the jaw of a certain King; not to be extracted by the best kinds of forceps and the skilfullest art, for nearly a month to come. Four Armies, Friedrich's, Henri's, Daun's, Zweibrück's, all within sword-stroke of each,—the universal Gazetteer world is on tiptoe. But except Friedrich's eager shiftings and rubbings upon Stolpen (west side, north, and at length north-east side), all is dead-lock, and nothing comes of it.

Friedrich has his food convenient from Dresden; but a road to Bautzen withal is what he cannot do without;—and there lies the sorrow, and the *aching*, as this tooth knows well, and this jaw well! Harsch and Deville are busy upon Neisse, have Neisse under blockade, perhaps upon Kosel too, for some time past,[7] and are carting the siege-stock to begin bombardment: a road to Silesia,

[6] Tempelhof, ii. 262-265.

[7] Neisse 'blockaded more and more' since August 4th (Kosel still earlier, but only by Pandour people); not completely so, till September 30th, or even till October 26th: *Helden-Geschichte*, v. 268-270.

before very long, Friedrich must and will have. Friedrich's operations on Daun in this post are patiently artful, and curious to look upon, but beyond description here: enough to say, that in the second week he makes his people hut themselves (weather wet and bad); and in the fourth week, finding that nothing contrivable would provoke Daun into fighting,—he loads at Dresden provisions for I think nine days; makes, from two or from three sides, a sudden spurt upon Loudon, who is Daun's northern outpost; brushes Loudon hastily away; and himself takes the road for Bautzen, by Daun's right flank, thrown bare in this manner.[8]

Road for Bautzen; which is the road for Zittau withal, for Daun's breadbasket, as well as for Neisse and Harsch! Nine-days provision; that is our small outfit, that and our own right hands; and the waste world lies all ahead. *October 1st*, Retzow, as vanguard, sweeps out the few Croats from Bautzen, deposits his meal-wagons there; occupies Hochkirch, and the hilly environs to east; is to take possession of Weissenberg especially, and of the Stromberg Hill and other strong points: which Retzow punctually does, forgetting nothing,—except perhaps the Stromberg, not quite remembered in time; a thing of small consequence in Retzow's view, since all else had gone right.

Hearing of which, Daun, with astonishment, finds that he must quit those beautifully chasmy fastnesses of Stolpen, and look to his bread; which is getting to lie under the enemy's feet, if Zittau road be left yonder as it is. *October 5th*, after councils of war and deliberation enough, Daun gets under way;[9] cautiously, favoured by a night very dark and wet, glides through to right of Friedrich's people, softly along between Bautzen and the Pirna

[8] Tempelhof, ii. 278. [9] Ibid. ii. 279.

Country; nobody molesting him, so dark and wet: and after one other march in those bosky solitudes, sits down at Kittlitz,—ahead or to east of Bautzen, of Hochkirch, of Retzow and all Friedrich's people;—and again sets to palisading and entrenching there. Kittlitz, near Löbau, there is Daun's new headquarter; Löbau Water, with its intricate hollows, his line of defence: his posts going out a mile to north and to south of Kittlitz. And so sits; once more blocking Zittau road, and quietly waiting what Friedrich will do.

Friedrich is at Bautzen since the 7th; impatient enough to be forward, but must not till a second larger provision convoy from Dresden come in. Convoy once in, Friedrich hastens off, Tuesday 10th October, towards Weissenberg Country, where Retzow is; some ten or twelve miles to eastward,—Zittau-ward, if that chance to suit us; Silesia-ward, as is sure to suit. At the "Pass of Jenkowitz," short way from Bautzen, Pandours attempt our baggage; need to be battered off, and again off: which apprises Friedrich that Daun's whole Army is ahead in the neighbourhood somewhere. Marching on, Friedrich, from the knoll of Hochkirch, shoulder of the southern Hills, gets complete view of Daun,—stretching north and south, at right angles to the Zittau roads and to Friedrich, in the way we described;—and is a little surprised, and I could guess piqued, at seeing Daun in such a state of forwardness. "Encamp here, then!" he says,—here, on this row of Heights parallel to Daun, within a mile of Daun: just here, I tell you! under the very nose of Daun, who is above two to one of us; and see what Daun will do. Marwitz, his favourite Adjutant, one of those free-spoken Marwitzes, loyal, skilful, but liable to stiff fits, takes the liberty to remonstrate, argue; says at length, He, Marwitz, dare not be concerned in marking out such an encamp-

ment; not he, for his poor part! And is put under arrest; and another Adjutant does it; cannon playing on his people and him, while engaged in the operation.

Friedrich's obstinate rashness, this Tuesday Evening, has not wanted its abundant meed of blame,—rendered so emphatic by what befel on Saturday morning next. His somewhat too authoritative fixity; a certain radiancy of self-confidence, dangerous to a man; his sovereign contempt of Daun, as an inert dark mass, who durst undertake nothing: all this is undeniable, and worth our recognition in estimating Friedrich. One considerably extenuating circumstance does at last turn up,—in the shape of a new piece of blame to the erring Friedrich; his sudden anger, namely, against the meritorious General Retzow; his putting Retzow under arrest that Tuesday Evening: "How, General Retzow? You have *not* taken hold of the Stromberg for me!" That is the secret of Retzow: and on studying the ground you will find that the Stromberg, a blunt tabular Hill, of good height, detached, and towering well up over all that region, might have rendered Friedrich's position perfectly safe. "Seize me the Stromberg tomorrow morning, the first thing!" ordered Friedrich. And a Detachment went accordingly; but found Daun's people already there,—indisposed to go; nay determined not to go, and getting reinforced to unlimited amounts. So that the Stromberg was left standing, and remained Daun's; furnished with plenty of cannon by Daun. Retzow's arrest, Retzow being a steady favourite of Friedrich's, was only of a few hours: "pardonable that oversight," thinks Friedrich, though it came to cost him dear. For the rest, I find, Friedrich's keeping of this Camp, without the Stromberg, was intended to end, the third day hence: "Saturday 14th, then, since Friday

proves impossible!" Friedrich had settled. And it did end, Saturday 14th, though at an earlier *hour*, and with other results than had been expected. Keith said, "The Austrians deserve to be hanged if they don't attack us here." "We must hope they are more afraid of us than even of the gallows," answered Friedrich. A very dangerous Camp; untenable without the Stromberg. Let us try to understand it, and Daun's position to it, in some slight degree.

'Hochkirch (*High*kirk) is an old Wendish-Saxon Village, standing pleasantly on its Hilltop, conspicuous for miles round on all sides, or on all but the south side, where it abuts upon other Heights, which gradually rise into Hills a good deal higher than it. The Village hangs confusedly, a jumble of cottages and cole-garths, on the crown and north slope of the Height; thatched, in part tiled, and built mostly of rough stone-blocks, in our time,—not of wood, as probably in Friedrich's. A solid, sluttishly comfortable-looking Village; with pleasant hay-fields, or long narrow hay-stripes (each villager has his stripe), reaching down to the northern levels. The Church is near the top; Churchyard, and some little space farther, are nearly horizontal ground, till the next Height begins sloping up again towards the woody Hills southward. The view from this little esplanade atop, still better from the Church belfry, is wide and pretty. Free on all sides except the south: pleasant Heights and Hollows, of arable, of wood, or pasture; well-watered by rushing Brooks, all making northward, direct for Spree (the Berlin Spree), or else into the Löbau Water, which is the first big branch of Spree.

'The place is still partly of Wendish speech; the Parson has to preach one half of the Sunday in Wend, the other in German. Among the Hills to south,' well worth noting at present, 'is one called *Czarnabog*, or "Devil's Hill;" where the Wendish Devil and his Witches (equal to any German on his Blocksberg, or preternatural Brocken of the Harz) hold their Annual *Witches'-Sabbath*,—a thing not to be contemplated without a shudder by the Wendish mind. Thereabouts, and close from Hochkirch southward, all is shadowy intricacy of thicket and wild wood. Northward too from

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'Hochkirch, and all about, I perceive the scene was woodier then 'than now;—and must have looked picturesque enough (had any-'body been in quest of that), with the multifarious uniforms, and 'tented people sprinkled far and wide among the leafy red-and-'yellow of October 1758.'[10]

In the Village of Wuischke, precisely at the northern base of that shaggy Czarnabog or Devil's-Hill, stand Loudon and 3,000 Croats and grenadiers, as the extreme left of Daun's position. Wuischke is nearly straight south of Hochkirch; so far westward has Loudon pushed forward with his Croats, hidden among the Hills; though Daun's general position lies a good mile to east of Friedrich's:—irregularly north and south, both Friedrich and Daun; the former ignorant what Croats and Loudonries there may be, among those Devil's Hills to his right; the latter not ignorant. Friedrich's right wing, Keith in command of it, stretches to Hochkirch and a little farther: beyond Hochkirch, it has Four flank Battalions in potence form, with proper vedettes and pickets; and above all, with a strong Battery of Twenty Guns, which it maintains on the next Height immediately adjoining Hochkirch, and perceptibly higher than Hochkirch. This is the finis of Keith on his right; and,—except those vedettes, and pickets of Free-corps people, thrown out a little way a-head, into the bushes, on that side,—Friedrich's right wing knows nothing of the shaggy elevations horrent with wood, which lie to southward; and merely intends to play its Twenty Cannon upon them, should they give birth to anything. This is Friedrich's posture on his right or south wing.

From Hochkirch northward or nearly so, but sprinkled about in all the villages and points of strength, as far up as Drehsa and beyond Drehsa, to near Kotitz, a less im-

[10] Tourist's Note, September 1858.

portant village, Friedrich extends about four miles; centre at Rodewitz, where his own headquarter is, above two miles north of Hochkirch. Not far from Rodewitz, but a little to left and ahead, stands his second and best Battery, of Thirty Guns; ready to play upon Lauska, a poor village, and its roadway,* should the Austrians try anything there, or from their Stromberg post, which is a good mile behind Lauska. His strength, in these lines, some count to be only 28,000, or less. Four or five miles to north-east, in and behind Weissenberg (which we used to know last summer), lies Retzow, with perhaps 10 or 12,000, which will bring him up to 40,000, were they properly joined with him as a left wing. Daun's force counts 90,000; with Friedrich lying under his nose in this insolent manner.

Daun's headquarter, as we said, is Kittlitz; a Village some two miles short of Löbau, in the direction south-east of Friedrich; perhaps five miles to south-east of Rodewitz, Friedrich's lodging. It is close upon the Bautzen-Zittau Highway; Zittau some twenty miles to south of it, Herrnhuth and the pacific Brethren about halfway thither. Kittlitz lies more to south than Hochkirch itself; and Daun's outposts, as we saw, circle quite round among those Devil's Hills, and envelop Friedrich's right flank. But Daun's main force lies chiefly northward, and well to west, of Kittlitz; parallel to Friedrich, and eastward of him; with elaborate entrenchments; every village, brook, bridge, height and bit of good ground, Stromberg to end with, punctually secured. Obliquely over the Stromberg, holding the Stromberg and certain Villages to south-east and to north-west of it, lies D'Ahremberg, as right wing: about 20,000 he, put into oblique *potence;* looking into Kotitz, which is Friedrich's extreme left; and in a good

* Plan, at p. 370.

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measure dividing Friedrich from the Retzow 10,000. And lastly, as reserve, in front of Reichenbach, eight or nine miles to east of all that, lies the Prince of Baden-Durlach, 25,000 or so; barring Retzow on that side, and all attempts on the Silesian Road there. Daun's lines, not counting-in the southern outposts or Devil's-Hill parties, are considerably longer than Friedrich's, and also considerably deeper. The two headquarters are about five miles apart: but the two fronts,—divided by a brook and good hollow running here (one of many such, making all for Löbau Water),—are not half a mile apart. Towards Hochkirch and the top of this brook, the opposing posts are quite crammed close on one another; divided only by their hollow. Many brooks, each with a definite hollow, run tinkling about here, swift but straitened to get out; especially Löbau Water, which receives them all, has to take a quite meandering circling course (through Daun's quarters and beyond them) before it can disembogue in Spree, and decidedly set out for Berlin under that new name. The Landscape,—seen from Hochkirch Village, still better from the Church-steeple, which lifts you high above it, and commands all round except to the south, where Friedrich's battery-height quite shuts you in, and hides even those Devil's Hills beyond,—is cheerful and pretty. Village belfries, steeples and towers; airy green ridges of heights, and intricate greener valleys: now rather barer than you like. The Tourist tells me, in Friedrich's time there must have been a great deal more of wood than now.

What actually befel at Hochkirch (Saturday, 14th October 1758).

Friedrich, for some time,—probably ever since Wednesday morning, when he found the Stromberg was not

to be his,—had decided to be out of this bad post. In which, clearly enough, nothing was to be done, unless Daun would attempt something else than more and more entrenching and palisading himself. Friedrich, on the second day (Thursday 12th), rode across to Weissenberg, to give Retzow his directions, and take view of the ground: "Saturday night, Herr Retzow, sooner it cannot be" (Friedrich had aimed at Friday night, but finds the Provision Convoy cannot possibly be up); "Saturday night, in all silence, we sweep round out of this,—we and you;—hurl Baden-Durlach about his business; and are at Schöps and Reichenbach, and the Silesian Highway open next morning, to us!"[11] Quietly everything is speeding on towards this consummation, on Friedrich's part. But on Daun's part there is,—started, I should guess, on the very same Thursday,—another consummation getting ready, which is to fall out on Saturday *morning*, fifteen hours before that other, and entirely supersede that other!—

Keith's opinion, that the Austrians deserve to be hanged if they don't attack us here, is also Loudon's opinion and Lacy's, and indeed everybody's,—and at length Daun's own; who determines to try something here, if never before or after. His plan, all judges admit, was elaborate and good; and was well executed too,—Daun himself presiding over the most critical part of the execution. A plan to have ruined almost any Army, except this Prussian one and the Captain it chanced to have. A universal camisado, or surprisal of Friedrich in his Camp, before daylight: everybody knows that it took effect (Hochkirch, Saturday 14th October 1758, 5 A.M. of a misty morning); nobody expects of an unassisted fellow-creature much light on so doubly dark a thing. But

[11] Tempelhof, ii. 320.

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the truth is, there are ample accounts, exact, though very chaotic; and the thing, steadily examined, till its essential features extricate themselves from the unessential, proves to be not quite so unintelligible, and nothing like so destructive, overwhelming and ruinous as was supposed.

Daun's plan is very elaborate, and includes a great many combinations; all his 90,000 to come into it, simultaneously or in succession. But the first and grandly vital part, mainspring and father to all the rest, is this: That Daun, in person, after nightfall of Friday, shall, with the pick of his force, say 30,000 horse and foot, with all their artilleries and tools, silently quit his now position in front of Hochkirch, Friedrich's right wing. Shall sweep off, silently to southward and leftward, by Wuischke; thence westward and northward, by the northern base of those Devil Mountains, through the shaggy hollows and thick woods there, hitherto inhabited by Croats only, and unknown to the Prussians: forward, ever forward, through the night-watches that way; till he has fairly got to the flank of Hochkirch and Friedrich: Daun to be standing there, all round from the southern environs of Hochkirch, westward through the woods, by Meschwitz, Steindörfel, and even north to Waditz (if readers will consult their Map), silently enclosing Friedrich, as in the bag of a net, in this manner;—ready every man and gun by about four on Saturday morning. Are to wait for the stroke of five in Hochkirch steeple; and there and then to begin business,—there first; but, on success *there*, the whole 90,000 everywhere,—and to draw the strings on Friedrich, and bag and strangle his astonished people and him.

The difficulty has been to keep it perfectly secret from so vigilant a man as Friedrich: but Daun has completely succeeded. Perhaps Friedrich's eyes have been a little dimmed by contempt of Daun: Daun, for the last

two days especially, has been more diligent than ever to palisade himself on every point; nothing, seemingly, on hand but felling woods, building abatis, against some dangerous Lion's-spring. They say also, he detected a traitor in his Camp; traitor carrying Letters to Friedrich under pretence of fresh eggs,—one of the eggs blown, and a Note of Daun's Procedures substituted as yolk. "You are "dead, sirrah," said Daun; "hoisted to the highest gal- "lows: Are not you? But put-in a Note of my dictating, "and your beggarly life is saved." Retzow Junior, though there is no evidence except of the circumstantial kind, thinks this current story may be true.[12] Certain it is, neither Friedrich nor any of his people had the least suspicion of Daun's project, till the moment it exploded on them, when the clock at Hochkirch struck five. Daun, in the last two days, has been felling even more trees than they are aware of,—thousands of trees in those Devil's wildernesses to Friedrich's right; and has secretly hewn himself roads, passable by night for men and ammunition-wagons there:—and in front of Friedrich, especially Hochkirch way, Daun seems busier than ever felling wood, this Friday night; numbers of people running about with axes, with lanterns over there, as if in the push of hurry, and making a great deal of noise. "Intending retreat for Zittau tomorrow!" thinks Friedrich, as the false egg-yolk had taught him; or merely, "That poor precautionary fellow!" supposing the false yolk a myth. In short, Daun has got through his nocturnal wildernesses with perfect success. And stands, dreamt of by no enemy, in the places appointed for his 30,000 and him; and that poor old clock of Hochkirch, unweariedly grunting forward to the stroke of five, will strike up something it is little expecting!—

[12] Retzow, i. 347.

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The Prussians have vedettes, pickets, and small outposts of Free-corps people scattered about within their border of that Austrian Wood, the body of which, about Hochkirch as everywhere else, belongs wholly to Croats. Of course there are guard-parties, sentries duly vigilant, in the big Battery to south-east of Hochkirch,—and along south-westward in that *potence*, or fore-arm of Four Battalions, which are stationed there. Four good Battalions looking southward there, with Cavalry to right; Ziethen's Cavalry,—whose horses stand saddled through the night, ready always for the nocturnal "Pandourade," which seldom fails them. There, as elsewhere, are the due vigilances, watchmen, watch-fires. The rest of the Prussian Army is in its blankets, wholly asleep, while Daun stands waiting for the stroke of five.

That Daun, bursting in with his chosen 30,000, will trample down the sleeping Prussian *potence* at Hochkirch; capture its big Battery to left, its Village of Hochkirch to rear, and do extensive ruin on the whole right wing of Friedrich; rendering Friedrich everywhere an easy conquest to the rest of Daun's people, who stand, far and wide, duly posted and prepared, waiting only their signal from Hochkirch: much of this, all of it that had regard to Hochkirch Battery and Village, and the Prussians stationed there, Daun did execute. And readers, from the data they have got, must conceive the manner of it,—human description of the next Two Hours, about Hochkirch, in the thick darkness there, and stormful sudden inroad, and stormful resistance made, being manifestly an impossible thing. Nobody was "massacred in his bed," as the sympathetic gazetteers fancied; nobody was killed, that I hear of, without arms in his hand: but plenty of people perished, fierce of humour, on both sides; and from half-past five till towards eight, there was a

general blaze of fiery chaos pushing out ever and anon, swallowed in the belly of night again, such as was seldom seen in this world. Instead of confused details, and wearisome enumeration of particulars, which nobody would listen to or understand, we will give one intelligent young gentleman's experience, our friend Tempelhof's, who stood in this part of the Prussian Line; experience distinct and indubitable to us; and which was pretty accurately symbolical, I otherwise see, of what befel on all points thereabouts. Faithfully copied, and in the essential parts, not even abridged, here it is:

Tempelhof, at that time a subaltern of artillery, was stationed with a couple of 24-pounders in attendance on the Battalion Plothow, which with three others and some cavalry lay to the south side of Hochkirch, forming a kind of fore-arm or *potence* there to right of the big Battery, with their rear to Hochkirch; and keeping vedettes and Free-corps parties spread out into the woods and Devil's Hills ahead. Tempelhof had risen about three, as usual; had his guns and gunners ready; and was standing by the watch-fire, 'expecting the customary Pandourade,' and what form it would take this morning. "Close on five o'clock; and not a mouse stirring! We are not to have our Pandourade, then?" On a sudden, noise bursts out; noise enough, sharp fire among the Free-corps people; fire growing ever sharper, noisier, for the next half hour, but nothing whatever to be seen. 'Battalion Plothow had soon got 'its clothes on, all to the spatterdashes; and took rank to right 'and left of the *flèche*, and of my two guns, in front of its post: 'but on account of the thick fog everything was totally dark. I 'fired off my cannons' (shall we say straight southward?) 'to learn 'whether there was anything in front of us. No answer: "Nothing 'there—Pshaw, a mere crackery (*Geknacker*) of Pandours and our 'Free-corps people, after all!" But the noise grew louder, and 'came ever neater; I turned my guns towards it' (southward, south-eastward, or perhaps a gun each way?)—'and here we had a salvo 'in response, from some battalions who seemed to be two hundred 'yards or so ahead. The Battalion Plothow hereupon gave fire; I

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'too plied my cannons what I could,—and had perhaps delivered 'fifteen double shots from them, when at once I tumbled to the 'ground, and lost all consciousness' for some minutes or moments.

Awakening with the blood running down his face, poor Tempelhof concluded it had been a musket-shot in the head; but on getting to his hands and knees, he found the place 'full of Austrian 'grenadiers, who had crept in through our tents to rear; and that 'it had been a knock with the butt of the musket from one of those 'fellows, and not a bullet,' that had struck him down. Battalion Plothow, assailed on all sides, resisted on all sides; and Tempelhof saw from the ground,—I suppose, by the embers of watchfires, and by rare flashes of musketry, for they did not fire much, having no room, but smashed and stabbed and cut,—'an infantry fight which 'in murderous intensity surpasses imagination. I was taken prisoner 'at this turn; but soon after, got delivered by our cavalry again.'[13]

This latter circumstance, of being delivered by the Cavalry, I find to be of frequent occurrence in that first act of the business there: the Prussian Battalion, surprised on front and rear, always makes murderous fight for itself; is at last overwhelmed, obliged to retire, perhaps opening its way by bayonet-charge;—upon which our Cavalry (Ziethen's, and others that gathered to him) cutting in upon the disordered surprisers, cut them into flight, rescue the prisoners, and for a time reinstate matters. The Prussian battalions do not run (nobody runs); but when repulsed by the endless odds, rally again. The big Battery is not to be had of them without fierce and dogged struggle; and is retaken more than once or twice. Still fiercer, more dogged, was the struggle in Hochkirch Village; especially in Hochkirch Church and Churchyard, —whither the Battalion Margraf-Karl had flung themselves; the poor Village soon taking fire about them. Soon taking fire, and continuing to be a scene of capture and recapture, by the flame-light; while Battalion

[13] Tempelhof, ii. 324 n.

Margraf-Karl stood with invincible stubbornness, pouring death from it; not to be compulsed by the raging tide of Austrian grenadiers; not by 'six Austrian battalions,' by 'eight,' or by never so many. Stood at bay there; levelling whole masses of them,—till its cartridges were spent, all to one or two per man; and Major Lange, the heroic Captain of it, said, "We shall have to go, then, my men; let us cut ourselves through!"—and did so, in an honourably invincible manner; some brave remnant actually getting through, with Lange himself wounded to death.

I think it was not till towards six o'clock that the right wing generally became aware what the case was: "More than a Pandourade, yes;"—though what it might be, in the thick fog which had fallen, blotting out all vestiges of daylight, nobody could well say. Rallied Battalions, reinforced by this or the other Battalion hurrying up from leftward, always charge in upon the enemy, in Hochkirch or wherever he is busy; generally push him back into the Night; but are then fallen upon on both flanks by endless new strength, and obliged to draw back in turn. And Ziethen's Horse, in the mean while, do execution; breaking in on the tumultuous victors; new Cuirassiers, Gensdarmes dashing up to help, so soon as saddled, and charging with a will: so that, on the whole, the enemy, variously attempting, could make nothing of us on that western, or rearward side,—thanks mainly to Ziethen and the Horse. "Had we but waited till three or four of our Battalions had got up!" say the Prussian narrators. But it is thick mist; few yards ahead, you cannot see at all, unless it be flame; and close at hand, all things and figures waver indistinct,—hairy outlines of blacker shadows on a ground of black.

It must have been while Lange was still fighting,

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perhaps before Lange took to the Church of Hochkirch, scarcely later than half-past six (but nobody thought of pulling out his watch in such a business!)—about six, or half-past six, when Keith, who has charge of this wing, and lodges somewhere below or north of Hochkirch, came to understand that his big Battery was taken; that here was such a Pandourade as had not been before; and that, of a surety, said Battery must be retaken. Keith springs on horseback; hastily takes 'Battalion Kannacker' and several remnants of others; rushes upwards, 'leaving Hochkirch a little to right; direct upon the big Battery.' Recaptures the big Battery. But is set upon by overwhelming multitudes, bent to have it back;—is passionate for new assistance in this vital point; but can get none: had been '*disarted* by both his Aide-de-camps,' says poor John Tebay, a wandering English horse-soldier, who attends him as mounted groom; 'asked twenty times, and twenty more, "Where are my Aide-de-camps!"'[14]—but could get no response or reinforcement; and at length, quite surrounded and overwhelmed, had to retire; opening his way by the bayonet; and before long, suddenly stopping short,—falling dead into Tebay's arms; shot through the heart. Two shots on the right side he had not regarded; but this on the left side was final: Keith's fightings are suddenly all done. Tebay, in distraction, tried much to bring away the body; but could by no present means; distractedly 'rid for a coach;' found, on return, that the Austrians had the ground, and the body

[14] "Captens Cockcey and Goudy" he calls them—(*Cocceji*, whose Father the Kanzler we have seen, and *Gaudi* whose self),—who both had, in succession, struck into Hochkirch as the less desperate place, according to Tebay: See *Tebay's Letter* to Mitchell, 'Crossen, October 29th' (in *Memoirs and Papers*, ii. 501-505);—which is probably true every word, allowing for Tebay's temper; but is highly indecipherable, though not entirely so after many readings and researchings.

of his master; Hochkirch, Church and all, now undisputedly theirs.

To appearance, it was this news of Keith's repulse (I know not whether of Keith's *death* as yet) that first roused Friedrich to a full sense of what was now going on, two miles to south of him. Friedrich, according to his habits, must have been awake and afoot when the Business first broke out; though, for some considerable time, treating it as nothing but a common crackery of Pandours. Already, finding the Pandourade louder than usual, he had ordered out to it one battalion and the other that lay handy: but now he pushes forward several battalions under Franz of Brunswick (his youngest Brother-in-law), with Margraf Karl and Prince Moritz: "Swift you, to Hochkirch yonder!"—and himself springs on horseback to deal with the affair. Prince Franz of Brunswick, poor young fellow, cheerily coming on, near Hochkirch had his head shorn off by a cannon-ball. Moritz of Dessau, too, 'riding within twenty yards of the Austrians,' so dark was it, he so nearsighted, got badly hit,—and soon after, driving to Bautzen for surgery, was made prisoner by Pandours;[15] never fought again, 'died next year of cancer in the lip.' Nothing but triumphant Austrian shot and cannon-shot going yonder; these battalions too have to fall back with sore loss.

Friedrich himself, by this time, is forward in the thick of the tumult, with another body of battalions; storming furiously along, has his horse shot under him; storms through, 'successfully, by the other side of Hochkirch' (Hochkirch to his left):—but finds, as the mist gradually sinks, a ring of Austrians massed ahead, on the Heights; as far as Steindörfel and farther, a general continent of

[15] In *Archenholtz* (i. 289-290), his dangerous adventures on the road to Bautzen, in this wounded condition.

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Austrians enclosing all the south and south-west; and, in fact, that here is now nothing to be done. That the question of his flank is settled; that the question now is of his front, which the appointed Austrian parties are now upon attacking. Question especially of the Heights of Drehsa, and of the Pass and Brook of Drehsa (rearward of his centre part), where his one retreat will lie, Steindörfel being now lost. Part first of the Affair is ended; Part second of it begins.

Rapidly enough Friedrich takes his new measures. Seizes Drehsa Height, which will now be key of the field; despatches Möllendorf thither (Möllendorf our courageous Leuthen friend); who vigorously bestirs himself; gets hold of Drehsa Height before the enemy can; Ziethen coöperating on the Heights of Kumschütz, Canitz and other points of vantage. And thus, in effect, Friedrich pulls up his torn right skirt (as he is doing all his other skirts) into new compact front against the Austrians: so that, in that south-western part especially, the Austrians do not try it farther; but 'retire at full gallop,' on sight of this swift seizure of the Keys by Möllendorf and Ziethen. Friedrich also despatches instant order to Retzow, to join him at his speediest. Friedrich everywhere rearranges himself, hither, thither, with skilful rapidity, in new Line of Battle; still hopeful to dispute what is left of the field; —longing much that Retzow could come on wings.

By this time (towards eight, if I might guess) Day has got the upper hand; the Daun Austrians stand visible on their Ring of Heights all round, behind Hochkirch and our late Battery, on to westward and northward, as far as Steindörfel and Waditz;—extremely busy rearranging themselves into something of line; there being much confusion, much simmering about in clumps and

gaps, after such a tussle. In front of us, to eastward, the appointed Austrian parties are proceeding to attack: but in daylight, and with our eyes open, it is a thing of difficulty, and does not prosper as Hochkirch did. Duke D'Ahremberg, on their extreme right, had in charge to burst in upon our left, so soon as he saw Hochkirch done: D'Ahremberg does try; as do others in their places, nearer Daun; but with comparatively little success. D'Ahremberg, meeting something of check or hindrance where he tried, pauses, for a good while, till he see how others prosper. Their grand chance is their superiority of number; and the fact that Friedrich can try nothing upon *them*, but must stand painfully on the defensive till Retzow come. To Friedrich, Retzow seems hugely slow about it. But the truth is, Baden-Durlach, with his 20,000 of Reserve, has, as per order, made attack on Retzow, 20,000 against 12: one of the feeblest attacks conceivable; but sufficient to detain Retzow till he get it repulsed. Retzow is diligent as Time, and will be here.

Meanwhile, the Austrians on front do, in a sporadic way, attack and again attack our batteries and posts; especially that big Battery of Thirty Guns, which we have to north of Rodewitz. The Austrians do take that Battery at last; and are beginning again to be dangerous,—the rather as D'Ahremberg seems again to be thinking of business. It is high time Retzow were here! Few sights could be gladder to Friedrich, than the first glitter of Retzow's vanguard,—horse, under Prince Eugen of Würtemberg,—beautifully wending down from Weissenberg yonder; skilfully posting themselves, at Belgern and elsewhere, as thorns in the sides of D'Ahremberg (sharp enough, on trial by D'Ahremberg). Followed, before long, by Retzow himself; serenely crossing Löbau Water; and, with grave celerity, and the best of skill, likewise posting

himself,—hopelessly to D'Ahremberg, who tries nothing farther. The sun is now shining; it is now ten in the day. Had Retzow come an hour sooner;—before we lost that big Battery and other things! But he could come no sooner; be thankful he is here at last, in such an overawing manner.

Friedrich, judging that nothing now can be made of the affair, orders retreat. Retreat, which had been getting schemed, I suppose, and planned in the gloom of the royal mind, ever since loss of that big Battery at Rodewitz. Little to occupy him, in this interim; except indignant waiting, rigorously steady, and some languid interchange of cannon-shot between the parties. Retreat is to Klein-Bautzen neighbourhood (new headquarter Doberschütz, outposts Kreckwitz and Purschwitz); four miles or so to north-west. Rather a shifting of your ground, which astonishes the military reader ever since, than a retreating such as the common run of us expected. Done in the usual masterly manner; part after part wending off, Retzow standing minatory here, Möllendorf minatory there, in the softest quasi-rhythmic sequence; Cavalry all drawn out between Belgern and Kreckwitz, baggage-wagons filing through the Pass of Drehsa;—not an Austrian meddling with it, less or more; Daun and his Austrians standing in their ring of five miles, gazing into it like stone statues; their regiments being still in a confused state,—and their Daun an extremely slow gentleman.[16]

And in this manner Friedrich, like a careless swimmer caught in the Mahlstrom, has not got swallowed in it; but has made such a buffetting of it, he is here out of it again, without bone broken,—not, we hope, without

[16] Tempelhof, ii. 319-336; Seyfarth, *Beylagen*, ii. 432-453; *Helden-Geschichte*, v. 241-257; Archenholtz, &c. &c.

instruction from the adventure. He has lost 101 pieces of cannon, most of his tents and camp-furniture; and, what is more irreparable, above 8,000 of his brave people, 5,381 of them and 119 Officers (Keith and Moritz for two) either dead or captive. In men the Austrian loss, it seems, is not much lower, some say is rather a shade higher; by their own account, 325 Officers, 5,614 rank and file, killed and wounded,—not reckoning 1,000 prisoners they lost to us, and 'at least 2,000' who took that chance of deserting in the intricate dark woods.[17]

Friedrich, all say, took his punishment in a wonderfully cheerful manner. De Catt the Reader, entering to him that evening as usual, the King advanced, in a tragic declamatory attitude; and gave him, with proper voice and gesture, an appropriate passage of Racine:

"*Enfin après un an, tu me revois, Arbate,*
"*Non plus comme autrefois cet heureux Mithridate*
"*Qui, de Rome toujours balançant le destin,*
"*Tenait entre elle et moi l'univers incertain.*
"*Je suis vaincu; Pompée a saisi l'avantage*
"*D'une nuit qui laissait peu de place au courage;*
"*Mes soldats presque nus, dans*"— * *

Not a little to De Catt's comfort.[18] During the retreat itself, Retzow Junior had come, as Papa's Aide-de-camp, with a message to the King; found him on the heights of Klein Bautzen, watching the movements. Message done with, the King said, in a smiling tone, "Daun has played "me a slippery trick today!" "I have seen it," answered Retzow; "but it is only a scratch, which your Majesty "will soon manage to heal again."—"*Glaubt Er dies,* "Do you think so?" "Not only I, but the whole Army "firmly believe it of your Majesty."—"You are quite "right," added the King, in a confidentially candid way:

[17] Tempelhof, ii. 336; but see Kausler, p. 576. [18] Rödenbeck, i. 354.

BATTLE OF HOCHKIRCH.

14TH OCTOBER, 1758.

a.a.a. First position of the Austrian Army.
b.b. Extreme left under Loudon.
c.c. Austrian Reserve under Baden Durlach.
d.d.d. Prussian Army. e.e. The two main Prussian Batteries.
f. Ziethen's Cavalry.
g.g. Prussian Vanguard under Retzow.
h.h.h. Advance of Austrian Army.
i. Right wing under D'Ahremberg.
k.k.k. Position taken by the Prussians after the Battle.

14th Oct. 1758.

"We will manage Daun. What I lament is the number "of brave men that have died this morning."[19] On the morrow, he was heard to say publicly: "Daun has let us "out of check-mate; the game is not lost yet. We will "rest ourselves here, a few days; then go for Silesia, "and deliver Neisse." The Anecdote-Books (perhaps not mythically) add this: "Where are all your guns, though?" said the King to an Artilleryman, standing vacant on parade, next day. "*Ihro Majestät*, the Devil stole them "all, last night!"—"Hm, well, we must have them back "from him."[20]

Nothing immoderately depressive in Hochkirch, it appears;—though, alas, on the fourth day after, there came a message from Baireuth; which did strike one down: "My noble Wilhelmina dead; died in the very hours while we were fighting here!"[21] Readers must conceive it: coming unexpected more or less, black as sudden universal hurricane, on the heart of the man; a sorrow sacred, yet immeasurable, irremediable to him; as if the sky too were falling on his head, in aid of the mean earth and its ravenings:—of all this there can nothing be said at present. Friedrich's one relief seems to have been the necessity laid on him of perpetual battling with outward business;—we may fancy, in the rapid weeks following, how much was lying, at all times, in the background of his mind suppressed into its caves.

Daun, it appears, was considerably elated: spent a great deal of his time, so precious just at present, in writing despatches, in congratulating and being congratulated;—did an elaborate *Te-Deum*, or Ambrosian Song,

[19] Retzow, i. 359 n. [20] Archenholtz, i. 299.

[21] On a common Business-Letter to Prince Henri, 'Doberschütz, 18th October 1758,' is this sudden bit of Autograph: "*Grand Dieu, ma Sœur de Bareith!*"—(Schöning, *Der Siebenjährige Krieg, nach der Original-Correspondenz &c., aus den Staats-Archiven:* Potsdam, 1851: i. 287.)

in artillery and *vox humana*,—which with the adjuncts, say splenetic people, as at Kolin, sensibly assisted Friedrich's affairs. Daun was by no means of braggart turn; but the recognition of his matchless achievement by the gazetteer public, whether in exultation or in lamentation, was loud and universal; and the joy, in Vienna and the cognate quarters, knew no bounds for the time being. Thus, among other tokens, the Holiness of our Lord the Pope, blessing Heaven for such success against the Heretic, was pleased to send him "a Consecrated Hat and Sword,"—such as the old Popes were wont, very long ago, to bestow on distinguished Champions against the Heathen,—(much jeered at, and crowed over, by a profane Friedrich[22]): 'the effect of which miraculous furnishings,' says Tempelhof, 'turned out to be that the Feldmarschall 'never gained any success more;'—in fact, except that small thing on Finck next Year, never any, as it chanced. Daun had withdrawn to his old camp, on the day of Hochkirch; leaving only a detachment on the field there: it was not for six or seven days more that he stept out to the Kreckwitz and Purschwitz neighbourhood; more within sight of his vanquished enemy,—but nothing like vigilant enough of what might still be in him, after such vanquishing!—We must spare this Note, for the sake of a heroic kind of man, who had not too much of reward in the world:

'Tebay could not recover Keith's body: Croats had the plunder-
'ing of Keith; other Austrians, not of Croat kind, carried the dead
'General into Hochkirch Church: Lacy's emotion on recognising
'him there,—like a tragic gleam of his own youth suddenly brought
'back to him, as in star-light, piercing and sad, from twenty-years
'distance,—is well known in Books. On the morrow, Sunday Octo-

[22] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xv. 122, 124, 126, &c. &c.: in *Preuss*, ii. 196, complete List of these poor Pieces; which are hearty, not hypocritical, in their contemptuous hilarity, but have little other merit.

14th Oct. 1758.

'ber 15th, Keith had honourable soldier's-burial there,—"twelve 'cannon" salvoing thrice, and "the whole Corps of Colloredo" with 'their muskets thrice; Lacy as chief mourner, not without tears. 'Four months after, by royal order, Keith's body was conveyed to 'Berlin; reinterred in Berlin, in a still more solemn public man-'ner, with all the honours, all the regrets; and Keith sleeps now 'in the Garnison-Kirche:—far from bonny Inverugie; the hoarse 'sea-winds and caverns of Dunottar singing vague requiem to his 'honourable line and him, in the imaginations of some few. "My "Brother leaves me a noble legacy," said the old Lord Marischal: "last year he had Bohemia under ransom; and his personal estate "is 70 ducats" (about 25*l.*).[23]

'In Hochkirch Church there is still, not in the Churchyard as 'formerly, a fine, modestly impressive Monument to Keith; modest 'Urn of black marble on a Pedestal of gray,—and, in gold letters, an 'Inscription not easily surpassable in the lapidary way: * * "DUM "IN PRÆLIO NON PROCUL HINC INCLINATAM SUORUM ACIEM MENTE "MANU VOCE ET EXEMPLO RESTITUEBAT PUGNANS UT HEROAS "DECET OCCUBUIT. D. XIV. OCTOBRIS"—These words go through 'you like the clang of steel.[24] Friedrich's sorrow over him ("tears," 'high eulogies, "*loua extrémement*") is itself a monument. Twenty 'years after, Keith had from his Master a Statue, in Berlin. One of 'Four; to the Four most deserving: Schwerin (1771), Winterfeld '(1777), Seidlitz (1778), Keith (when?)[25]—which still stand in the 'Wilhelm Platz there.

'Hochkirch Church has been rebuilt in late years: a spacious 'airy Church, with galleries, and requisites, especially with free air, 'light and cleanliness. Capable perhaps of 1,500 sitters: half of 'them Wends. "Above 700 skeletons, in one heap, were dug out, 'in cutting the new foundations." The strong outer Door of the old

[23] Varnhagen, p. 261.

[24] In *Rödenbeck*, i. 149. Given also (very nearly correct) in *Correspondence of Sir Robert Murray Keith* (London, 1849), i. 151. This is the junior of the two Diplomatic Sir Roberts, genealogical cousins of Keith; by this one (in 1771, not 1776 as German Guide-books have it) the Hochkirch Monument was set up. A very interesting Collection of *Letters*, those of his;—edited with the usual darkness, or rather more.

[25] Nicolai (*Beschreibung der Residenzstädte*, i. 193, 194) gives these dates for the Three, and for Keith's no date.

'Church, red oak, I should think, is still retained in that capacity; 'still shows perhaps half-a-dozen rough big quasi-*keyholes*, torn 'through it in different parts, and daylight shining in, where the 'old bullets passed. The Keith Monument, perhaps four feet high, 'is on the flagged floor, left side of the pulpit, close by the wall,— "the bench where Keith's body lay has had to be cased in new "plank" (zinc would be better) "against the knives of tourists."'

Old Lord Marischal,—George, "*Maréchal d'Ecosse*," as he always signs himself,—was by this time seventy-two; King's Governor of Neufchâtel, for a good while past and to come (1754-1763). In "James," the junior, but much the stronger and more solid, he has lost, as it were, a *father* and younger brother at once; father, under beautiful conditions; and the tears of the old man are natural and affecting. Ten years older than his Brother; and survived him still twenty years. An excellent cheery old soul, he too; honest as the sunlight, with a fine small vein of gaiety, and 'pleasant wit,' in him: what a treasure to Friedrich at Potsdam, in the coming years; and how much loved by him (almost as one *boy* loves another), all readers would be surprised to discover. Some hints of him will perhaps be allowed us farther on.

Sequel of Hochkirch; the Campaign ends in a Way surprising to an attentive Public (22d October —20th November 1758).

There followed upon Hochkirch five weeks of rapid events; such as nobody had been calculating on. To the reader, so weary of marchings, manœuverings, surprisals, campings, and details of war, not many words, we hope, may render these results conceivable.

Friedrich staid ten days, refitting himself, in that Camp of Klein Bautzen, on one of the branches of the Spree. Daun, who had retired to his old strong place,

on the 14th, scarcely occupying Hochkirch Field at all; came out in about a week; and took a strong post near Friedrich; not attempting anything upon him, but watching him, now better within sight. Friedrich's fixed intention is, to march to Neisse all the same; what probably Daun, under the shadow of his laurels and his new Papal Hat, may not have considered possible, with the road to Neisse blocked by 80,000 men. Friedrich has refitted himself with the requisite new cannon and furnitures, from Dresden; especially with Prince Henri and 6,000 foot and horse,—led by Prince Henri in person; so Prince Henri would have it, the capricious little man; and that Finck should be left in Saxony instead of him. All which weakens Saxony not a little. But Friedrich hopes the Reichs Army is a feeble article; ill off for provision in those parts, and not likely to attempt very much on the sudden. Accordingly:

Friedrich marches, enigmatically, not on Glogau, but on Reichenbach and Görlitz; to Daun's astonishment.

Sunday Evening, October 22d, Convoy of many wagons quits Bautzen (Bautzen Proper, not the Village, but the Town), laden with all the wounded of Hochkirch; above 3,000 by count, to carry them to Dresden for deliberate surgery. Keith's Tebay, I perceive, is in this Convoy; not ill hurt, but willing to lie in Hospital a little, and consider. These poor fellows cannot get to Dresden: on the second day, a Daun Detachment, hussaring about in those parts, is announced ahead; and (by new order from headquarters) the Convoy turns northward for Hoyerswerda,—(to Tebay's disgust with the Commandant; "shied off," says Tebay, "for twelve hussars!"[26]) —and I think, in the end, went on to Glogau instead of Dresden. Which was very fortunate for Tebay and the others. The poor wounded being thus disposed of, Friedrich next night, at 10 o'clock, Monday 23d, in the softest manner, pushes off his Bakery and Army

[26] Second *Letter* from Tebay, in Mitchell, *ubi suprà*.

Stores a little way, northward down the Spree Valley, on the western fork of the Spree (fork farthest from Daun); follows, himself, with the rest of the Army, next evening, down the eastern fork, also northward. "Going for Glogau," thinks Daun, when the hussars report about it (late on Tuesday night): "Let him go, if he fancy that a road *to* Neisse! But, indeed, what other shift has he," considers Daun, "but to try rallying at Glogau yonder, safe under the guns?"—and is not in the slightest haste about this new matter.[27]

United with his baggage-column, Friedrich proceeds north-eastward; crosses Spree still northward or north-eastward; encamps there, in the dark hours of Tuesday; no Daun heeding him. Before daylight, however, Friedrich is again on foot; in several columns now, for the bad country-roads ahead;—and has struck straight *south*-eastward, if Daun were noting him. And, in the afternoon of Wednesday, Daun is astonished to learn that this wily Enemy is arrived in Reichenbach vicinity; sweeping-in our poor posts thereabouts; immovably astride of the Silesian Highway, after all! An astonished Daun hastens out, what he can, to take survey of the sudden Phenomenon. Tries it, next day and next, with his best Loudons and appliances; finds that this Phenomenon can actually march to Neisse ahead of him, indifferent to Pandours, or giving them as good as they bring;—and that nothing but a battle and beating (could we rashly dream of such a thing, which we cannot) will prevent it. "Very well, then!" Daun strives to say. And lets the Phenomenon march (*from* Görlitz, *October* 30*th*); Loudon harassing the rear of it, for some days; not without counter harassment, much waste of cannonading, and ruin to several poor Lausitz Villages by fire,—"Prussians scandalously burn them, when we attack!" says Loudon. Till, at last, finding this march impregnably arranged, 'split into two routes,' and ready for all chances, Loudon also withdraws to more promising business. Poor General Retzow Senior was of this march; absolutely could not be excused, though fallen ill of dysentery, like to die;—and did die, the day after he got to Schweidnitz, when the difficulties and excitement were over.[28]

Of Friedrich's march, onward from Görlitz, we shall say nothing farther, except that the very wind of it was

[27] Tempelhof, ii. 341-347. [28] Retzow, i. 372.

salvatory to his Silesian Fortresses and interests. That at Neisse, on and after November 1st,—which is the third or second day of Friedrich's march,—General Treskow, Commandant of Neisse, found the bombardment slacken more and more ("King of Prussia coming," said the Austrian deserters to us); and that, on November 6th, Treskow, looking out from Neisse, found the Austrian trenches empty, Generals Harsch and Deville hurrying over the Hills homewards,—pickings to be had of them by Treskow,—and Neisse Siege a thing finished.[29] It had lasted, in the way of blockade and half-blockade, for about three months; Deville, for near one month, half-blockading, then Harsch (since September 30th) wholly blockading, with Deville under him, and an army of 20,000; though the actual cannonade, very fierce, but of no effect, could not begin till little more than a week ago,—so difficult the getting up of siege-material in those parts. Kosel, under Commandant Lattorf, whose praises, like Treskow's were great,—had stood four months of Pandour blockading and assaulting, which also had to take itself away on advent of Friedrich. Of Friedrich, on his return-journey, we shall hear again before long; but in the mean while must industriously follow Daun.

Feldmarschall Daun and the Reichs Army try some Siege of Dresden (9th–16th November).

October 30th, Daun, seeing Neisse Siege as good as gone to water, decided with himself that he could still do a far more important stroke: capture Dresden, get hold of Saxony in Friedrich's

[29] *Tagebuch*, &c. ('Diary of the Siege of Neisse,' 4th August,—26th October,—6th November 1758, '1 A.M. suddenly'), in Seyfarth, *Beylagen*, ii. 468-472: of Treskow's own writing; brief and clear. *Helden-Geschichte*, v. 268-270.

absence. Daun turned round from Reichenbach, accordingly; and, at his slow-footed pace, addressed himself to that new errand. Had he made better despatch, or even been in better luck, it is very possible he might have done something there. In Dresden, and in Governor Schmettau with his small garrison, there is no strength for a siege; in Saxony is nothing but some poor remnant under Finck, much of it Free-corps and light people: capable of being swallowed by the Reichs Army itself,—were the Reichs Army enterprising, or in good circumstances otherwise. It is true the Russians have quitted Colberg as impossible; and are flowing homewards dragged by hunger: the little Dohna Army will, therefore, march for Saxony; the little Anti-Swedish Army, under Wedell, has likewise been mostly ordered thither; both at their quickest. For Daun, all turns on despatch; loiter a little, and Friedrich himself will be here again!

Daun, I have no doubt, stirred his slow feet the fastest he could. *November 7th*, Daun was in the neighbourhood of Pirna Country again, had his Bridge at Pirna, for communication; urged the Reichs Army to bestir itself, Now or never. Reichs Army did push out a little against Finck; made him leave that perpetual Camp of Gahmig, take new camps, Kesselsdorf and elsewhere; and at length made him shoot across Elbe, to the north-west, on a pontoon bridge below Dresden, with retreating room to northward, and shelter under the guns of that City. Reichs Army has likewise made powerful detachments for capture of Leipzig and the north-western towns; capture of Torgau, the Magazine town, first of all: summon them, with force evidently overpowering, "Free-withdrawal, if you don't resist; and if you do—!"—At Torgau there was actual attempt made (November 12th), rather elaborate and dangerous-looking; under Haddick, with near 10,000 of the 'Austrian-auxiliary' sort: to whom the old Commandant,—judging Wedell, the late Anti-Swedish Wedell, to be now near,—rushed out with '300 men and one big gun;' and made such a firing and gesticulating as was quite extraordinary, as if Wedell were here already: till Wedell's self did come in sight; and the overpowering Reichs Detachment made its best speed elsewhither.[30] The other Sieges remained things of theory; the other

[30] Tempelhof, &c.; 'Letter from a Prussian Officer,' in *Helden-Geschichte*, v. 286.

9th Nov. 1758.
Reichs Detachments hurried home, I think, without summoning anybody.

Meanwhile, Daun, with the proper Artilleries at last ready, comes flowing forward (*November 8th-9th*); and takes post in the Great Garden, or south side of Dresden; minatory to Schmettau and that City. The walls, or works, are weak; outside there is nothing but Mayer and the Free-corps to resist,—who indeed has surpassed himself this season, and been extraordinarily diligent upon that lazy Reichs Army. Commandant Schmettau signifies to Daun, the day Daun came in sight, "If your Excellenz advance farther on me, the grim Rules of War in besieged places will order That I burn the Suburbs, which are your defences in attacking me,"—and actually fills the fine houses on the Southern Suburb with combustible matter, making due announcements, to Court and population, as well as to Daun. "Burn the Suburbs?" answers Daun: "In the name of civilised humanity, you will never think of such thing!" "That will I, your Excellenz, of a surety, and do it!" answers Schmettau. So that Dresden is full of pity, terror and speculation. The common rumour is, says Excellency Mitchell, who is sojourning there for the present, "That Brühl" (nefarious Brühl, born to be the death of us!) "has persuaded Polish Majesty to sanction this enterprise of Daun's,"—very careless, Brühl, what become of Dresden or us, so the King of Prussia be well hurt or spited!

Certain enough, *November 9th*, Daun does come on, regardless of Schmettau's assurances; so that, 'about midnight,' Mayer, who 'can hear the enemy busily building four big batteries' withal, has to report himself driven to the edge of those high Houses (which are filled with combustibles), and that some Croats are got into the upper windows. "Burn them, then!" answers Schmettau (such the dire necessity of sieged places): and, 'at 3 A.M.' (three hours notice to the poor inmates), Mayer does so; hideous flames bursting out, punctually at the stroke of 3: "whole Suburb seemed on blaze" (about a sixth part of it actually so), "nay you would have said the whole Town "was environed in flames." Excellency Mitchell climbed a steeple: "will not describe to your Lordship the horror, the terror and con-"fusion of this night; wretched inhabitants running with their fur-"niture" (what of it they had got flung out, between 12 o'clock and 3) "towards the Great Garden; all Dresden, to appearance, girt "in flames, ruins and smoke." Such a night in Dresden, especially

in the Pirna Suburb, as was never seen before.[31] This was the sad beginning, or attempt at beginning, of Dresden Siege; and this also was the end of it, on Daun's part at present. For four days more, he hung about the place, minatory, hesitative; but attempted nothing feasible; and on the fifth day,—'for a certain weighty reason,' as the Austrian Gazettes express it,—he saw good to vanish into the Pirna Rock-Country, and be out of harm's way in the mean while!

The truth is, Daun's was an intricate case just now; needing, above all things, swiftness of treatment; what, of all things, it could not get from Daun. His denunciations on that burnt Suburb were again loud; but Schmettau continues deaf to all that,—means "to defend himself by the known rules of war and of honour;" declares, he "will dispute from street to street, and only finish in the middle of Polish Majesty's Royal Palace." Denunciation will do nothing! Daun had above 100,000 men in those parts. Rushing forward with sharp shot and bayonet storm, instead of logical denunciation, it is probable Daun might have settled his Schmettau. But the hour of tide was rigorous, withal;—and such an ebb, if you missed it in hesitating! *November 15th*, Daun withdrew; the ebbing come. That same day, Friedrich was at Lauban in the Lausitz, within a hundred miles again; speeding hitherward; behind him a Silesia brushed clear, before him a Saxony to be brushed. 'Reason weighty' enough, think Daun and the Austrian Gazettes! But such, since you have missed the tide-hour, is the inexorable fact of ebb,—going at that frightful rate. Daun never was the man to dispute facts.

November 20th, Friedrich arrived in Dresden; heard, next day, that Daun had wheeled decisively homeward from Pirna Country; that the Reichs Army and he are

[31] Mitchell, *Memoirs and Papers*, i. 459. In *Helden-Geschichte*, v. 295-302, minute account (corresponding well with Mitchell's); ib. 303-33, the certified details of the damage done: '280 houses lost;' '4 human lives.'

20th Nov. 1758.
diligently climbing the Metal Mountains; and that there is not in Saxony, more than in Silesia, an enemy left. What a Sequel to Hochkirch! "Neisse and Dresden both!" we had hoped as sequel, if lucky: "Neisse *or* Dresden" seemed infallible. And we are climbing the Metal Mountains, under facts superior to us.

And Campaign Third has closed in this manner;—leaving things much as it found them. Essentially a drawn match; Contending Parties little altered in relative strength;—both of them, it may be presumed, considerably weaker. Friedrich is not triumphant, or shining in the light of bonfires, as last Year; but, in the mind of judges, stands higher than ever (if that could help him much);—and is not "annihilated" in the least, which is the surprising circumstance.

Friedrich's marches, especially, have been wonderful, this Year. In the spring time, old Maréchal de Belleisle, French Minister of War, consulting officially about future operations, heard it objected once: "But if the King of Prussia were to burst-in upon us there?" "The King of Prussia is a great soldier," answered M. de Belleisle; "but his Army is not a shuttle (*navette*),"—to be shot about, in that way, from side to side of the world! No surely; not altogether. But the King of Prussia has, among other arts, an art of marching Armies, which by degrees astonishes the old Maréchal. To 'come upon us *en navette*,' suddenly 'like a shuttle' from the other side of the web, became an established phrase among the French concerned in these unfortunate matters.[32]

'The Pitt-and-Ferdinand Campaign of 1758,' says a Note, which I would fain abridge, 'is more palpably victorious than Friedrich's,

[32] Archenholtz, i. 316; Montalembert, *sæpius*, for the phrase '*en navette*.'

'much more an affair of bonfires than his; though it too has 'had its rubs. Loss of honour at Crefeld; loss of Louisburg and 'Codfishery: these are serious blows our enemy has had. But 'then, to temper the joy over Louisburg, there was, at Ticonde-'rago, by Abercromby, on the small scale (all the extent of scale 'he had), a melancholy Platitude committed: that of walking into 'an enemy without the least reconnoitering of him, who proves to 'be chin-deep in abatis and fieldworks; and kills, much at his 'ease, about 2,000 brave fellows, brought 5,000 miles for that 'object. And obliges you to walk away on the instant, and quit 'Ticonderago, like a—surely like a very tragic Dignitary in Cocked-'hat! To be cashiered, we will hope; at least, to be laid on the 'shelf, and replaced by some Wolfe or some Amherst, fitter for 'the business! Nor were the Descents on the French Coast much 'to speak of: "Great Guns got at Cherbourg," these truly, as ex-'hibited in Hyde-Park, were a comfortable sight, especially to the 'simpler sort: but on the other hand, at Morlaix, on the part of 'poor old General Bligh and Company, there had been a Plati-'tude equal or superior to that of Abercromby, though not so 'tragical in loss of men. "What of that?" said an enthusiastic 'Public, striking their balance, and joyfully illuminating.—Here is 'a Clipping from Ohio Country, "*Letter* of an Officer" (distilled 'essence of Two Letters), "dated, *Fort-Duquesne, 28th November* "1758:

"Our small Corps under General Forbes, after much sore "scrambling through the Wildernesses, and contending with ene-"mies wild and tame, is, since the last four days, in possession of "Fort Duquesne" (*Pittsburg* henceforth): "Friday 24th, the French "garrison, on our appearance, made off without fighting; took to "boats down the Ohio, and vanished out of those Countries,"—for-'ever and a day, we will hope. "Their Louisiana-Canada communi-"cation is lost; and all that prodigious tract of rich country,"—'which Mr. Washington fixed upon long ago, is ours again, if we 'can turn it to use. "This day a detachment of us goes to Brad-"dock's field of battle" (poor Braddock!), "to bury the bones of our "slaughtered countrymen; many of whom the French butchered in "cold blood, and, to their own eternal shame and infamy, have left "lying above ground ever since. As indeed they have done with

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" all those slain round the Fort in late weeks;"—calling themselves 'a civilised Nation too!'[33]

Lower Rhine, July—November 1758. 'Ferdinand's manœuvres, 'after Crefeld, on the France-ward side of Rhine, were very pretty: 'but, without Wesel, and *versus* a Belleisle as War-Minister, and a 'Contades who was something of a General, it would not do. Belle-'isle made uncommon exertions, diligent to get his broken people 'drilled again; Contades was wary, and counter-manœuvered rather 'well. Finally, Soubise' (readers recollect him and his 24 or 30,000, who stood in Frankfurt Country, on the hither or north side of Rhine), famed Rossbach Soubise,—'pushing out, at Belleisle's bid-'ding, towards Hanover, in a region vacant otherwise of troops,—'became dangerous to Ferdinand. "Making for Hanover?" thought 'Ferdinand: "Or perhaps meaning to attack my 12,000 English 'that are just landed? Nay, perhaps my Rhine-Bridge itself, and 'the small Party left there?" Ferdinand found he would have to re-'turn, and look after Soubise. Crossed, accordingly (August 8th), 'by his old Bridge at Rees,—which he found safe, in spite of at-'tempts there had been;[34]—and never recrossed during this War. 'Judges even say his first crossing had never much solidity of out-'look in it; and though so delightful to the public, was his question-'ablest step.

'On the 12,000 English, Soubise had attempted nothing. Fer-'dinand joined his English at Soest (August 20th); to their great 'joy and his;[35] 10 or 12,000 as a first instalment:—Grand-looking 'fellows, said the Germans. And did you ever see such horses, such 'splendour of equipment, regardless of expense? Not to mention 'those *Bergschotten* (Scotch Highlanders), with their bagpipes, spor-

[33] Old Newspapers (in *Gentleman's Magazine for* 1759, pp. 41, 39).

[34] 'Fight of Meer' (Chevert, with 10,000, beaten off, and the Bridge saved, by Imhof, with 3,000;—both clever soldiers; Imhof in better luck, and favoured by the ground: '5th August 1758'): *Mauvillon*, i. 315.

[35] Duke of Marlborough's heavy-laden *Letter* to Pitt, 'Koesfeld, August 15th:' 'Nothing but rains and uncertainties;' 'marching, latterly, up to our middles in water;' have come from Embden, straight south towards Wesel Country, almost 150 miles (Soest still a good sixty miles to south-east of us). *Chatham Correspondence* (London, 1838), i. 334, 337. The poor Duke died in two months hence; and the command devolved on Lord George Sackville, as is too well known.

'rans, kilts, and exotic costumes and ways; astonishing to the German mind.[36] Out of all whom (*Bergschotten* included), Ferdinand, 'by management,—and management was needed,—got a great deal 'of first-rate fighting, in the next Four Years.

'Nor, in regard to Hanover, could Soubise make anything of it; 'though he did (owing to a couple of stupid fellows, General Prince 'von Ysenburg and General Oberg, detached by Ferdinand on that 'service) escape the lively treatment Ferdinand had prepared for 'him; and even gave a kind of Beating to each of those stupid fel-'lows,[37]—one of which, Oberg's one, might have ruined Oberg and 'his Detachment altogether, had Soubise been alert, which he by no 'means was! "Paris made such jeering about Rossbach and the 'Prince de Soubise," says Voltaire,[38] "and nobody said a word about 'these two Victories of his, next Year!" For which there might be 'two reasons: one, according to Tempelhof, that "the Victories were 'of the so-so kind (*sie waren auch darnach*);" and another, that 'they were ascribed to Broglio, on both occasions,—how justly, no-'body will now argue!

'Contades had not failed, in the mean while, to follow with the 'main Army; and was now elaborately manœuvering about; intent 'to have Lippstadt, or some Fortress in those Rhine-Weser Coun-'tries. On the tail of that second so-so Victory by Soubise, Contades 'thought, Now would be the chance. And did try hard, but without 'effect. Ferdinand was himself attending Contades; and mistakes 'were not likely. Ferdinand, in the thick of the game (October 21st-'30th), "made a masterly movement"—that is to say, cut Contades

[36] Romantic view of the *Bergschotten* (2,000 of them, led by the Junior of the Sir Robert Keiths, above mentioned, who is a soldier as yet), in *Archenholtz*, i. 351-353: *ib.* and in *Preuss*, ii. 136, of the 'uniforms with gold and silver lace,' of the superb horses, 'one regiment all roan horses, another all black, another all' &c.

[37] 1°. 'Fight of Sandershausen' (Broglio, as Soubise's vanguard, 12,000; *versus* Ysenburg, 7,000, who stupidly would not withdraw *till* beaten: '23d July 1758,' *before* Ferdinand had come across again). 2°. Fight of Lutternberg (Soubise, 30,000; *versus* Oberg, about 18,000, who stupidly hung back till Soubise was all gathered, and *then* &c., still more stupidly: '10th October 1758'). See *Mauvillon*, i. 312 (or better, *Archenholtz*, i. 345); and *Mauvillon*, i. 327. Both Lutternberg and Sandershausen are in the neighbourhood of Cassel;—as many of those Ferdinand fights were.

[38] *Histoire de Louis XV.*

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'and his Soubise irretrievably asunder: no junction now possible to 'them; the weaker of them liable to ruin,—unless Contades, the 'stronger, would give battle; which, though greatly outnumbering 'Ferdinand, he was cautious not to do. A melancholic cautious 'man, apt to be over-cautious,—nicknamed "*L'Apothécaire*" by 'the Parisians, from his down looks,—but had good soldier qua-'lities withal. Soubise and he haggled about, a short while,—not 'a long, in these dangerous circumstances; and then had to go 'home again, without result, each the way he came; Contades him-'self repassing through Wesel, and wintering on his own side of 'the Rhine.'

How Pitt is succeeding, and aiming to succeed, on the French Foreign Settlements: on the Guinea Coast, on the High Seas everywhere; in the West Indies; still more in the East,—where General Lally (that fiery O'Mul*lally*, famous since Fontenoy), missioned with "full-powers," as they call them, is raging up and down, about Madras and neighbourhood, in a violent, impetuous, more and more bankrupt manner:—Of all this, we can say nothing for the present, little at any time. Here are two facts of the financial sort, sufficiently illuminative. The much-expending, much-subsidying Government of France cannot now borrow except at 7 per cent Interest; and the rate of Marine Insurance has risen to 70 per cent.[39] One way and other, here is a Pitt clearly progressive; and a long-pending *Jenkins's-Ear Question* in a fair way to be settled!—

Friedrich stays in Saxony about a month, inspecting and adjusting; thence to Breslau, for Winter-quarters. His Winter is like to be a sad and silent one, this time; with none of the gaieties of last Year; the royal heart heavy enough with many private sorrows, were there

[39] Retzow, ii. 5.

none of public at all! This is a word from him, two days after finishing Daun for the season:

Friedrich to Mylord Marischal (at Colombier in Neufchâtel).

Dresden, 23d November 1758.

'There is nothing left for us, *mon cher Mylord*, but to mingle 'and blend our weeping for the losses we have had. If my head 'were a fountain of tears, it would not suffice for the grief I feel.

'Our Campaign is over; and there has nothing come of it, on 'one side or the other, but the loss of a great many worthy people, 'the misery of a great many poor soldiers crippled forever, the ruin 'of some Provinces, the ravage, pillage and conflagration of some 'flourishing Towns. Exploits these which make humanity shudder: 'sad fruits of the wickedness and ambition of certain People in Power, 'who sacrifice everything to their unbridled passions! I wish you, '*mon cher Mylord*, nothing that has the least resemblance to my 'destiny; and everything that is wanting to it.' 'Your old friend, 'till death.'—F.[40]

[40] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xx. 273.

BOOK XIX.

FRIEDRICH LIKE TO BE OVERWHELMED IN THE SEVEN-YEARS WAR.

1759-1760.

CHAPTER I.

PRELIMINARIES TO A FOURTH CAMPAIGN.

THE posting of the Five Armies this Winter,—Five of them in Germany, not counting the Russians, who have vanished to Cimmeria over the horizon, for their months of rest,—is something wonderful, and strikes the picturesque imagination. Such a Chain of Posts, for length, if for nothing else! From the centre of Bohemia eastward, Daun's Austrians are spread all round the western Silesian Border and the south-eastern Saxon; waited on by Prussians, in more or less proximity. Next are the Reichsfolk; scattered over Thüringen and the Franconian Countries; fronting partly into Hessen and Duke Ferdinand's outskirts:—the main body of Duke Ferdinand is far to westward, in Münster Country, vigilant upon Contades, with the Rhine between. Contades and Soubise,—adjoining on the Reichsfolk are these Two French Armies: Soubise's, some 25,000, in Frankfurt-Ems Country, between the Mayn and the Lahn, with its back to the Rhine; then Contades, onward to Maes River and the Dutch Borders, with his face to the Rhine, —and Duke Ferdinand observant of him on the other side. That is the '*Cordon* of Posts' or winter-quarters, this Year. 'From the Giant Mountains and the Metal 'Mountains, to the Ocean;—to the mouth of Rhine,' may we not say; 'and back again to the Swiss Alps or springs 'of Rhine, that Upper-Rhine Country being all either

'French or Austrian, and a basis for Soubise?'[1] Not to speak of Ocean itself, and its winged War-Fleets, lonesomely hovering and patrolling; or of the Americas and Indies beyond!

'This is such a Chain of mutually vigilant Winter-'quarters,' says Archenholz, 'as was never drawn in Ger-'many, or in Europe, before.' Chain of about 300,000 fighting men, poured out in that lengthy manner. Taking their winter siesta there, asleep with one eye open, till reinforced for new business of death and destruction against Spring. Pathetic surely, as well as picturesque. "Three Campaigns there have already been," sighs the peaceable observer: "Three Campaigns, surely furious enough; Eleven Battles in them,[2] a Prag, a Kolin, Leuthen, Rossbach;—must there still be others, then, to the misery of poor mankind?" thus sigh many peaceful persons. Not considering what are, and have been, the rages, the iniquities, the loud and silent deliriums, the mad blindnesses and sins of mankind; and what amount of *calcining* these may reasonably take. Not calcinable in three Campaigns at all, it would appear! Four more Campaigns are needed: then there will be innocuous ashes in quantity; and a result unexpected, and worth marking in World-History.

It is notably one of Friedrich's fond hopes,—of which he keeps up several, as bright cloud-hangings in the haggard inner world he now has,—that Peace is just at hand; one right struggle more, and Peace must come! And on the part of Britannic George and him, repeated attempts were made,—one in the end of this Year 1759;

[1] Archenholtz, i. 306.

[2] Stenzel, v. 185. This, I suppose, would be his enumeration: Lobositz (1756); *Prag*, *Kolin*, Hastenbeck, Gross-Jägersdorf, *Rossbach*, Breslau, *Leuthen* (1757); Crefeld, *Zorndorf*, *Hochkirk* (1758): 'eleven hitherto in all.'

—but one and all of them proved futile, and, unless for accidental reasons, need not be mentioned here. Many men, in all nations, long for Peace; but there are Three Women at the top of the world who do not; their wrath, various in quality, is great in quantity, and disasters do the reverse of appeasing it.

The French people, as is natural, are weary of a War which yields them mere losses and disgraces; "War carried on for Austrian whims, which likewise seem to be impracticable!" think they. And their Bernis himself, Minister of Foreign Affairs, who began this sad French-Austrian Adventure, has already been remonstrating with Kaunitz, and grumbling anxiously, "Could not the Swedes, or somebody, be got to mediate? Such a War is too ruinous!" Hearing which, the Pompadour is shocked at the favourite creature of her hands; hastens to dismiss him ("Be Cardinal, then, you ingrate of a Bernis; disappear under that Red Hat!")—and appoints, in his stead, one Choiseul (known hitherto as *Stainville*, Comte de Stainville, French Excellency at Vienna, but now made Duke on this promotion), Duc de Choiseul;[3] who is a Lorrainer, or Semi-Austrian, by very birth; and probably much fitter for the place. A swift, impetuous kind of man, this Choiseul, who is still rather young than otherwise; plenty of proud spirit in him, of shifts, talent of the reckless sort; who proved very notable in France for the next twenty years.

French trade being ruined withal, money is running dreadfully low: but they appoint a new Controller-General; a M. de Silhouette, who is thought to have an extraordinary creative genius in Finance. Had he but a Fortunatus-Purse, how lucky were it! With Fortunatus Silhouette as purseholder, with a fiery young Choiseul on

[3] Minister of Foreign Affairs, '11th November 1758' (Barbier, iv. 294).

this hand, and a fiery old Belleisle on that, Pompadour meditates great things this Year,—Invasions of England; stronger German Armies; better German Plans, and slashings home upon Hanover itself, or the vital point;—and flatters herself, and her poor Louis, that there is on the anvil, for 1759, such a French Campaign as will perhaps astonish Pitt and another insolent King. Very fixed, fell, and feminine is the Pompadour's humour in this matter. Nor is the Czarina's less so; but more, if possible; unappeasable except by death. Imperial Maria Theresa has masculine reasons withal; great hopes, too, of late. Of the War's ending till flat impossibility stop it, there is no likelihood.

To Pitt this Campaign 1759, in spite of bad omens at the outset, proved altogether splendid: but greatly the reverse on Friedrich's side; to whom it was the most disastrous and unfortunate he had yet made, or did ever make. Pitt at his zenith, in public reputation; Friedrich never so low before, nothing seemingly but extinction near ahead, when this Year ended. The truth is, apart from his specific pieces of ill-luck, there had now begun for Friedrich a new rule of procedure, which much altered his appearance in the world. Thrice over had he tried by the aggressive or invasive method; thrice over made a plunge at the enemy's heart, hoping so to disarm or lame him: but that, with resources spent to such a degree, is what he cannot do a fourth time; he is too weak henceforth to think of that.

Prussia has always its King, and his unrivalled talent; but that is pretty much the only fixed item. Prussia *versus* France, Austria, Russia, Sweden and the German Reich, what is it as a field of supplies for war! Except its King, these are failing, year by year; and at a rate

fatally *swift* in comparison. Friedrich cannot now do Leuthens, Rossbachs; far-shining feats of victory, which astonish all the world. His fine Prussian veterans have mostly perished; and have been replaced by new levies and recruits; who are inferior both in discipline and in native quality;—though they have still, people say, a noteworthy taste of the old Prussian sort in them; and do, in fact, fight well to the last. But 'it is observable,' says Retzow somewhere, and indeed it follows from the nature of the case, 'that while the Prussian Army pre-'sents always its best kind of soldiers at the beginning 'of a war, Austria, such are its resources in population, 'always improves in that particular, and its best troops 'appear in the last campaigns.' In a word, Friedrich stands on the defensive henceforth; disputing his ground inch by inch: and is reduced, more and more, to battle obscurely with a hydra-coil of enemies and impediments; and to do heroisms which make no noise in the Gazettes. And, alas, which cannot figure in History either,—what is more a sorrow to me here!

Friedrich, say all judges of soldiership and human character who have studied Friedrich sufficiently, "is greater than ever," in these four Years now coming.[4] And this, I have found more and more to be a true thing; verifiable and demonstrable in time and place,—though, unluckily for us, hardly in this time or this place at all! A thing which cannot, by any method, be made manifest to the general reader; who delights in shining summary feats, and is impatient of tedious preliminaries and investigations,—especially of *maps*, which are the indispensablest requisite of all. A thing, in short, that belongs peculiarly to soldier-students; who can undergo the dull preliminaries, most dull but most inexorably needed; and

[4] Berenhorst, *Kriegskunst;* Retzow; &c.

can follow out, with watchful intelligence, and with a patience not to be wearied, the multifarious topographies, details of movements and manœuverings, year after year, on such a Theatre of War. What is to be done with it here! If we could, by significant strokes, indicate, under features true so far as they went, the great wide fireflood that was raging round the world; if we could, carefully omitting very many things, omit of the things intelligible and decipherable that concern Friedrich himself, nothing that had meaning: *if* indeed—! But it is idle preluding. Forward again, brave reader, under such conditions as there are!

Friedrich's Winter in Breslau was of secluded, silent, sombre character, this time; nothing of stir in it but from work only: in marked contrast with the last, and its kindly visitors and gaieties. A Friedrich given up to his manifold businesses, to his silent sorrows. 'I have 'passed my winter like a Carthusian monk,' he writes to D'Argens: 'I dine alone; I spend my life in reading 'and writing; and I do not sup. When one is sad, it 'becomes at last too burdensome to hide one's grief con- 'tinually; and it is better to give way to it by oneself, 'than to carry one's gloom into society. Nothing solaces 'me but the vigorous application required in steady and 'continuous labour. This distraction does force one to 'put away painful ideas, while it lasts: but, alas, no 'sooner is the work done, than these fatal companions 'present themselves again, as if livelier than ever. Mau- 'pertuis was right: the sum of evil does certainly surpass 'that of good:—but to me it is all one; I have almost 'nothing more to lose; and my few remaining days, what 'matters it much of what complexion they be?'[5]

[5] 'Breslau, 1st March 1759,' To D'Argens (*Œuvres de Frédéric*, xix. 56).

The loss of his Wilhelmina, had there been no other grief, has darkened all his life to Friedrich. Readers are not prepared for the details of grief we could give, and the settled gloom of mind they indicate. A loss irreparable and immeasurable; the light of life, the one loved heart that loved him, gone. His passionate appeals to Voltaire to celebrate for him in verse his lost treasure, and at least make her virtues immortal, are perhaps known to readers:[6] alas, this is a very feeble kind of immortality, and Friedrich too well feels it such. All Winter he dwells internally on the sad matter, though soon falling silent on it to others.

The War is ever more dark and dismal to him; a wearing, harassing, nearly disgusting task; on which, however, depends life or death. This Year, he 'expects 'to have 300,000 enemies upon him;' and 'is, with his 'utmost effort, getting up 150,000 to set against them.' Of business, in its many kinds, there can be no lack! In the intervals he also wrote considerably: one of his Pieces is a *Sermon on The last Judgment;* handed to Reader De Catt, one evening:—to De Catt's surprise, and to ours; the Voiceless in a dark Friedrich trying to give itself some voice in this way![7] Another Piece, altogether practical, and done with excellent insight, brevity, modesty, is *On Tactics*;[8]—properly it might be called, 'Serious very Private Thoughts,' thrown on paper, and

[6] *Ode sur la mort de S. A. S. Madame la Princesse de Bareith* (in *Œuvres de Voltaire*, xviii. 79-86): see Friedrich's Letter to him (6th November 1758); with Voltaire's *Verses* in Answer (next month); Friedrich's new Letter (Breslau, 23d January 1759), demanding something more,—followed by the *Ode* just cited (Ib. lxxii. 402; lxxviii. 82, 92; or *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxiii. 20-24; &c.).

[7] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xv. 1-10 (see Preuss's *Preface* there; Formey, *Souvenirs*, i. 37; &c. &c.).

[8] *Réflexions sur la Tactique:* in *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxviii. 153-166.

communicated only to two or three, 'On the new kind of 'Tactics necessary with those Austrians and their Allies,' who are in such overwhelming strength. 'To whose 'continual sluggishness, and strange want of concert, to 'whose incoherency of movements, languor of execution, 'and other enormous faults, we have owed, with some 'excuse for our own faults, our escaping of destruction 'hitherto,'—but had better *not* trust that way any longer! Fouquet is one of the highly select, to whom he communicates this Piece; adding along with it, in Fouquet's case, an affectionate little Note, and, in spite of poverty, some Newyear's Gift, as usual,—the "Widow's Mite" (300*l.*, we find); "receive it with the same heart with which it was "set apart for you: a small help, which you may well "have need of, in these calamitous times."[9] Fouquet much admires the new Tactical Suggestions;—seems to think, however, that the certainly practicable one is, in particular, the last, That of "improving our Artillery to some equality with theirs." For which, as may appear, the King has already been taking thought, in more ways than one.

Finance is naturally a heavy part of Friedrich's Problem; the part which looks especially impossible, from our point of vision! In Friedrich's Country, the War Budget does not differ from the Peace one. Neither is any borrowing possible; that sublime Art, of rolling over on you know not whom the expenditure, needful or needless, of your heavy-laden self, had not yet,—though England is busy at it,—been invented among Nations. Once, or perhaps twice, from the *Stände* of some willing Province, Friedrich negotiated some small Loan; which was punc-

[9] 'Breslau, 23d December 1758;' with Fouquet's Answer, 2d January 1759: in *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xx. 114-117.

tually repaid when Peace came, and was always gratefully remembered. But these are as nothing, in face of such expenses; and the thought how he did contrive on the Finance side, is and was not a little wonderful. An ingenious Predecessor, whom I sometimes quote, has expressed himself in these words:

'Such modicum of Subsidy' (he is speaking of the English Subsidy in 1758), 'how useful will it prove in a 'Country bred everywhere to Spartan thrift, accustomed 'to regard waste as sin, and which will lay out no penny 'except to purpose! I guess the Prussian Exchequer is, 'by this time, much on the ebb; idle precious metals 'tending everywhere towards the melting-pot. At what 'precise date the Friedrich-Wilhelm balustrades, and 'enormous silver furnitures, were first gone into, Dry-'asdust has not informed me: but we know they all 'went; as they well might. To me nothing is so won-'derful as Friedrich's Budget during this War. One day 'it will be carefully investigated, elucidated and made 'conceivable and certain to mankind: but that as yet is 'far from being the case. We walk about in it with 'astonishment; almost, were it possible, with incredulity. 'Expenditure on this side, work done on that: human 'nature, especially British human nature, refuses to con-'ceive it. Never in this world, before or since, was the 'like. The Friedrich miracles in War are great; but 'those in Finance are almost greater. Let Dryasdust 'bethink him; and gird his flabby loins to this Enter-'prise; which is very behoveful in these Californian 'times!'—

The general Secret of Prussian Thrift, I do fear, is lost from the world. And how an Army of about 200,000, in field and garrison, could be kept on foot, and in some ability to front combined Europe, on about Three Mil-

lion Sterling annually ('25 million *thalers*' = 3,150,000*l.*, that is the steady War-Budget of those years), remains to us inconceivable enough;—mournfully miraculous, as it were; and growing ever more so in the Nugget-generations that now run. Meanwhile, here are what hints I could find, on the Origins of that modest Sum, which also are a wonder:[10]

'The Hoarded Prussian Moneys, or "*Treasures*"' (two of them, *Kleine Schatz*, *Grosse Schatz*, which are rigidly saved in Peace years, for incidence of War), 'being nearly run out, there had come 'the English Subsidy: this, with Saxony, and the Home revenues 'and remnants of *Schatz*, had sufficed for 1758; but will no longer 'suffice. Next to Saxony, the English Subsidy (670,000*l.* due the 'second time this year) was always Friedrich's principal resource: 'and in the latter years of the War, I observe, it was nearly twice 'the amount of what all his Prussian Countries together, in their 'ravaged and worn-out state, could yield him. In and after 1759, 'besides Home Income, which is gradually diminishing, and English 'Subsidy, which is a steady quantity, Friedrich's sources of revenue 'are mainly Two.

'*First*, there is that of wringing money from your Enemies, from 'those that have deserved ill of you,—such of them as you can 'come at. Enemies, open or secret, even Ill-wishers, we are not 'particular, provided only they lie within arm's-length. Under this 'head fall principally three Countries (and their three poor Popula-'tions, in lieu of their Governments): Saxony, Mecklenburg (or the 'main part of it, Mecklenburg-*Schwerin*), and Anhalt; from these 'three there is a continual forced supply of money and furnishings. 'Their demerits to Friedrich differ much in intensity; nor is his 'wringing of them,—which in the cases of Mecklenburg and Saxony 'increases year by year to the nearly intolerable pitch,—quite in 'the simple ratio of their demerits; but in a compound ratio, of 'that and of his indignation and of his wants.

'Saxony, as Prime Author of this War, was from the first laid 'hold of, collared tightly: "Pay the shot, then, what you can" (in 'the end it was almost what you cannot)! As to Mecklenburg-

[10] Preuss, ii. 388-392; Stenzel, v. 137-141.

'Schwerin, the grudge against Prussia was of very old standing, 'some generations now; and the present Duke, not a very wise 'Sovereign more than his Ancestors, had always been ill with Fried- 'rich; willing to spite and hurt him when possible: in Reichs Diet 'he, of all German Princes, was the first that voted for Friedrich's 'being put to Ban of the Reich,—he; and his poor People know 'since whether that was a wise step! The little Anhalt Princes 'too, all the Anhalts, Dessau, Bernburg, Cöthen, Zerbst' (perhaps the latter partially excepted, for a certain Russian Lady's sake), 'had voted, or at least had ambiguously half-voted, in favour of the 'Ban, and done other unfriendly things; and had now to pay dear 'for their bits of enmities. Poor souls, they had but One Vote 'among them all Four;—and they only half gave it, tremulously 'pulling it back again. I should guess it was their terrors mainly, 'and over-readiness to reckon Friedrich a sinking ship; and to leap 'from the deck of him,—with a spurn which he took for insolent! 'The Anhalt-Dessauers particularly, who were once of his very 'Army, half Prussians for generations back, he reckoned to have 'used him scandalously ill.

'This Year the requisition on the Four Anhalts,—which they 'submit to patiently, as people who have leapt into the wrong ship, '—is, in precise tale: of money, 330,000 thalers (about 50,000*l.*); 'recruits, 2,200; horses, 1,800. In Saxony, besides the fixed Taxes, 'strict confiscation of Meissen Potteries and every Royalty, there 'were exacted heavy "Contributions," more and more heavy, from 'the few opulent Towns, chiefly from Leipzig; which were wrung 'out, latterly, under great severities,—"chief merchants of Leipzig 'all clapt in prison, kept on bread and water till they yielded,"—*as* 'great severities as would suffice, but *not* greater; which also was 'noted. Unfortunate chief merchants of Leipzig,—with Brühl and 'Polish Majesty little likely to indemnify them! Unfortunate Coun- 'try altogether. An intelligent Saxon, who is vouched for as impar- 'tial, bears witness as follows: "And this I know, that the oppres- "sions and plunderings of the Austrians and Reichsfolk, in Saxony, "turned all hearts away from them; and it was publicly said, We "had rather bear the steady burden of the Prussians than such help "as these our pretended Deliverers bring."[11] Whereby, on the whole,

[11] Stenzel (citing from *Kriegskanzlei*, which I have not), v. 137 n.

'the poor Country got its back broken, and could never look up in 'the world since. Resource *First* was abundantly severe.

'Resource *Second* is strangest of all;—and has given rise to 'criticism enough! It is no other than that of issuing base money; 'mixing your gold and silver coin with copper,—this, one grieves to 'say, is the Second and extreme resource. "A rude method,—would 'we had a better,—of suspending Cash-payments, and paying by 'bank-notes instead!" thinks Friedrich, I suppose. From his Prus- 'sian Mints, from his Saxon' (which are his for the present), 'and 'from the little Anhalt-Bernburg Mint' (of which he expressly purchased the sad privilege,—for *we* are not a Coiner, we are a King reduced to suspend Cash-payments, for the time being), 'Friedrich 'poured out over all Germany, in all manner of kinds, huge quanti- 'ties of bad Coin. This, so long as it would last, is more and more 'a copious fountain of supply. This, for the first time, has had to 'appear as an item in War-Budget 1759: and it fails in no follow- 'ing, but expands more and more. It was done through Ephraim, 'the not lovely Berlin Jew, whom we used to hear of in Voltaire's 'time;—through Ephraim and two others, Ephraim as President: 'in return for a net Sum, these shall have privilege to coin such and 'such amounts, so and so alloyed; shall pay to General Tauentzien, 'Army Treasurer, at fixed terms, the Sums specified: "Go, and do 'it; our Mint-Officers sharply watching you; Mint-Officers, and 'General Tauentzien" (with a young Herr Lessing, as his Chief 'Clerk, of whom the King knows nothing): "Go, ye unlovely!" And 'Ephraim and Company are making a great deal of money by the un- 'lovely job. Ephraim is the pair of tongs; the hand, and the unlovely 'job, are a royal man's. Alas, yes. And none of us knows better 'than King Friedrich, perhaps few of us as well, how little lovely a 'job it was; how shockingly *un*kingly it was,—though a practice not 'unknown to German Kings and Kinglets before his time, and since 'down almost to ours.[12] In fact, these are all unkingly practices; 'and the English Subsidy itself is distasteful to a proud Friedrich: 'but what, in those circumstances, can any Friedrich do?

'The first coinages of Ephraim had, it seems, in them about 3-7ths 'of copper; something less than the half, and more than the third,'

[12] In *Stenzel* (v. 141), enumeration of eight or nine unhappy Potentates, who were busy with it in those same years.

—your gold sovereign grown to be worth 28*s.* 6*d.* 'But yearly it 'grew worse; and in 1762' (English Subsidy having failed) 'matters 'had got inverted; and there was three times as much copper as 'silver. Commerce, as was natural, went rocking and tossing, as 'on a sea under earthquakes; but there was always ready money 'among Friedrich's soldiers, as among no other: nor did the common 'people, or retail purchasers, suffer by it. "Hah, an Ephraimite!" 'they would say, grinning not ill-humouredly, at sight of one of 'these pieces; some of which they had more specifically named "*Blue-gowns*"' (owing to a tint of blue perceivable, in spite of the industrious plating in real silver, or at least 'boiling in some solution' of it); 'these they would salute with this rhyme, then current:

'*Von aussen schön, von innen schlimm;*	Outside noble, inside slim:
'*Von aussen Friedrich, von innen Eph-* '*raim.*	Outside Friedrich, inside Ephraim.

'By this time, whatever of money, from any source, can be 'scraped together in Friedrich's world, flows wholly into the Army-'Chest, as the real citadel of life. In these latter years of the War, 'beginning, I could guess, from 1759, all Civil expenditures, and 'wages of Officials, cease to be paid in money; nobody of that kind 'sees the colour even of bad coin; but is paid only in "Paper As-'signments," in Promises to Pay "after the Peace." These Paper 'Documents made no pretence to the rank of Currency: such holders 'of them as had money, or friends, and could wait, got punctual pay-'ment when the term did arrive; but those that could not, suffered 'greatly; having to negotiate their debentures on ruinous terms,—'sometimes at an expense of three-fourths.—I will add Friedrich's 'practical Schedule of Amounts from all these various Sources; and 'what Friedrich's own view of the Sources was, when he could sur-'vey them from the safe distance.

'*Schedule of Amounts*' (say for 1761). 'To make up the Twenty-'five Million thalers, necessary for the Army, there are:

	Thalers.
'From our Prussian Countries, ruined, harried as 'they have been, ...	4 millions only.
'From Saxony and the other Wringings, . .	7 millions.
'English Subsidy (4 of good gold; becoppered into 'double), ...	8 ,,
'From Ephraim and his Farm of the Mint (*Münz-* '*Patent*), ...	7 ,,

'In sum Twenty-six Millions; leaving you one Million of mar-

'gin,—and always a plenty of cash in hand for incidental sun-'dries.[13]

'Friedrich's own view of these sad matters, as he closes his *His-'tory of the Seven-Years War*' (at 'Berlin, 17th December 1763'), 'is in these words: "May Heaven grant,—if Heaven deign to look "down on the paltry concerns of men,—that the unalterable and "flourishing destiny of this Country preserve the Sovereigns who "shall govern it, from the scourges and calamities which Prussia has "suffered in these times of trouble and subversion; that they may "never again be forced to recur to the violent and fatal remedies "which we (*l'on*) have been obliged to employ in maintenance of the "State against the ambitious hatred of the Sovereigns of Europe, "who wished to annihilate the House of Brandenburg, and extermi-"nate from the world whatever bore the Prussian name!" '[14]

Of the Small-War in Spring 1759. *There are Five Disruptions of that grand Cordon* (February—April); *and Ferdinand of Brunswick fights his Battle of Bergen* (April 13th).

Friedrich, being denied an aggressive course this Year, by no means sits idly expectant and defensive in the interim; but, all the more vigorously, as is observable, from February onwards, strikes out from him on every side: endeavouring to spoil the Enemy's Magazines, and cripple his operations in that way. So that there was, all winter through, a good deal of Small-War (some of it not Small), of more importance than usual,—chiefly of Friedrich's originating, with the above view, or of Ferdinand his Ally's, on a still more pressing score. And, on the whole, that immense Austrian-French Cordon, which goes from the Carpathians to the Ocean, had by no means a quiet time; but was broken into, and violently hurled back, in different parts: some four, or even five, attacks upon it in all; three of them by Prince Henri,—

[13] Preuss, ii. 388. [14] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, v. 234.

2d Jan. 1759.

in two of which Duke Ferdinand's people coöperated; the business being for mutual behoof. These latter Three were famous in the world, that Winter; and indeed are still recognisable as brilliant procedures of their kind; though, except dates and results, we can afford almost nothing of them here. These Three, intended chiefly against Reichs people and their Posts and Magazines, fell out on the western and middle part of the Cordon. Another attack was in the extreme eastward, and was for Friedrich's own behoof; under Fouquet's management; —intended against the Austrian-Moravian Magazines and Preparations, but had little success. Still another assault or invasive outroad, northward against the Russian Magazines, there also was; of which by and by. Besides all which, and more memorable than all, Duke Ferdinand, for vital reasons of his own, fought a Battle this Spring, considerable Battle, and did *not* gain it; which made great noise in the world.

It is not necessary the reader should load his memory with details of all these preliminary things; on the contrary, it is necessary that he keep his memory clear for the far more important things that lie ahead of these, and entertain these in a summary way, as a kind of foreground to what is coming. Perhaps the following Fractions of Note, which put matters in something of Chronological or Synoptical form, will suffice him, or more than suffice. He is to understand that the grand tug of War, this Year, gradually turns out not to be hereabouts, nor with Daun and his adjacencies at all, but with the Russians, who arrive from the opposite Northern quarter; and that all else will prove to be merely prefatory and nugatory in comparison.

January 2d, 1759: *Frankfurt-on-Mayn, though it is a Reichstadt, finds itself suddenly become French.* 'Prince de Soubise lies

'between Mayn and Lahn, with his 25,000; beautifully safe and 'convenient,—though ill off for a place-of-arms in those parts. Opu-'lent Frankfurt, on his right; how handy would that be, were not 'Reichs Law so express! Marburg, Giessen are outposts of his; on 'which side one of Ferdinand's people, Prince von Ysenburg, watches 'him with an 8 or 10,000, capable of mischief in that quarter.

'On the Eve of Newyear's day, or on the auspicious Day itself, 'Soubise requests, of the Frankfurt Authorities, permission for a 'regiment of his to march through that Imperial City. To which, 'by law and theory, the Imperial City can say Yes or No; but prac-'tically cannot, without grave inconvenience, say other than Yes, 'though most Frankfurters wish it could. "Yes," answer the Frank-'furt Magnates; Yes, surely, under the known conditions. Tuesday, 'January 2d, about 5 in the morning, while all is still dark in 'Frankfurt, regiment Nassau appears, accordingly, at the Sachsen-'hausen Gate, Townguard people all ready to receive it and escort it 'through; and is admitted as usual. Quite as usual: but instead 'of being escorted through, it orders, in calm peremptory voice, the 'Townguard, To ground arms; with calm rapidity, proceeds to admit 'ten other regiments or battalions, six of them German; seizes the 'artillery on the Walls, seizes all the other Gates:—and poor Frank-'furt finds itself tied hand and foot, almost before it is out of bed! 'Done with great exactitude, with the minimum of confusion, and 'without a hurt skin to anybody. The Inhabitants stood silent, gaz-'ing; the Townguard laid down their arms, and went home. Totally 'against law; but cleverly done; perhaps Soubise's chief exploit in 'the world; certainly the one real success the French have yet had.

'Soubise made haste to summon the Magistrates: "Law of Ne-'cessity alone, most honoured Sirs! Reichs Law is clear against 'me. But all the more shall private liberties, religions, properties, 'in this Imperial Free-Town, be sacred to us. Defence against any 'aggression; and the strictest of discipline observed. Depend on 'me, I bid you!"—And kept his word to an honourable degree, 'they say; or in absence, made it be kept, during the Four Years 'that follow. Most Frankfurters are, at heart, Anti-French: but 'Soubise's affability was perfect; and he gave evening parties of a 'sublime character; the Magistrates all appearing there, in their 'square perukes and long gowns, with a mournful joy.'[15]

[15] Tempelhof, iii. 7-8; Stenzel, v. 198-200.

Soubise soon went home, to assist in important businesses, —Invasion of England, no less; let England look to itself this Summer!—and Broglio succeeded him, as Army-Captain in the Frankfurt parts; with laurels accruing, more or less. Soubise, like Broglio, began with Rossbach; Soubise ends with Frankfurt, for the present; where Broglio also gains his chief laurels, as will shortly be seen. Frankfurt is a great gain to France, though an illicit one. It puts a bar on Duke Ferdinand in that quarter; secures a starting-point for attacks on Hessen, Hanover; for coöperation with Contades and the Lower Rhine. It is the one success France has yet had in this War, or pretty much that it ever had in it. Due to Prince de Soubise, in that illegal fashion.—A highly remarkable little Boy, now in his tenth year, Johann Wolfgang Goethe, has his wondering eyes on these things: and, short while hence, meets daily, on the stairs and lobbies at home, a pleasant French Official Gentleman who is quartered there; between whom and Papa occur rubs, —as readers may remember, and shall hear in April coming.

Grand Cordon disrupted: Erfurt Country, 16th February—2d March. 'About six weeks after this Frankfurt achievement, 'certain Reichsfolk and Austrian Auxiliaries are observed to be 'cutting down endless timber, "18,800 palisades, 6,000 trees of 60 'feet," and other huge furnishings, from the poor Duke of Gotha's 'woods; evidently meaning to fortify themselves in Erfurt. Upon 'which Prince Henri detaches a General Knobloch thitherward, Duke 'Ferdinand contributing 4,000 to meet him there; which combined 'expedition, after some sharp knocking and shoving, entirely dis-'rooted the Austrians and Reichsfolk, and sent them packing. Had 'them quite torn out by the end of the month; and had planned "to attack them on two sides at once" (March 2d), with a view 'of swallowing them whole,—when they (these Reichs Volscians, in 'such a state of flutter) privately hastened off, one and all of them, 'the day before.'[16]

This was *Breakage First* of the Grand Cordon; an explosive hurling of it back out of those Erfurt parts. Done by Prince Henri's people, in concert with Duke Ferdinand's,—who were mutually interested in the thing.

Breakage Second: Erfurt-Fulda Country, 31st March—8th

[16] Narrative, in *Helden-Geschichte*, v. 1022 et seq.

April. 'About the end of March, these intrusive Austrian Reichs-'folk made some attempt to come back into those Countries; but 'again got nothing but hard knocks; and gave up the Erfurt pro-'ject. For, close following on this *First*, there was a *Second* still 'deeper and rougher Breakage, in those same regions; the Heredi-'tary Prince of Brunswick dashing through, on a special Errand of 'Ferdinand's own' (of which presently), 'with an 8 or 10,000, in his 'usual fiery manner; home into the very bowels of the Reich (April '3d, and for a week onward); and returning with "above 2,000 'prisoners" in hand; especially with a Reich well frightened behind 'him;—still in time for Duke Ferdinand's Adventure' (in fact, for his Battle of Bergen, of which we are to hear). 'Had been well as-'sisted by Prince Henri, who "made dangerous demonstrations in 'the distance," and was extremely diligent,—though the interest was 'chiefly Ferdinand's, this time."[17]—Contemporary with that *First* Erfurt Business, there went on, 300 miles away from it, in the quite opposite direction, another of the same;—too curious to be omitted.

Across the Polish Frontier: February 24th—March 4th. 'In 'the end of February, General Wobersnow, an active man, was de-'tached from Glogau, over into Poland, Posen way, To overturn the 'Russian provision-operations thereabouts; in particular, to look 'into a certain high-flying Polack, a Prince Sulkowski of those parts; 'who with all diligence is gathering food, in expectation of the Rus-'sian advent; and indeed has formally "declared War against the 'King of Prussia;" having the right, he says, as a Polish Magnate, 'subject only to his own high thought in such affairs. The Russians 'and their wars are dear to Sulkowski. He fell prisoner in their 'cause, at Zorndorf, last Autumn; was stuck, like all the others, 'Soltikof himself among them, into the vaulted parts of Cüstrin 'Garrison: "I am sorry I have no Siberia for you," said Friedrich, 'looking, not in a benign way, on the captive Dignitaries, that hot 'afternoon; "go to Cüstrin, and see what you have provided for 'yourselves!" Which they had to do; nothing, for certain days, but 'cellarage to lodge in; King inexorable, deaf to remonstrance. Which 'possibly may have contributed to kindle Sulkowski into these ex-'tremely high proceedings.

'At any rate, Wobersnow punctually looks in upon him: seizes

[17] Tempelhof, iii. 19-22.

4th March 1759.

'his considerable stock of Russian proviants; his belligerent force, 'his high person itself; and in one luckless hour, snuffs him out from 'the list of potentates. His belligerent force, about 1,000 Polacks, 'were all compelled, "by the cudgel," say my authorities, to take 'Prussian service' (in garrison-regiments, and well scattered about, I suppose); 'his own high person found itself sitting locked in Glogau, 'left to its reflexions. Sat thus "till the War ended," say some; 'certainly till the Sulkowski War had been sufficiently exploded by 'the laughter of mankind.' Here are, succinctly, the dates of this small memorability:

'End of February, Wobersnow gathers, at Glogau, a force of 'about 8,000 horse and foot. Marched, *24th February*, over Oder 'Bridge, straight into Poland; that same night, to the neighbour-'hood of Lissa and Reisen (Sulkowski's dominion), about thirty 'miles north-east of Glogau. Sulkowski done next day;—part of the 'capture is "fifteen small guns." Wobersnow goes, next, for Posen; 'arrives, *28th February;* destroys Russian Magazine, ransoms Jews. 'Shoots out other detachments on the Magazine Enterprise;—de-'taches Platen along the Wartha, where are picked up various items, 'among others "eighty tuns of brandy,"—but himself proceeds no 'farther than Posen. *March 4th*, sets out again from Posen, home-'wards.'[18] We shall hear again of Wobersnow, in a much more important way, before long.

To the Polish Republic so-called, Friedrich explained politely, not apologetically: "Since you allow the Russians to march through you in attack of me, it is evident to your just minds that the attacked party must have similar privilege." "Truly!" answered they, in their just minds, generally; and made no complaint about Sulkowski (though Polish Majesty and Primate endeavoured to be loud about "Invasion" and the like):—and indeed Polish Republic was lying, for a long while past, as if broken-backed, on the public highway; a Nation anarchic every fibre of it, and under the feet and hoofs of travelling Neighbours, especially of Russian Neighbours; and is not now capable of saying much for itself in such cases, or of doing any thing at all.

[18] *Nachricht von der Unternehmung des General-Majors von Wobersnow in Polen, im Feb. und März* 1759: in Seyfarth, *Beylagen*, ii. 526-529. *Helden-Geschichte*, v. 829.

Frankfurt Country, April 13th: Duke Ferdinand's Battle of Bergen. 'Duke Ferdinand, fully aware what a stroke that seizure 'of Frankfurt was to him, resolved to risk a long march at this bad 'season, and attempt to drive the French out. Contades was absent 'in Paris,—no fear of an attack from Contades's Army; Broglio's in 'Frankfurt, grown now to about 35,000, can perhaps be beaten if 'vigorously attacked. Ferdinand appoints a rendezvous at Fulda, 'of various Corps, Prince Ysenburg's and others, that lie nearest, 'Hessians many of them, Hanoverians others; proceeds, himself, to 'Fulda, with a few attendants' (a drive of about 200 miles);—'having left Lord George Sackville' (mark the sad name of him!) '—Sackville, head of the English, and General Spörken a Hanove-'rian,—to take charge in Münster Country, during his absence. It 'was from Fulda that he shot out the Hereditary Prince on that 'important Errand we lately spoke of, under the head of "*Breakage 'Second*,"—namely, to clear his right flank, and scare the Reich 'well off him, while he should be marching on Frankfurt. All 'which, Henri assisting from the distance, the Hereditary Prince 'performed to perfection,—and was back (*April 8th*), in excellent 'time for the Battle.

'Ferdinand stayed hardly a day in Fulda, ranking himself and 'getting on the road. Did his long march of above 100 miles, 'without accident or loss of time;—of course, scaring home the 'Broglio Outposts in haste enough, and awakening Broglio's atten-'tion in a high degree;—and arrives, Thursday, April 12th, at 'Windecken, a Village about fifteen miles north-east of Frankfurt; 'where he passes the night under arms; intending Battle on the 'morrow. Broglio is all assembled, 35,000 strong; his Assailant, 'with the Hereditary Prince come in, counts rather under 30,000. 'Broglio is posted in, and on both sides of, Bergen, a high-lying 'Village, directly on Ferdinand's road to Frankfurt. Windecken 'is about fifteen miles from Frankfurt; Bergen about six:—idle 'Tourists of our Time, on their return from Homburg to that City, 'leave Bergen a little on their left. The ground is mere hills, 'woody dales, marshy brooks; Broglio's position, with its Village, 'and Hill, and ravines, and advantages, is the choicest of the re-'gion; and Broglio's methods, procedures and arrangements in it, 'are applauded by all judges.

'*Friday, 13th April* 1759, Ferdinand is astir by daybreak;

13th April 1759.

'comes on, along one of those woody valleys, pickeering, recon-'noitering;—in the end, directly up the Hill of Bergen; straight 'upon the key-point. It is about 10 A.M., when the batteries and 'musketries awaken there; very loud indeed, for perhaps two hours 'or more. Prince von Ysenburg is leader of Ferdinand's attack-'ing party. Their attack is hot and fierce, and they stick to it 'steadily; though garden-hedges, orchards and impediments are 'many, and Broglio, with much cannon helping, makes vigorous de-'fence. These Ysenburgers fought till their cartridges were nearly 'spent, and Ysenburg himself lay killed; but could not take Bergen. 'Nor could the Hereditary Prince; who, in aid of them, tried it in 'flank, with his own usual impetuosity rekindling theirs, and at 'first with some success; but was himself taken in flank by Brog-'lio's Reserve, and obliged to desist. No getting of Bergen by that 'method.

'Military critics say coolly, "You should have smashed it well 'with cannon, first" (which Ferdinand had not in stock here); "and 'especially have flung grenadoes into it, till it was well in flame: 'impossible otherwise!"[19] The Ysenburgers and Hereditary Prince 'withdraw. No pursuit of them; or almost less than none; for the 'one or two French regiments that tried it (against order), nearly 'got cut up. Broglio, like a very Daun at Kolin, had strictly for-'bidden all such attempts: "On no temptation quit your ground!"

'The Battle, after this, lay quiet all afternoon; Ferdinand still 'in sight; motioning much, to tempt French valour into chasing of 'him. But all in vain: Broglio, though his subalterns kept urging, 'remonstrating, was peremptory not to stir. Whereupon, towards 'evening, across certain woody Heights, perhaps still with some 'hope of drawing him out, Ferdinand made some languid attempt 'on Broglio's wing, or wings;—and this also failing, had to give 'up the affair. He continued cannonading till deep in the night; 'withdrew to Windecken: and about two next morning, marched 'for home,—still with little or no pursuit: but without hope of 'Frankfurt henceforth. And in fact, has a painful Summer ahead.

'Ferdinand had lost 5 cannon, and of killed and wounded 2,500; 'the French counted their loss at about 1,900.[20] The joy of France 'over this immense victory was extraordinary. Broglio was made

[19] Mauvillon, ii. 19. [20] Id. ii. 10-19; Tempelhof, iii. 26-31.

'Prince of the Reich, Maréchal de France; would have been raised 'to the stars, had one been able,—for the time being. "And your 'immense victory," so sneered the bystanders, "consists in not being 'beaten, under those excellent conditions;—perhaps victory is a 'rarity just now!"'

This is the Battle which our Boy-Friend Johann Wolfgang watched with such interest, from his garret-window, hour after hour; all Frankfurt simmering round him, in such a whirlpool of self-contradictory emotions; till towards evening, when, in long rows of carts, poor wounded Hessians and Hanoverians came jolting in, and melted every heart into pity, into wailing sorrow, and eagerness to help. A little later, Papa Goethe, stepping down stairs, came across the Official French Gentleman; who said radiantly: "Doubtless you congratulate yourself and us on this victory to his Majesty's arms." "Not a whit (*Keineswegs*)," answered Papa Goethe, a stiff kind of man, nowise in the mood of congratulating: "on the contrary, I "wish they had chased you to the Devil, though I had had to go "too!" Which was a great relief to his feelings, though a dangerous one in the circumstances.[21]

Breakage Third: Over the Metal Mountains into Böhmen (April 14th-20th). 'Ferdinand's Battle was hardly ending, when 'Prince Henri poured across the Mountains,—in two columns, Hül-'sen leading the inferior or rightmost one,—into Leitmeritz-Eger 'Country; and made a most successful business of the Austrian 'Magazines he found there. Magazines all filled; Enemy all gal-'loping for Prag:—Daun himself, who is sitting vigilant, far in the 'interior, at Jaromirtz this month past, was thrown into huge flurry, 'for some days! Speedy Henri (almost on the one condition of '*being* speedy) had his own will of the Magazines: burnt, Hülsen 'and he, "about 600,000*l.* worth" of Austrian provender in those 'parts, "what would have kept 50,000 men five months in bread" '(not to mention hay at all); gave the Enemy sore slaps (caught 'about 3,000 of him, *not* yet got on gallop for Prag); burnt his '200 boats on the Elbe:—forced him to begin anew at the be-'ginning; and did, in effect, considerably lame and retard certain 'of his operations through the Summer. Speedy Henri marched

[21] Goethe's *Werke* (Stuttgart und Tübingen, 1829), xxiv. (*Dichtung und Wahrheit*, i.) 153-157.

'for home, April 20th; and was all across the Mountains, April 23d: 'a profitable swift nine days.'[22]—And on the sixth day hence, he will have something similar, and still more important, on foot. A swift man, when he must!

Breakage Fourth: Into Mähren (*April 16th-21st*). 'This is 'Fouquet's attempt, alluded to above; of which,—as every reader 'must be satisfied with Small-War,—we will give only the dates. 'Fouquet, ranking at Leobschütz, in Neisse Country, did break 'through into Mähren, pushing the Austrians before him; but found 'the Magazines either emptied, or too inaccessible for any worth 'they had;—could do nothing on the Magazines; and returned 'without result; home at Leobschütz again on the fifth day.'[23] This, however, had a sequel for Fouquet; which, as it brought the King himself into those neighbourhoods, we shall have to mention, farther on.

Breakage Fifth: Into Franken (*May 5th—June 1st*). 'This 'was Prince Henri's Invasion of the Bamberg-Nürnberg Countries; 'a much sharper thing than in any former Year. Much the most 'famous, and,' luckily for us, 'the last of the Small-War affairs for 'the present. Started,—from Tschopau region, Bamberg way,— 'April 29th—May 5th. In Three Columns: Finck leftmost, and 'foremost (Finck had marched, April 29th, pretending to mean for 'Bohemia); after whom Knobloch; and (May 5th) the Prince him- 'self. Who has an eye to the Reichs Magazines and Preparations, 'as usual;—nay, an eye to their Camp of Rendezvous, and to a 'fight with their miscellaneous Selves and Auxiliaries, if they will 'stand fight. "You will have to leave Saxony, and help us with 'the Russians, soon: beat those Reichs people first!" urged the 'King; "well-beaten, they will not trouble Saxony for a while." If 'they will stand fight? But they would not at all. They struck their 'tents everywhere; burnt their own Magazines, in some cases; and 'only went mazing hither and thither,—gravitating all upon Nürn- 'berg, and an impregnable Camp which they have in that neighbour- 'hood. Supreme Zweibrück was himself with them; many Croats, 'Austrians, led by Maguire and others; all marching, whirling at a 'mighty rate; with a countenance sometimes of vigour, but always

[22] Tempelhof, iii. 47-53; *Helden-Geschichte*, v. 963-966.
[23] *Helden-Geschichte*, v. 958-963; Tempelhof, iii. 44-47.

'with Nürnberg Camp in rear. There was swift marching, really 'beautiful manœuvering here and there; sharp bits of fighting, too, 'almost in the battle-form:—Maguire tried, or was for trying, a 'stroke with Finck; but made off hastily, glad to get away.[24] May '11th, at Himmelskron in Baireuth, one Riedesel of theirs had 'fairly to ground arms, self and 2,500, and become prisoners of war.' Much of this manœuvering and scuffling was in Baireuth Territory. Twice, or even thrice, Prince Henri was in Baireuth Town: "marched through Baireuth," say the careless Old Books. Through Baireuth:—No Wilhelmina now there, with her tremulous melodies of welcome! Wilhelmina's loves, and terrors for her loved, are now all still. Perhaps her poor Daughter of Würtemburg, wandering unjustly disgraced, is there; Papa, the widower Margraf, is for marrying again:[25]—march on, Prince Henri!

'In Bamberg,' says a Note from Archenholz, 'the Reichs troops 'burnt their Magazine; and made for Nürnberg, as usual; but left 'some thousand or two of Croats, who would not yet. Knobloch and 'his Prussians appeared shortly after; summoned Bamberg, which 'agreed to receive them; and were for taking possession; but found 'the Croats determined otherwise. Fight ensued; fight in the streets; 'which, in hideousness of noises, if in nothing else, was beyond pa-'rallel. The inhabitants sat all quaking in their cellars; not an in-'habitant was to be seen: a City dead,—and given up to the demons, 'in this manner. Not for some hours were the Croats got entirely 'trampled out. Bamberg, as usual, became a Prussian place-of-arms; 'was charged to pay ransom of 40,000*l.*;—"cannot possibly!"—did 'pay some 14,000*l.*, and gave bills for the remainder.'[26] Which bills, let us mark withal, the Kaiser in Reichs Diet decreed to be invalid: "Don't pay them!" A thing not forgotten by Friedrich;—though it is understood the Bamburgers, lest worse might happen, privately paid their bills. 'The Expedition lasted, in whole, not quite four 'weeks: June 1st, Prince Henri was at the Saxon frontier again; the 'German world all ringing loud,—in jubilation, counter-jubilation, 'and a great variety of tones,—with the noise of what he had done.

[24] Tempelhof, iii. 64.

[25] Married, 20th September 1759 (a Brunswick Princess, Sister's-daughter of his late Wife); died within four years.

[26] Archenholz, i. 371-3.

5th May—1st June 1759.

'A sharp swift man; and, sure enough, has fluttered the Reichs 'Volscians in their Corioli to an unexpected degree.'[27]

A Colonel Wunsch (Lieutenant-Colonel of the Free-Corps *Wunsch*) distinguished himself in this Expedition; the beginning of notably great things to him in the few following months. Wunsch is a Würtemburger by birth; has been in many services, always in subaltern posts, and, this year, will testify strangely how worthy he was of the higher. What a Year, this of 1759, to stout old Wunsch! In the Spring, here has he just seen his poor son, Lieutenant Wunsch, perish in one of these scuffles; in Autumn, he will see himself a General, shining suddenly bright, to his King and to all the world; before Winter, he will be Prisoner to Austria, and eclipsed for the rest of this War!—Kleist, of the *Green Hussars*, also made a figure here; and onwards rapidly ever higher; to the top of renown in his business:—fallen heir to Mayer's place, as it were. A Note says: 'Poor Mayer of the Free Corps does not ride with the Prince on this 'occasion. Mayer, dangerously worn down with the hard services of 'last Year, and himself a man of too sleepless temper, caught a fever 'in the New-year time; and died within few days: burnt away before 'his time; much regretted by his Brethren of the Army, and some 'few others. Gone in this way; with a high career just opening on 'him at the long last! Mayer was of Austrian, of half Spanish birth; 'a musical, really melodious, affectionate, but indignant, wildly storm-'ful mortal; and had had adventures without end. Something of 'pathos, of tragedy, in the wild Life of him.[28] A man of considerable 'genius, military and other:—genius in the sleepless kind, which is 'not the best kind; sometimes a very bad kind. The fame of Fried-'rich invites such people from all sides of the world; and this was 'no doubt a sensible help to him.'—But enough of all this.

Here, surely, is abundance of preliminary Small-War, on the part of a Friedrich reduced to the defensive!—Fouquet's Sequel, hinted at above, was to this effect. On

[27] Seyfarth, *Beylagen*, ii. 537-563; *Bericht von der Unternehmung des Prinzen Heinrich in Franken, im Jahr* 1759; *Helden-Geschichte*, v. 1033-1039; Tempelhof, iii. 58 et seq.

[28] Still worth reading: in Pauli (our old watery *Brandenburg-History* Friend), *Leben grosser Helden* (Halle, 1759-1764, 9 voll.), iii. 142-188;—much the best Piece in that still rather watery (or windy) Collection, which, however, is authentic, and has some tolerable Portraits.

Fouquet's failing to get hold of the Moravian Magazines, and returning to his Post at Leobschütz, a certain rash General Deville, who is Austrian chief in those parts, hastily rushed through the Jägerndorf Hills, and invaded Fouquet. Only for a few days; and had very bad success, in that bit of retaliation. The King, who is in Landshut, in the middle of his main cantonments, hastened over to Leobschütz with reinforcement to Fouquet; in the thought that a finishing stroke might be done on this Deville;—and would have done it, had not the rash man plunged off again (May 1st, or the night before); homewards, at full speed. So that Friedrich, likewise at full speed, could catch nothing of him; but merely cannonade him in the Passes of Zuckmantel, and cut off his rearguard of Croats. Poor forlorn of Croats, whom he had left in some bushy Chasm; to gain him a little time, and then to perish if *they* must! as Tempelhof remarks.[29] Upon which Friedrich returned to Landshut; and Fouquet had peace again.

It was from this Landshut region, where his main cantonments are, that Friedrich had witnessed all these Inroads, or all except the very earliest of them; the first Erfurt one, and the Wobersnow-Sulkowski. He had quitted Breslau in the end of March, and gone to his cantonments; quickened thither, probably, by a stroke that had befallen him at Griefenberg, on his Silesian side of the Cordon. At Griefenberg stood the Battalion Dürings-hofen, with its Colonel of the same name,—grenadier people of good quality, perhaps near 1,000 in whole. Which Battalion, General Beck, after long preliminary study of it, from his Bohemian side,—marching stealthily on it, one night (March 25th-26th), by two or more

[29] Tempelhof, iii. 56.

roads, with 8,000 men, and much preliminary Croat-work,—contrived to envelope wholly, and carry off with him, before help could come up. This, I suppose, had quickened Friedrich's arrival. He has been in that region ever since,—in Landshut for the last week or two; and returns thither after the Deville affair.

And at Landshut,—which is the main Pass into Bohemia or from it, and is the grand observatory point at present,—he will have to remain till the first days of July; almost three months. Watching, and waiting on the tedious Daun, who has the lifting of the curtain this Year! Daun had come to Jaromirtz, to his cantonments, 'March 24th' (almost simultaneously with Friedrich to his); expecting Friedrich's Invasion, as usual. Long days sat Daun, expecting the King in Bohemia:—"There goes he, at last!" thought Daun, on Prince Henri's late flamy appearance there (*Breakage Third* we labelled it);—and Daun had hastily pushed a Division thitherward, double-quick, to secure Prag; but found it was only the Magazines. "Above four-millions worth" (600,000*l.*, counting the *thalers* into sterling), "above four-millions worth of bread and forage gone to ashes, and the very boats burnt? Well; the poor Reichsfolk, or our poor Auxiliaries to them, will have empty haversacks:—but it is not Prag!" thinks Daun.

At what exact point of time Daun came to see that Friedrich was not intending Invasion, and would, on the contrary, require to be invaded, I do not know. But it must have been an interesting discovery to Daun, if he foreshadowed to himself what results it would have on him: "Taking the defensive, then? And what is to become of one's Cunctatorship in that case!" Yes, truly. Cunctatorship is not now the trade needed; there is nothing to be made of playing Fabius-Cunctator:—and

Daun's fame henceforth is a diminishing quantity. The Books say he 'wasted above five weeks in corresponding with the Russian Generals.' In fact, he had now weeks enough on hand; being articulately resolved (and even commanded by Kriegshofrath) to do nothing till the Russians came up;—and also (*in*articulately and by command of Nature) to do as little as possible after! This Year, and indeed all years following, the Russians are to be Daun's best card.

Waiting for three months here till the curtain rose, it was Friedrich that had to play Cunctator. A wearisome task to him, we need not doubt. But he did it with anxious vigilance; ever thinking Daun would try something, either on Prince Henri or on him, and that the Play would begin. But the Play did not. There was endless scuffling and bickering of Outposts; much hitching and counter-hitching, along that Bohemian-Silesian Frontier,—Daun gradually hitching up, leftwards, northwards, to be nearer his Russians; Friedrich counter-hitching, and, in the end, detaching against the Russians, as they approached in actuality. The details of all which would break the toughest patience. Not till July came, had both parties got into the Lausitz; Daun into an impregnable Camp near Mark-Lissa (in Görlitz Country); Friedrich, opposite and eastward of him, into another at Schmöttseifen:—still after which, as the Russians still were not come, the hitching (if we could concern ourselves with it), the maze of strategic shuffling and counter-dancing, as the Russians get nearer, will become more intricate than ever.

Except that of General Beck on Battalion Dürings-hofen,—if that was meant as retaliatory, and was not rather an originality of Beck's, who is expert at such strokes,—Daun, in return for all these injurious Assaults

and Breakages, tried little or no retaliation; and got absolutely none. Deville attempted once, as we saw; Loudon once, as perhaps we shall see: but both proved futile. For the present absolutely none. Next Year indeed, Loudon, on Fouquet at Landshut—But let us not anticipate! Just before quitting Landshut for Schmöttseifen, Friedrich himself rode into Bohemia, to look more narrowly; and held Trautenau, at the bottom of the Pass, for a day or two—But the reader has had enough of Small-War! Of the present Loudon attempt, Friedrich, writing to Brother Henri, who is just home from his Franconian Invasion (*Breakage Fifth*), has a casual word, which we will quote. 'Reich-Hennersdorf' is below Landshut, farther down the Pass; 'Liebau' still farther down,—and its 'Gallows,' doubtless, is on some knoll in the environs!

Reich-Hennersdorf, 9th June. "My congratulations on "the excellent success you have had" (out in Frankenland yonder)! "Your prisoners, we hear, are 3,000; the "desertion and confusion in the Reichs Army are affirmed "to be enormous:—I give those Reichs fellows two good "months" (scarcely took so long) "to be in a condition "to show face again. As for ourselves, I can send you "nothing but contemptibilities. We have never yet had "the beatific vision of Him with the Hat and Consecrated "Sword" (Papal Daun, that is); "they amuse us with the "Sieur Loudon instead;—who, three days ago" (7th July, two days) "did us the honour of a visit, at the Gallows "of Liebau. He was conducted out again, with all the "politeness imaginable, on to near Schatzlar," well over the Bohemian Border; "where we flung a score of cannon volleys into the"—into the "*derrière* of him, and "everybody returned home."[30]

[30] In *Schöning*, ii. 65: '9th June 1759.'

Perhaps the only points now noticeable in this tedious Landshut interim, are Two, hardly noticed then at all by an expectant world. The first is: That in the King's little inroad down to Trautenau, just mentioned, four cannon drawn by horses were part of the King's fighting gear,—the first appearance of Horse Artillery in the world. 'A very great invention,' says the military mind: 'guns and carriages are light, and made of the best mate-'rial for strength; the gunners all mounted as postillions 'to them. Can scour along, over hill and dale, wherever 'horse can; and burst out, on the sudden, where nobody 'was expecting artillery. Devised in 1758; ready this 'Year, four light six-pounders; tried first in the King's 'raid down to Trautenau' (June 29th-30th). 'Only four 'pieces as yet. But these did so well, there were yearly 'more. Imitated by the Austrians, and gradually by all 'the world.'[31]

The second fact is: That Herr Guichard (Author of that fine Book on the War-methods of the Greeks and Romans) is still about Friedrich, as he has been for above a year past, if readers remember; and, during those tedious weeks, is admitted to a great deal of conversation with the King. Readers will consent to this Note on Guichard; and this shall be our ultimatum on the wearisome Three Months at Landshut.

Major Quintus Icilius. 'Guichard is by birth a Magdeburger, 'age now thirty-four; a solid, staid man, with a good deal of hard 'faculty in him, and of culture unusual for a soldier. A handy, 'sagacious, learned and intelligent man; whom Friedrich, in the 'course of a year's experience, has grown to see willingly about him. 'There is something of positive in Guichard, of stiff and, as it were, '*gritty*, which might have offended a weaker taste; but Friedrich

[31] Seyfarth, ii. 543.

26th May 1759.

'likes the rugged sense of the man; his real knowledge on certain 'interesting heads; and the precision with which the known and 'the not rightly known are divided from one another, in Guichard.

'Guichard's business about the King has been miscellaneous, not 'worth mention hitherto; but to appearance was well done. Of talk 'they are beginning to have more and more; especially at Landshut 'here, in these days of waiting; a great deal of talk on the Wars of 'the Ancients, Guichard's Book naturally leading to that subject. 'One night, dateable accidentally about the end of May, the topic 'happened to be Pharsalia, and the excellent conduct of a certain 'Centurion of the Tenth Legion, who, seeing Pompey's people about 'to take him in flank, suddenly flung himself into oblique order' (*schräge Stellung*, as we did at Leuthen), 'thereby outflanking 'Pompey's people, and ruining their manœuvre and them. "A 'dexterous man, that Quintus Icilius the Centurion!" observed 'Friedrich. "Ah, yes: but, excuse me, your Majesty, his name was 'Quintus Cæcilius," said Guichard. "No, it was Icilius," said the 'King, positive to his opinion on that small point; which Guichard 'had not the art to let drop; though, except assertion and counter-'assertion, what could be made of it there? Or of what use was it 'anywhere?

'Next day, Guichard came with the Book' (what "Book" nobody would ever yet tell me), 'and putting his finger on the passage, '"See, your Majesty: Quintus *Cœcilius*!" extinguished his royal 'opponent. "Hm," answered Friedrich: "so?—Well, you shall be 'Quintus Icilius, at any rate!" And straightway had him entered 'on the Army Books as "Major Quintus Icilius:" his Majorship is 'to be dated, "10th April 1758" (to give him seniority); and from 'and after this "26th May 1759," he is to command the late Du 'Verger's Free-Battalion. All which was done;—the War-Offices 'somewhat astonished at such advent of an antique Roman among 'them; but writing as bidden, the hand being plain, and the man 'an undeniable article. Onward from which time there is always 'a "Battalion Quintus" on their Books, instead of Battalion Du Ver-'ger; by degrees two Battalions Quintus, and at length three, and 'Quintus become a Colonel:—at which point the War ended; and the 'three Free-Battalions Quintus, like all others of the same type, were 'discharged.' This is the authentic origin of the new name Quintus, which Guichard got, to extinction of the old; substantially this, as

derived from Quintus himself,—though in the precise details of it there are obscurities, never yet solved by the learned. Nicolai, for example, though he had the story from Quintus in person, who was his familiar acquaintance, and often came to see him at Berlin, does not, with his usual punctuality, say, nor even confess that he has forgotten, what Book it was that Quintus brought with him to confute the King on their Icilius-Cæcilius controversy; Nicolai only says, that he, for his part, in the fields of Roman Literature and History, knows only three Quintus-Iciliuses, not one of whom is of the least likelihood; and in fact, in the above summary, I have had to *invert* my Nicolai on one point, to make the story stick together.[32]

'Quintus had been bred for the clerical profession; carefully, at 'various Universities, Leyden last of all; and had even preached, as 'candidate for license,—I hope with moderate orthodoxy;—though 'he soon renounced that career. Exchanged it for learned and 'vigorous general study, with an eye to some College Professorship 'instead. He was still hardly twenty-three, when, in 1747, the new 'Stattholder,' Prince of Orange, whom we used to know, 'who had 'his eye upon him as a youth of merit, graciously undertook to get 'him placed at Utrecht, in a vacancy which had just occurred there, '—whither the Prince was just bound, on some ceremonial visit of 'a high nature. The glad Quintus, at that time Guichard and little 'thinking of such an alias, hastened to set off in the Prince's train; 'but could get no conveyance, such was the press of people all for 'Utrecht. And did not arrive till next day,—and found quarter, 'with difficulty, in the garret of some overflowing Inn.

'In the lower stories of his Inn, solitary Guichard, when night 'fell, heard a specific *gaudeamus* going on; and inquired what it 'was. "A company of Professors, handselling a newly-appointed 'Professor;"—appointed, as the next question taught, to the very 'Chair poor Quintus had come for! Serene Highness could not help 'himself; the Utrechters were so bent on the thing. Quintus lay 'awake, all night, in his truckle-bed; and gloomily resolved to have 'done with Professorships, and become a soldier. "If your Serene 'Highness do still favour me," said Quintus next day, "I solicit, as 'the one help for me, an ensign's commission!"—And persisted 'rigorously, in spite of all counsellings, promises and outlooks on 'the professorial side of things. So that Serene Highness had to

[32] Nicolai, *Anekdoten*, vi. 129-145.

'grant him his commission; and Quintus was a soldier thenceforth. 'Fought, more or less, in the sad remainder of that Cumberland-'Saxe War; and, after the Peace of 1748, continued in the Dutch 'service. Where, loth to be idle, he got his learned Books out again, 'and took to studying thoroughly the Ancient Art of War. After 'years of this, it had grown so hopeful that he proceeded to a Book 'upon it; and, by degrees, determined that he must get to certain 'Libraries in England, before finishing. In 1754, on furlough, gra-'ciously allowed and continued, he came to London accordingly; 'finished his manuscript there (printed at the Hague, 1757[33]): and 'new War having now begun, went over (probably with English in-'troductions) as volunteer to Duke Ferdinand. By Duke Ferdinand 'he was recommended to Friedrich, the goal of all his efforts, as of 'every vagrant soldier's in those times:—and here at last, as Quin-'tus Icilius, he has found permanent billet, a Battalion and gradually 'three Battalions, and will not need to roam any farther.

'They say, what is very credible, that Quintus proved an active, 'stout and effectual soldier, in his kind; and perhaps we may hear of 'some of his small-war adventures by and by: that he was a studious, 'hard-headed, well-informed man, and had written an excellent Book 'on his subject, is still abundantly clear. Readers may look in the 'famous Gibbon's *Autobiography*, or still better in the Guichard 'Book itself, if they want evidence. The famous Gibbon was drilling 'and wheeling, very peaceably indeed, in the Hampshire Militia, in 'those wild years of European War. Hampshire Militia served as 'key, or glossary in a sort, to this new Book of Guichard's, which 'Gibbon eagerly bought and studied; and it was Guichard, *alias* 'Quintus Icilius, who taught Gibbon all he ever knew of Ancient 'War, at least all the teaching he ever had of it, for his renowned '*Decline and Fall*.'[34]

[33] *Mémoires Militaires sur les &c.* (à La Haye, 1757: 2 voll. 4to);—was in the 5th edition, when I last heard of it.

[34] See Gibbon's *Works* (4to, London, 1796: *Memoirs of my Life and Writings*), i. 97; and (*Extraits de mes Lectures*) ii. 52-54, of dates, May 14th-26th, 1762,—during which days Gibbon is engaged in actual reading of the *Mémoires Militaires;* and already knows the Author by his *alias* of Quintus Icilius, 'a man of eminent sagacity and insight, who was in 'the Dutch, and is now, I believe, in the Prussian service.'

It was in the last days of June that Daun, after many hitchings, got into more decisive general movement northward; and slowly but steadily planted himself at Mark-Lissa in the Lausitz: upon which, after some survey of the phenomenon, Friedrich got to Schmöttseifen, opposite him, July 10th. Friedrich, on noticing such stir, had ridden down to Trautenau (June 29th-30th), new Horse-Artillery attending, to look closer into Daun's affairs; and, seeing what they were, had thereupon followed. Above a month before this, Friedrich had detached a considerable force against the Russians,—General Dohna, of whom in next Chapter:—and both Daun and he again sit waiting, till they see farther. Rapid Friedrich is obliged to wait; watching Daun and the Dohna-Russian adventure: slow Daun will continue to wait and watch there, long weeks and months, after that is settled, that and much else, fully to his mind! Each is in his impregnable Camp; and each, Daun especially, has his Divisions and Detachments hovering round him, near or far, on different strategic errands; each Main-Camp like a planet with various moons—Mark-Lissa especially, a kind of sun with planets and comets and planetary moons:—of whose intricate motions and counter-motions, mostly unimportant to us, we promised to take no notice, in face of such a crisis just at hand.

By the 6th of July, slow Daun had got hitched into his Camp of Mark-Lissa; and four days after, Friedrich attending him, was in Schmöttseifen: where again was pause; and there passed nothing mentionable, even on Friedrich's score; and till July was just ending, the curtain did not fairly rise. Pause of above two weeks on Friedrich's part, and of almost three months on Daun's. Mark-Lissa, an impregnable Camp, is on the Lausitz Border; with Saxony, Silesia, Bohemia all converging here-

abouts, and Brandenburg itself in the vicinity,—there is not a better place for waiting on events. Here, accordingly, till well on in September, Daun sat immovable; not even hitching now,—only shooting out Detachments, planetary, cometary, at a great rate, chiefly on his various Russian errands.

Daun, as we said, had been uncomfortably surprised to find, by degrees, that Invasion was not Friedrich's plan this Year; that the dramatic parts are redistributed, and that the playing of Fabius-Cunctator will not now serve one's turn. Daun, who may well be loth to believe such a thing, clings to his old part, and seems very lazy to rise and try another. In fact, he does not rise, properly speaking, or take up his new part at all. This Year, and all the following, he waits carefully till the Russian Lion come; will then endeavour to assist,—or even do jackal, which will be safer still. The Russians he intends shall act lion; he himself modestly playing the subaltern but much safer part! Diligent to flatter the lion; will provide him guidances, and fractional sustenances, in view of the coming hunt; will eat the lion's leavings, once the prey is slaughtered. This really was, in some sort, Daun's yearly game, so long as it would last!—

July ending, and the curtain fairly risen, we shall have to look at Friedrich with our best eyesight. Preparatory to which, there is, on Friedrich's part, ever since the middle of June, this Anti-Russian Dohna adventure going on:—of which, at first, and till about the time of getting to Schmöttseifen, he had great hopes; great, though of late rapidly sinking again:—into which we must first throw a glance, as properly the opening scene.

Fouquet has been left at Landshut, should the Daun remnants still in Bohemia think of invading. Fouquet is

about rooting himself rather firmly into that important Post; fortifying various select Hills round Landshut, with redoubts, curtains, communications; so as to keep ward there, inexpugnable to a much stronger force. There for about a year, with occasional short sallies, on errands that arise, Fouquet sat successfully vigilant; resisting the Devilles, Becks, Harsches; protecting Glatz and the Passes of Silesia: in about a year we shall hear of his fortunes worsening, and of a great catastrophe to him in that Landshut Post.

Friedrich allowed the Reichsfolk "two good months," after all that flurrying and havoc done on them, "before they could show face in Saxony." They did take about that time; and would have taken more, had not Prince Henri been called away by other pressing occasions in Friedrich's own neighbourhood; and Saxony, for a good while (end of June to beginning of September), been left almost bare of Prussian troops. Which encourages the Reichs Army to hurry afield in very unprepared condition,—still rather within the two months. End of July, Light people of them push across to Halberstadt or Halle Country; and are raising Contributions, and plundering diligently, if nothing else. Of which we can take no notice farther: if the reader can recollect it, well; if not, also well. The poor Reichs Army nominally makes a figure this Year, but nominally only; the effective part of it, now and henceforth, being Austrian Auxiliaries, and the Reichs part as flaccid and insignificant as ever.

Prince Henri's call to quit Saxony was this. Daun, among the numerous Detachments he was making, of which we can take no notice, had shot out Two (rather of *cometary* type, to use our old figure),—which every reader must try to keep in mind. Two Detachments, very considerable: Haddick (who grew at last to 20,000), and

Loudon (16,000); who are hovering about mysteriously over the Lausitz;—intending what? Their intention, Friedrich thinks, especially Haddick's intention, may be towards Brandenburg, and even Berlin: wherefore he has summoned Henri to look after it. Henri, resting in cantonments about Tschopau and Dresden, after the late fatigues, and idle for the moment, hastens to obey; and is in Bautzen neighbourhood, from about the end of June and onward. Sufficiently attentive to Haddick and Loudon: who make no attempt on Brandenburg; having indeed, as Friedrich gradually sees, and as all of us shall soon see, a very different object in view!—

CHAPTER II.

GENERAL DOHNA; DICTATOR WEDELL: BATTLE OF ZÜLLICHAU.

THE Russian Lion, urged by Vienna and Versailles, made his entry, this Year, earlier than usual,—coming now within wind of Mark-Lissa, as we see;—and has stirred Daun into motion, Daun and everybody. From the beginning of April, the Russians, hybernating in the interior parts of Poland, were awake, and getting slowly under way. April 24th, the Vanguard of 10,000 quitted Thorn; June 1st, Vanguard is in Posen; followed by a First Division and a Second, each of 30,000. They called it "Soltikof crossing the Weichsel with 100,000 men;" but, exclusive of the Cossack swarms, there were not above 75,000 regulars: nor was Soltikof their Captain just at first; our old friend Fermor was, and continued to be till Soltikof, in a private capacity, reached Posen (June 29th), and produced his new commission. At Fermor's own request, as Fermor pretended,—who was skilled in Petersburg politics, and with a cheerful face served thenceforth as Soltikof's second.

At Posen, as on the road thither, they find Sulkowski's and the other burnt provenders abundantly replaced: it is evident they intend, in concert with Daun, to enclose Friedrich between two fires, and do something considerable. Whether on Brandenburg or Silesia, is not yet known to Friedrich. Friedrich, since the time they crossed Weichsel, has given them his best attention; and more than once

has had schemes on their Magazines and them,—once a new and bigger Scheme actually afoot, under Wobersnow again, our Anti-Sulkowski friend; but was obliged to turn the force elsewhither, on alarms that rose. He himself cannot quit the centre of the work; his task being to watch Daun, and especially, should Daun attempt nothing else, to prevent junction of Soltikof and him.

Daun still lies torpid, or merely hitching about; but now when the Russians are approaching Posen, and the case becomes pressing, Friedrich, as is usual to him, draws upon the Anti-Swedish resource, upon the Force he has in Pommern. That is to say, orders General Dohna, who has the Swedes well driven in at present, to quit Stralsund Country, to leave the ineffectual Swedes with some very small attendance; and to march,—with certain reinforcements that are arriving (Wobersnow already, Hülsen with 10,000 out of Saxony in few days),—direct against the Russians; and at once go in upon them. Try to burn their Magazines, again; or, equally good, to fall vigorously on some of their separate Divisions, and cut them off in the vagrant state;—above all, to be vigorous, be rapid, sharp, and do something effectual in that quarter. These were Dohna's Instructions. Dohna has 18,000; Hülsen with his 10,000 is industriously striding forward, from the farther side of Saxony, Wobersnow with at least his own fine head is already there. Friedrich, watching in the Anti-Junction position, ready for the least chance that may turn up.

Dohna marched accordingly; but was nothing like rapid enough: an old man, often in ill health too; and no doubt plenty of impediments about him. He consumed some time rallying at Stargard; twelve days more at Landsberg, on the Warta, settling his provision-matters; in fine, did not get to Posen neighbourhood till June 23d,

three weeks after the Russian Vanguard of 10,000 had fixed itself there, and other Russian parties were daily dropping in. Dohna was 18,000, a Wobersnow with him: had he gone at once on Posen, as Wobersnow urged, it is thought he might perhaps have ruined this Vanguard and the Russian Magazine; which would have been of signal service for the remaining Campaign. But he preferred waiting for Hülsen and the 10,000, who did not arrive for seven or eight days more; by which time Soltikof and most of the Russian Divisions had got in;—and the work was become as good as hopeless, on those languid terms. Dohna did try upon the Magazine, said to be ill-guarded in some Suburb of Posen; crossed the Warta with that view, found no Magazine; recrossed the Warta; and went manœuvering about, unable to do the least good on Soltikof or his Magazines or operations. Friedrich was still in Landshut region, just about quitting it,—just starting on that little Trautenau Expedition, with his Four Pieces of Horse-Artillery (June 29th), when the first ill-news of Dohna came in; which greatly disappointed Friedrich, and were followed by worse, instead of better.

The end was, Soltikof, being now all ready, winded himself out of Posen one day, veiled by Cossacks; and, to Dohna's horror, had got, or was in the act of getting, between Dohna and Brandenburg; which necessitated new difficult manœuvres from Dohna. Soltikof too can manœuvre a little: Soltikof edges steadily forward; making for Crossen on Oder, where he expects to find Austrians (Haddick and Loudon, if Friedrich could yet guess it), with 30,000 odd, especially with provision, which is wearing scarce with him. Twice or so there was still a pretty opportunity for Dohna on him; but Dohna never could resolve about it in time. Back and ever back goes

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Dohna; facing Soltikof; but always hitching back; latterly in Brandenburg ground, the Russians and he;—having no provision, he either. In fine, July 17th (one week after Friedrich had got to Schmöttseifen), Dohna finds himself at the little Town of Züllichau (barely in time to snatch it before Soltikof could), within thirty miles of Crossen; and nothing but futility behind and before.[1]

We can imagine Friedrich's daily survey of all this; his gloomy calculations what it will soon amount to if it last. He has now no Winterfeld, Schwerin, no Keith, Retzow, Moritz:—whom has he? His noblest Captains are all gone; he must put up with the less noble. One Wedell, Lieutenant-General, had lately recommended himself to the royal mind by actions of a prompt daring. The royal mind, disgusted with these Dohna hagglings, and in absolute necessity of finding somebody that had resolution, and at least ordinary Prussian skill, hoped Wedell was the man. And determined, the crisis being so urgent, to send Wedell in the character of *Alter-Ego*, or "with the powers of a Roman Dictator," as the Order expressed it.[2] Dictator Wedell is to supersede Dohna; shall go, at his own swift pace, fettered by nobody;—and, at all hazards, shall attack Soltikof straightway, and try to beat him. "You are grown too old for that intricate hard work; go home a little, and recover your health," the King writes to Dohna. And to the Dohna Army, "Obey this man, all and sundry of you, as you would myself;" the man's private Order being, "Go in upon Soltikof; attack him straightway; let us have done with this wriggling and haggling." Date of this Order is, 'Camp at Schmöttseifen, 20th July 1759.' The purpose of such highflown Title, and solemnity of nomination, was mainly, it appears, to hush down any

[1] Tempelhof, iii. 78-88; *Helden-Geschichte*, v. 835-847.

[2] Given in *Preuss*, ii. 207, 208; in Stenzel, v. 212, other particulars.

hesitation or surprise among the Dohna Generals, which, as Wedell was 'the youngest Lieutenant-General of the Army,' might otherwise have been possible.

Wedell, furnished with some small escort and these Documents, arrives in Camp, Sunday evening 22d July: —poor Dohna has not the least word or look of criticism; and every General, suppressing whatever thoughts there may be, prepares to yield loyal obedience to Dictator Wedell. "Wobersnow was the far better soldier of the two!" murmured the Opposition party, then and long afterwards,[3]—all the more, as Wobersnow's behaviour under it was beautiful, and his end tragical, as will be seen. Wobersnow I perceive to have been a valiant sharp-striking man, with multifarious resources in his head; who had faithfully helped in these operations, and I believe been urgent to quicken them. But what I remember best of him is his hasty admirable contrivance for field-bakery in pressing circumstances,—the substance of which shall not be hidden from a mechanical age:

'You construct six slight square iron frames, each hinged to 'the other; each, say, two feet square, or the breadth of two com-'mon tiles, and shaped on the edges so as to take in tiles;—tiles 'are to be found on every human cottage. This iron frame, when 'you hook it together, becomes the ghost of a cubic box, and by the 'help of twelve tiles becomes a compact field-oven; and you can 'bake with it, if you have flour and water, and a few sticks. The 'succinctest oven ever heard of; for your operation done, and your 'tiles flung out again, it is capable of all folding flat like a book.'[4] Never till now had Wobersnow's oven been at fault: but in these Polish Villages, all of mere thatched hovels, there was not a tile to be found; and the Bakery, with astonishment, saw itself unable to proceed.

Wedell arrived, Sunday evening 22d July; had crossed Oder at Tschischerzig,—some say by Crossen Bridge; no

[3] Retzow, &c. [4] Id. ii. 82 n.

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matter which. Dohna's Camp is some thirty miles west of Crossen; in and near the small Town called Züllichau, where his headquarter is. In those dull peaty Countries, on the right, which is thereabouts the *northern* (not eastern), bank of Oder; between the Oder and the Warta; some seventy miles south-by-east of Landsberg, and perhaps as far south-west of Posen:* thither has Dohna now got with his futile manœuverings. Soltikof, drawn up amid scrubby woods and sluggish intricate brooks, is about a mile to east of him.

Poor Dohna demits at once; and, I could conjecture, vanishes that very night; glad to be out of such a thing. Painfully has Dohna manœuvered for weeks past; falling back daily; only anxious latterly that Soltikof, who daily tries it, do not get to westward of him on the Frankfurt road, and so end this sad shuffle. Soltikof as yet has not managed that ultimate fatality; Dohna, by shuffling back, does at least contrive to keep between Frankfurt and him; —will not try attacking him, much as Wobersnow urges it. Has agreed twice or oftener, on Wobersnow's urgency: "Yes, yes; we have a chance," Dohna would answer; "only let us rest till tomorrow, and be fresh!" by which time the opportunity was always gone again.

Wedell had arrived with a grenadier battalion and some horse for escort; had picked up 150 Russian prisoners by the way. Retzow has understood he came in with a kind of state; and seemed more or less inflated; conscious of representing the King's person, and being a Roman Dictator,—though it is a perilously difficult office too, and requires more than a Letter of Instructions to qualify you for it! This is not Leonidas Wedell, whom readers once knew; poor Leonidas is dead long since, fell in the Battle of Sohr, soon after that heroic feat of Zie-

* See Map, last page of this Volume.

then's and his at Elbe-Teinitz (Defence of Elbe against an Army);—this is Leonidas's elder Brother.[1] Friedrich had observed his fiery ways on the day of Leuthen: "Hah, a new Winterfeld perhaps?" thought Friedrich, "All the Winterfeld I now have!"—which proved a fond hope. Wedell's Dictatorship began this Sunday towards sunset; and lasted—in practical fact, it lasted one day.

Dictator Wedell fights his Battle (Monday, 23d July 1759), *without Success.*

Monday morning early, Wedell is on the heights, reconnoitering Soltikof; cannot see much of him, the ground being so woody; does see what he takes to be Soltikof's left wing; and judges that Soltikof will lie quiet for this day. Which was far from a right reading of Soltikof; the fact being that Soltikof, in long columns and divisions, beginning with his right wing, was all on march since daybreak; what Wedell took for Soltikof's "left wing" being Soltikof's rearguard and baggage, waiting till the roads cleared. Wedell, having settled everything on the above footing, returns to Züllichau about 10 o'clock; and about 11, Soltikof, miles long, disengaged from the bushy hollows, makes his appearance on the open grounds of Palzig: he, sure enough (though Wedell can hardly believe it),—five or six miles to north-east yonder; tramping diligently along, making for Crossen and the Oder Bridge;—and is actually *got* ahead of us, at last!

This is what Wedell cannot suffer, cost what it may. Wedell's orders were, in such case, Attack the Russians. Wedell instantly took his measures; not unskilfully, say judges,—though the result proved disappointing; and Wobersnow himself earnestly dissuaded: "Too questionable, I should doubt! Soltikof is 70,000, and has no end

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of Artillery; we are 26,000, and know not if we can bring a single gun to where Soltikof is!"[5]

Wedell's people have already, of their own accord, got to arms again; stand waiting his orders on this new emergency. No delay in Wedell or in them. "May not it be another Rossbach (if we are lucky)?" thinks Wedell: "Cannot we burst-in on their flank, as they march yonder, those awkward fellows; and tumble them into heaps?" The differences were several fold: First, that Friedrich and Seidlitz are not here. Many brave men we have, and skilful; but not a master and man like these Two. Secondly, that there is no Janus-Hill to screen our intentions; but that the Russians have us in full view, while we make ready. Thirdly, and still more important, that we do not know the ground, and what hidden inaccessibilities lie ahead. This last is judged to have been the killing circumstance. Between the Russians and us there is a paltry little Brook, or line of quagmire; scarcely noticeable here, but passable nowhere except at the Village-Mill of Kay, by one poor Bridge there. And then, farther inwards, as shelter of the Russians, there is another quaggy Brook, branch of the above, which is without bridge altogether. Hours will be required to get 26,000 people marched up there, not to speak of heavy guns at all.

The 26,000 march with their usual mathematical dispatch: Manteuffel and the Vanguard strike-in with their sharpest edge, foot and horse, direct on the Head of the Russian Column, Manteuffel leading on, so soon as his few battalions and squadrons are across. Head means *brain* (or life) to this Russian Column; and these Manteuffel people go at it with extraordinary energy. The Russian Head gives way; infantry and cavalry:—their cavalry

[5] Tempelhof, iii. 132-134

was driven quite to rear, and never came in sight again after this of Manteuffel. But the Russians have abundance of Reserves; also of room to manœuvre in,—no lack of ground open, and ground defensible (Palzig Village and Churchyard, for example);—above all, they have abundance of heavy guns.

Well in recoil from Manteuffel and his furies, the beaten Russians succeed in forming 'a long Line behind Palzig Village,' with that Second, slighter or Branch Quagmire between them and us; they get the Village beset, and have the Churchyard of it lined with batteries,—say seventy guns. Manteuffel, unsupported, has to fall back;—unwillingly, and not chased or in disorder,—towards Kay-Mill again; where many are by this time across. Hülsen, with the Centre, attacks now, as the Vanguard had done; with a will, he too: Wobersnow, all manner of people attack; time after time, for about four hours coming: and it proves all in vain, on that Churchyard and new Line. Without cannon, we are repulsed, torn away by those Russian volcano-batteries; never enough of us at once!

Hülsen, Wobersnow, everybody in detail is repulsed, or finds his success unavailing. Poor Wobersnow did wonders; but he fell, killed. Gone he; and has left so few of his like: a man that could ill be spared at present!—Day is sinking; we find we have lost, in killed, wounded and prisoners, some 6,000 men. 'About sunset,'—flaming July sun going down among the moorlands on such a scene,—Wedell gives it up; retires slowly towards Kay Bridge. Slowly; not chased, or molested; Soltikof too glad to be rid of him. Soltikof's one aim is, and was, towards Crossen; towards Austrian Junction, and something to live upon. Soltikof's loss of men is reckoned to be heavier even than Wedell's: but he could

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far better afford it. He has gained his point; and the price is small in comparison. Next day he enters Crossen on triumphant terms.

Poor Wedell had returned over Kay-Mill Bridge, in the night-time after his Defeat. On the morrow (Tuesday 24th, day of Soltikof's glad entry), Wedell crosses Oder; at Tschischerzig, the old place of Sunday evening last,—in how different a humour, this time!—and in a day more, posts himself opposite to Crossen Bridge, five or six miles south; and again sits watchful of Soltikof there. At Crossen, triumphant Soltikof has found no Austrian Junction, nor anything additional to live upon. A very disappointing circumstance to Soltikof: "Austrian Junction still a problem, then; a thing in the air? And perhaps the King of Prussia taking charge of it now!" Soltikof, more and more impatient, after waiting some days, decided Not to cross Oder by that Bridge;—"shy of crossing anywhere" (think the French Gentlemen, Montazet, Montalembert), "to the King of Prussia's side!"[6] Which is not unlikely, though the King is above 100 miles off him, and has Daun on his hands. Certain enough, keeping the River between him and any operations of the King, Soltikof set out for Frankfurt, forty or fifty miles farther down. In the hope probably of finding something of human provender withal? July 30th, one week after his Battle, the vanguard of him is there.

Thus, in two days, or even in one, has Wedell's Dictatorship ended. Easy to say scoffingly, "Would it had never begun!" Friedrich knows that, and Wedell knows it;—*after* the event everybody knows it! Friedrich said nothing of reproachful; the reverse rather,—"I dreaded

[6] Stenzel, iv. 215 (indistinct, and giving a *wrong* citation of 'Montalembert, ii. 87').

something of the kind; it is not your fault;"[7]—ordered Wedell to watch diligently at Crossen Bridge, and be ready on farther signal. The Wedell Problem, in such ruined condition, has now fallen to Friedrich himself.

This is the *Battle of Züllichau* (afternoon of 23d July 1759); the beginning of immense disasters in this Campaign. Battle called also of *Kay* and of *Palzig*, those also being main localities in it. It was lost, not by fault of Wedell's people, who spent themselves nobly upon it, nor perhaps by fault of Wedell himself, but principally, if not solely, by those two paltry Brooks, or threads of Quagmire, one of which turns Kay-Mill: memorable Brooks in this Campaign, 1759.[8]

Close in the same neighbourhood, there is another equally contemptible Brook, making towards Oder, and turning the so-called Krebsmühle, which became still more famous to the whole European Public, twenty years hence. *Krebsmühle* (Crab-Mill), as yet quite undistinguished among Mills; belonging to a dusty individual called Miller Arnold, with a dusty Son of his own for Miller's Lad: was it at work this day? Or had the terrible sound from Palzig quenched its clacking?—

Some three weeks ago (*4th–6th July*), there occurred a sudden sharp thing at Havre-de-Grace on the French Coast, worth a word from us in this place. The Montazets, Montalemberts, watching, messaging about, in the Austrian-Russian Courts and Camps, assiduously keeping their Soltikofs in tune, we can observe how busy they are. Soubise with his Invasion of England, all the French are very busy; they have conquered Hessen from Duke Ferdi-

[7] *To Wedell, from the King*, 'Schmöttseifen, July 24th, 1759' (in Schöning, ii. 118).

[8] Tempelhof, iii. 125-131.

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nand, and promise themselves a glorious Campaign, after that Seizure of Frankfurt. Soubise, intent on his new Enterprise, is really making ardent preparations: at Vannes in the Morbihan, such rendezvousing and equipping;—especially at Havre, no end of flat-bottomed boats getting built; and much bluster and agitation among the weaker sorts, in both Nations. Whereupon,

'*July 1st*' (just in the days while Friedrich was first trying Horse Artillery), 'Rear-Admiral Rodney sails from Portsmouth with a 'few Frigates, and Six Bomb-ketches' (*Firedrake, Basilisk, Blast*, and such nomenclatures[9]); 'and in the afternoon of Tuesday 3d, 'arrives in the frith or bay of Havre. Steers himself properly into "the Channel of Honfleur" before dark; and therefrom, with his 'Firedrake, Basilisk and Company, begins such a bombardment of 'Havre and the flat-bottomed manufactories, as was quite surprising. 'Fifty-two incessant hours of it, before he thought poor Havre had 'enough. Poor Havre had been on fire six times; the flat manu-'factory (unquenchable), I know not how many; all the inhabitants 'off in despair; and the Garrison building this battery to no pur-'pose, then that; no salvation for them but in Rodney's "mortars 'getting too hot." He had fired of shells 1900, of carcasses 1150: 'from Wednesday about sunrise till Friday about 8 A.M.—about time 'for breakfast; which I hope everybody had, after such a stretch of 'work. "No damage to speak of," said the French Gazetteers; "we 'will soon refit everything!" But they never did; and nothing came 'of Havre henceforth. Vannes was always, and is now still more, to 'be the main place; only that Hawke,—most unexpectedly, for one 'fancied all their ships employed in distant parts,—rides there with 'a Channel Fleet of formidable nature; and the previous question 'always is: "Cannot we beat Hawke? Can we! Or will not he per-'haps go, of himself, when the rough weather comes?"'

[9] List of him, in Beatson, *Naval and Military Memoirs* (London, 1804), ii. 241; his Despatch (excellently brief), ib. ii. 323.

CHAPTER III.

FRIEDRICH IN PERSON ATTEMPTS THE RUSSIAN PROBLEM; NOT WITH SUCCESS.

BEFORE Wedell's catastrophe, the Affair of those Haddick-Loudon Detachments had become a little plainer to Friedrich. The intention, he begins to suspect, is not for Berlin at all; but for junction with Soltikof,—at Crossen or wherever it may be. This is in fact their real purpose; and this, beyond almost Berlin itself, it is in the highest degree important to prevent. Important; and now as if become impossible!

Prince Henri had come to Bautzen with his Army, specially to look after Loudon and Haddick; and he has, all this while, had Finck with some 10,000 diligently patrolling to westward of them, guarding Berlin; he himself watching from the southern side,—where, as on the western, there was no danger from them. Some time before Wedell's affair, Friedrich had pushed out Eugen of Würtemberg to watch these people on the eastern side;—suspicious that thitherward lay their real errand. Eugen had but 6,000; and, except in conjunction with Finck and Henri, could do nothing,—nor can, now when Friedrich's suspicion turns out to be fatally true. Friedrich had always the angry feeling that Finck and Prince Henri were the blameworthy parties in what now ensued; that they, who were near, ought to have divined these people's secret, and spoiled it in time; not have left it to him, who was far off, and so busy otherwise. To the last, that

was his fixed private opinion; by no means useful to utter, —especially at present, while attempting the now very doubtful enterprise himself, and needing all about him to be swift and zealous. This is one of Friedrich's famous labours, this of the Haddick-Loudon junction with Soltikof; strenuous short spasm of effort, of about a week's continuance; full of fiery insight, velocity, energy; still admired by judges, though it was unsuccessful, or only had half success. Difficult to bring home, in any measure, to the mind of modern readers, so remote from it.

Friedrich got the news of Züllichau next day, July 24th;—and instantly made ready. The case is critical; especially this Haddick-Loudon part of it: add 30 or 36,000 Austrians to Soltikof, how is he then to be dealt with? A case stringently pressing:—and the resources for it few and scattered. For several days past, Haddick, and Loudon under him, whose motions were long enigmatic, have been marching steadily eastward through the Lausitz,—with the evident purpose of joining Soltikof; unless Wedell could forbid. Wedell ahead was the grand opposition;—Finck, Henri, Würtemberg, as good as useless;—and Wedell being now struck down, these Austrians will go, especially Loudon will, at a winged rate. They are understood to be approaching Sagan Country; happily, as yet, well to westward of it, and from Sagan Town well *north*-westward;—but all accounts of them are vague, dim: they are an obscure entity to Friedrich, but a vitally important one. Sagan Town may be about 70 miles northward of where Friedrich now is: from Sagan, were they once in the meridian of Sagan, their road is free eastward and northward;—to Crossen is about 60 miles north-by-east from Sagan, to Frankfurt near 100 north. Sagan is on the Bober; Bober, in every event, is between the Austrians and their aim.

Friedrich feels that, however dangerous to quit Daun's neighbourhood, he must, he in person, go at once. And who, in the interim, will watch Daun and his enterprises? Friedrich's reflexions are: "Well, in the crisis of the moment, Saxony,—though there already are marauding Bodies of Reichsfolk in it,—must still be left to itself for a time; or cannot Finck and his 10,000 look to it? Henri, with his Army, now useless at Bautzen, shall instantly rendezvous at Sagan; his Army to go with me, against the Russians and their Haddick-Loudons; Henri to Schmöttseifen, instead of me, and attend to Daun; Henri, I have no other left! Finck and his 10,000 must take charge of Saxony, such charge as he can:—how lucky those Spring Forays, which destroyed the Reichs Magazines! Whereby there is no Reichs Army yet got into Saxony (nothing but preliminary pulses and splashings of it); none yet, nor like to be quite at once." That is Friedrich's swift plan.

Henri rose on the instant, as did everybody concerned: July 29th, Henri and Army were at Sagan; Army waiting for the King; Henri so far on his road to Schmöttseifen.* He had come to Sagan 'by almost the rapidest marches ever heard of,'—or ever till some others of Henri's own, which he made in that neighbourhood soon. Punctual, he, to his day; as are Eugen of Würtemberg's people, and all Detachments and Divisions: Friedrich himself arrives at Sagan that same 29th, 'about midnight,'—and finds plenty of work waiting: no sleep these two nights past; and none coming just yet! A most swift rendezvous. The speed of everybody has been, and needs still to be, intense.

This rendezvous at Sagan,—intersection of Henri and

* Map, end of Volume.

Friedrich, bound different roads (the Brothers, I think, did not personally meet, Henri having driven off for Schmöttseifen by a shorter road),—was, *Sunday, July 29th.* Following which, are six days of such a hunt for those Austrian reynards as seldom or never was! Most vehement, breathless, baffling hunt; half of it spent in painfully beating cover, in mere finding and losing. Not rightly successful, after all. So that, on the eighth day hence, *August 6th,* at Müllrose, near Frankfurt, 80 miles from Sagan, there is a *second* rendezvous,—rendezvous of Wedell and Friedrich, who do not now 'intersect,' but meet after the hunt is done;—and in the interim, there has been a wonderful performance, though an unsuccessful. Friedrich never could rightly get hold of his Austrians. Once only, at Sommerfeld, a long march north-west of Sagan, he came upon some outskirts of them. And in general, in those latter eight days, especially in the first six of them, there is, in that Kotbus-Sagan Country, such an intersecting, checking, pushing, and multifarious simmering of marches, on the part of half a dozen Strategic Entities, Friedrich the centre of them, as—as, I think, nobody but an express soldier-student, well furnished with admiration for this particular Soldier, would consent to have explained to him. One of the maziest, most unintelligible whirls of marching; inextricable Sword-Dance, or Dance of the Furies,—five of them (that is the correct number: Haddick, Loudon, Friedrich, Würtemberg, Wedell);—and it is flung down for us, all in a huddle, in these inhuman Books (which have several errors of the press, too): let no man rashly insist with himself on understanding it, unless he have need! Humanly pulled straight, not inhumanly flung down at random, here the essentials of it are,—in very brief state:

'*Sagan, Monday, 30th July.* Friedrich is at Sagan, since mid-'night last, busier and busier;' beating cover, as we termed it, and getting his hounds (his new Henri-Army) in leash; 'endeavouring, 'especially, to get tidings of those Austrian people; who are very 'enigmatic,—Loudon a dexterous man,—and have hung up such 'a curtain of Pandours between Friedrich and them as is nearly 'impenetrable. In the course of this Monday, Friedrich ascertains 'that they are verily on the road; coming eastward, for Sommer-'feld,—"thence for Crossen!" he needs no ghost to tell him. 'Wherefore,

'*Tuesday, Sagan to Naumburg.* Tuesday before daybreak, 'Friedrich too is on the road: north-westward; in full march 'towards Naumburg on Bober, meaning to catch the Bridge from 'them there. March of the swiftest; he himself is ahead, as usual, 'with the Vanguard of Horse. He reaches Naumburg (northward, 'a march of 20 miles); finds, not Haddick or Loudon, but a De-'tachment of theirs: which he at once oversets with his Cavalry, 'and chases,—marking withal that "westward is the way they run." 'Westward; and that we are still ahead, thank Heaven!

'Before his Infantry are all up, or are well rested in Naumburg, 'Friedrich ascertains, on more precise tidings, That the Austrians 'are in Sommerfeld, to westward (again a 20 miles); and judges 'That, no doubt, they will bear off more to leftward, by Guben 'probably, and try to avoid him,—unless he can still catch them 'in Sommerfeld. About nightfall, he marches for Sommerfeld, at 'his swiftest; arrives, Wednesday early; finds—alas!—

'*Sommerfeld, Wednesday morning, August 1st,* Friedrich finds 'that Loudon *was* there last night,—preterite tense, alas; the ques-'tion now being, Where is he!' In fact, Loudon had written yester-day to Daun (Letter still extant, 'Sommerfeld, July 31st'), That 'being swift and light,' consisting of horse for most part, 'he may 'probably effect Junction this very night;'—but has altered his mind very much, on sight of these fugitives from Naumburg, since! And has borne off more to leftward. Straight north now, and at a very brisk pace; being now all of horse;—and has an important conference with Haddick at Guben, when they arrive there. "Not in Sommerfeld?" thinks Friedrich (earnestly surveying, through this slit he has made in the Pandour veil): "Gone to Guben, most

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likely, bearing off from us to leftward?"—Which was the fact; though not the whole fact. And indeed the chase is now again fallen uncertain, and there has to be some beating of covers. For one thing, he learns today (August 1st) that the Russians are gone to Frankfurt: "Follow them, you Wedell,"—orders Friedrich: them we shall have to go into,—however this hunt end!—

'*To Markersdorf, Thursday, August 2d.* Friedrich takes the 'road for Guben; reaches Markersdorf (twenty miles march, still 'seven or eight from Guben); falls upon—What phenomenon is 'this? The Austrian heavy Train; meal-wagons not a few, and a 'regiment of foot in charge of it;—but going the wrong way, not '*towards* the Russians, but from them! What on earth can this 'be? This is Haddick,—if Friedrich could yet clearly know it,—'Haddick and Train, who for his own part has given up the junc-'tion enterprise. At Guben, some hours ago, he had conference with 'Loudon; and this was the conclusion arrived at: "Impossible, 'with that King so near! You, Herr Loudon, push on, without 'heavy baggage, and with the Cavalry altogether; you can get in, 'almost 20,000 strong; I, with the Infantry, with the meal and 'heavy guns, will turn, and make for the Lausitz again!"

'This mysterious Austrian Train, going the wrong way, Fried-'rich attacks, whatever it be (hoping, I suppose, it might be the 'Austrians altogether); chases it vigorously; snatches all the meal-'wagons, and about 1,000 prisoners. Uncertain still what it is,—if 'not the Austrians altogether? To his sorrow, he finds, on pushing 'farther into it, that it is only Haddick and the Infantry; that 'Loudon, with the 20,000 Horse, will have gone off for Frankfurt; '—irretrievably ahead, the swift Loudon,—ever careering northward 'all this while, since that afternoon at Sommerfeld, when the fugi-'tives altered his opinion: a now unattainable Loudon. In the 'course of Thursday night, Friedrich has satisfied himself that the 'Loudon junction is a thing as good as done:—in effect, Loudon 'did get to Frankfurt, morning of August 3d, and joined the Rus-'sians there; and about the same time, or only a few hours sooner, 'Friedrich, by symptoms, has divined that his hunt has ended, in 'this rather unsuccessful way; and that chasing of Haddick is not 'the road to go.'[1]

[1] Tempelhof, iii. 135-139.

Not Haddick now; with or without their Austrians, it shall be the Russians now! Two days ago (Wednesday, as was mentioned), before sight of those enigmatic meal-wagons, Friedrich had learned that the Russians were to be in Frankfurt again; and had ordered Wedell to march thitherward, at any rate. Which Wedell is doing, all this Thursday and the four following days. As does likewise, from and after '*Friday, August* 3*d*, 1 A.M.' (hunt then over), Friedrich himself,—renouncing Haddick and the hunt. Straight towards Frankfurt thenceforth; head-quarters Beeskow that night; next night, Müllrose, whither Wedell is appointed, within twelve miles of Frankfurt. This is the end of Friedrich's sore Chase and March; burnt deeply into his own weary brain, if ours still refuse it admittance! Here, of utterly fatigued tone, is a Note of his, chiefly on business, to Minister Finckenstein. Indeed there are, within the next ten days, Three successive Notes to Finckenstein, which will be worth reading in their due places. This is the First of them:

The King to Graf von Finckenstein (at Berlin).

Beeskow, 3d August 1759.

'I am just arrived here, after cruel and frightful marchings' (*Checks himself, however*). 'There is nothing desperate in all that; 'and I believe the noise and disquietude this hurlyburly has caused 'will be the worst of it. Show this Letter to everybody, that it 'may be known the State is not undefended. I have made above '1,000 prisoners from Haddick. All his meal-wagons have been 'taken. Finck, I believe, will keep an eye on him,' and secure Berlin from attempts of his. 'This is all I can say.

'Tomorrow I march to within two leagues of Frankfurt' (to Müllrose, namely). 'Katte' (the Minister who has charge of such things) 'must send me instantly Two Hundred Wispels' (say tons) 'of Meal, and Bakers One Hundred, to Fürstenwalde. I shall en-'camp at Wulkow. I am very tired. For six nights I have not 'closed an eye. Farewell.—F.'

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During the above intricate War-Dance of Five,—the day while Friedrich was at Sommerfeld, the day before he came in sight of Haddick's meal-wagons going the wrong road,—there went on, at Minden on the Weser, three hundred miles away, a beautiful feat of War, in the highest degree salutary to Duke Ferdinand and Britannic Majesty's Ministry; feat which requires a word from us here. A really splendid Victory, this of Minden, August 1st: French driven headlong through the Passes there; their "Conquest of Hanover and Weser Country" quite exploded and flung over the horizon; and Duke Ferdinand relieved from all his distresses, and lord of the ascendant again in those parts. Highly interesting to Friedrich;—especially to Prince Henri; whose apprehensions about Ferdinand and the old Richelieu Hastenbeck-Halberstadt time returning on us, have been very great; and who now, at Schmöttseifen, fires *feu-de-joie* for it with all his heart. This is a Battle still of some interest to English readers. But can English readers consent to halt in this hot pinch of the Friedrich crisis; and read the briefest thing which is foreign to it? Alas, I fear they can;—and will insert the Note here:

Battle of Minden: Wednesday August 1st, 1759.—'Ever since 'Bergen, things have gone awry with Ferdinand, and in spite of 'skilful management, of hard struggles, and bright sparkles of suc-'cess, he has had a bad Campaign of it. The French, it would seem, 'are really got into better fighting order; Belleisle's exertions as 'War-Minister have been almost wonderful,—in some respects, *too* 'wonderful, as we shall hear!—and Broglio and Contades, in com-'parison with Clermont and Soubise, have real soldier qualities. 'Contades, across Rhine again, in those Weser Countries, who is skil-'ful in his way, and is pricked on by emulation of Broglio, has been 'spreading himself out steadily progressive there; while Broglio, 'pushing along from Frankfurt-on-Mayn, has conquered Hessen; 'is into Hanover; on the edge of conquering Hanover,—which how

'is Ferdinand to hinder? Ferdinand has got two, if not three Armies 'to deal with, and in number is not much superior to one. If he 'run to save Hanover from Broglio, he loses Westphalia: Osnabrück '(his magazine), Münster, Lippstadt,—Contades, if left to himself, 'will take these, after short siege; and will nestle himself there, and 'then advance, not like a transitory fever-fit, but like visible death, 'on Hanover. Ferdinand, rapid yet wary, manœuvered his very best 'among those interests of his, on the left bank of Weser; but after 'the surprisal of Minden from him (brilliantly done by Broglio, and 'the aid of a treacherous peasant), especially after the capture of 'Osnabrück, his outlooks are gloomy to a degree: and at Versailles, 'and at Minden where Contades has established himself, "the Con-'quest of Hanover" (beautiful counterweight to all one's losses in 'America or elsewhere) is regarded as a certainty of this Year.

'For the last ten days of July, about Minden, the manœuvering, 'especially on Ferdinand's part, had been intense; a great idea in 'the head of Ferdinand, more or less unintelligible to Contades. 'Contades, with some 30,000, which is the better half of his force, 'has taken one of the unassailablest positions. He lies looking 'northward, his right wing on the Weser with posts to Minden '(Minden perhaps a mile north-westward there), on his left im-'passable peatbogs and quagmires; in front a quaggy River or 'impassable black Brook, called the Bastau, coming from the west-'ward, which disembogues at Minden:*—there lies Contades, as if 'in a rabbit-hole, say military men; for defence, if that were the 'sole object, no post can be stronger. Contades has in person say '30,000; and round him, on both sides of the Weser, are Broglio 'with 20,000; besides other Divisions, I know not how many, be-'sieging Münster, capturing Osnabrück (our hay magazine), attempt-'ing Lippstadt by surprise (to no purpose), and diligently working 'forward, day by day, to Ferdinand's ruin in those Minden regions. 'Three or four Divisions busy in that manner;—and above all, we 'say, he has Broglio with a 20,000 on the right or east bank of the 'Weser,—who, if Ferdinand quit him even for a day, seems to have 'Hanover at discretion, and can march any day upon Hanover City, 'where his light troops have already been more than once. Why 'doesn't Ferdinand cross Weser, re-cross Weser; coerce Broglio back;

* Sketch of Plan, p. 451.

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'and save Hanover? cry the Gazetteers and a Public of weak judg-
'ment. Pitt's Public is inclined to murmur about Ferdinand; Pitt
'himself never. Ferdinand persists in sticking by Minden neigh-
'bourhood; and, in a scarcely accountable way, manœuvering there,
'shooting out therefrom what mischief he can upon the various
'Contades people in their sieges and the like.

'On Contades himself he can pretend to do nothing,—except
'hoodwink him, entice him out, and try to get a chance on him.
'But for his own subsistence and otherwise, he is very lively;—
'snatches, by a sudden stroke, Bremen City: "Yes truly, Bremen
'is a Reichstadt; nor shall *you* snatch it, as you did Frankfurt;
'but I will, instead: and my English proviant-ships shall have a
'sure haven henceforth!" Snatches Bremen by one sudden stroke;
'*re*-snatches Osnabrück by another ("our magazine considerably
'*increased* since you have had it, many thanks!"); does lose
'Münster, to his sorrow; but nevertheless sticks by his ground
'here;—nay detaches his swift-cutting Nephew, the Hereditary
'Prince, who is growing famous for such things, to cut out Con-
'tades's strong post to southward (Gohfeld, ten miles up the Weser),
'which guards his meal-wagons, after their long journey from the
'south. That is Contades's one weak point, in this posture of
'things: his meal is at Cassell, seventy miles off. Broglio and he
'see clearly, "Till we can get a new magazine much nearer Hanover,
'or at lowest, can clear out these people from infesting us here,
'there is no moving northward!" To both Contades and Broglio
'that is an evident thing: the corollary to which is, They must
'fight Ferdinand; must watch lynx-like till a chance turn up of
'beating him in fight. That is their outlook; and Ferdinand knows
'it is,—and manœuvres accordingly. Military men admire much,
'not his movements only, but his clear insight into Contades's and
'Broglio's temper of mind, and by what methods they were to be
'handled, they and his own affairs together, and brought whither
'he wanted them.[2]

'This attempt on Gohfeld was a serious mischief to Contades, if
'it succeeded. But the detaching of the Prince of Brunswick on it,
'and weakening one's too weak Army, "What a rashness, what an
'oversight!" thinks Contades (as Ferdinand wished him to do): "Is

[2] In *Mauvillon* (ii. 41-44) minute account of all that.

'our skilful enemy, in this extreme embarrassment, losing head, then? 'Look at his left wing yonder"—(General Wangenheim, sitting be- 'hind batteries, in his Village of Todtenhausen, looking into Minden 'from the north):—"Wangenheim's left leans on the Weser, yes; 'but Wangenheim's right, observe, has no support within three miles 'of it: tear Wangenheim out, Ferdinand's flank is bare!" These 'things seemed to Contades the very chance he had been waiting 'for; and brought him triumphantly out of his rabbit-hole, into the 'Heath of Minden, as Ferdinand hoped they would do.

'And so, *Tuesday Evening, July 31st*, things being now all ripe, 'upwards of 50,000 French are industriously in motion. Contades 'has nineteen bridges ready on the Bastau Brook, in front of him; '*tattoo* this night, in Contades's Camp, is to mean *general-march*, "March, all of you, across these nineteen Bridges, to your stations 'on the Plain or Heath of Minden yonder,—and be punctual, like 'the clock!" Broglio crosses Weser by the Town Bridge, ranks him- 'self opposite Todtenhausen; and through the livelong night there 'is, on the part of the 50,000 French, a very great marching and 'deploying. Contades and Broglio together are 51,400 foot and 'horse. Ferdinand's entire force will be near 46,000; but on the 'day of Battle he is only 36,000,—having detached the Hereditary 'Prince on Gohfeld, in what view we know.—The *Battle of Minden*, 'called also of *Tonhausen* (meaning *Todten*hausen), which hereupon 'fell out, has still its fame in the world; and, I perceive, is well 'worth study by the soldier mind: though nothing but the rough 'outline of it is possible here.

'Ferdinand's posts extend from the Weser river and Todten- 'hausen round by Stemmern, Holzhausen, to Hartum and the Bog 'of Bastau (the chief part of him towards Bastau),—in various Vil- 'lages, and woody patches and favourable spots; all looking in 'upon Minden, from a distance of five or seven miles; forming a 'kind of arc, with Minden for centre. He will march up in eight 'Columns; of course, with wide intervals between them,—wide, but 'continually narrowing as he advances; which will indeed be ruinous 'gaps, if Ferdinand wait to be attacked; but which will coalesce 'close enough, if he be speedy upon Contades. For Contades's line 'is also of arc-like or almost semicircular form, behind it Minden 'as centre; Minden, which is at the intersection of Weser and the

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'Brook; his right flank is on Weser, Broglio *versus* Wangenheim 'the extreme-right; his left, with infantry and artillery, rests on 'that black Brook of Bastau with its nineteen Bridges. As the 'ground on both wings is rough, not so fit for Cavalry, Contades 'puts his Cavalry wholly in the centre: they are the flower of the 'French Army, about 10,000 horse in all; firm open ground ahead of 'them there, with strong batteries, masses of infantry to support on 'each flank; batteries to ply with cross-fire any assailant that may 'come on. Broglio, we said, is right wing; strong in artillery and 'infantry. Broglio is to root out Wangenheim: after which,—or 'even before which, if Wangenheim is kept busy and we are nimble, '—what becomes of Ferdinand's left flank, with a gap of three 'miles between Wangenheim and him, and 10,000 chosen horse to 'take advantage of it! Had the French been of Prussian dexterity 'and nimbleness in marching, it is very possible something might 'have come of this latter circumstance: but Ferdinand knows they 'are not; and intends to take good care of his flank.

'Contades and his people were of willing mind; but had no 'skill "in marching up:" and, once got across the Bastau by their 'nineteen Bridges, they wasted many hours:—"Too far, am I? not 'far enough? Too close; not close enough?"—and broiled about, 'in much hurry and confusion, all night. Fight was to have begun 'at 5 in the morning. Broglio was in his place, silently looking 'into Wangenheim, by 5 o'clock; but unfortunately did nothing 'upon Wangenheim ("Not ready you, I see!"), except cannonade a 'little;—and indeed, all through, did nothing ("Still not ready 'you others!"); which surely was questionable conduct, though not 'reckoned so at Versailles, when the case came to be argued there. 'As to the Contades people, across those nineteen Bridges, they had 'a baffling confused night; and were by no means correctly on their 'ground at sunrise, nor at 7 o'clock, nor at 8; and were still mend-'ing themselves when the shock came, and time was done.

'The morning is very misty; but Ferdinand has himself been 'out examining since the earliest daybreak: his orders last night 'were, "Cavalry be saddled at 1 in the morning,"—having a guess 'that there would be work, as he now finds there will. From 5 A.M. 'Ferdinand is issuing from his Camp, flowing down eastward, beau-'tifully concentric, closing on Contades; horse *not* in centre, but

'English Infantry in centre (Six Battalions, or Six *Regiments* by 'English reckoning); right opposite those 10,000 Horse of Con-'tades's, the sight of whom seems to be very animating to them. 'The English Cavalry stand on the right wing, at the Village of 'Hartum: Lord George Sackville had not been very punctual in 'saddling at 1 o'clock; but he is there, ranked on the ground, at '8,—in what humour nobody knows; sulky and flabby, I should 'rather guess. English Tourists, idle otherwise, may take a look 'at Hartum on the south side, as the spot where a very ugly thing 'occurred that day.

'Soon after 8, the Fight begins: attack, by certain Hessians, 'on Hahlen and its batteries; attempt to drive the French out of 'Hahlen, as the first thing,—which does not succeed at once (in-'deed took three attacks in all); and perhaps looks rather tedious 'to those Six English Battalions. Ferdinand's order to them was, "You shall march up to attack, you Six, on sound of drum;" but, 'it seems, they read it, "*by* sound of drum:" "Beating our own 'drums; yes, of course!"—and, being weary of this Hahlen work, 'or fancying they had no concern with it, strode on, double-quick, 'without waiting for Hahlen at all! To the horror of their Hano-'verian comrades, who nevertheless determined to follow as second 'line. The Contades cross-fire of artillery, battery of 30 guns on 'one flank, of 36 on the other, does its best upon this forward-'minded Infantry, but they seem to heed it little; walk right for-'ward; and, to the astonishment of those French Horse and of 'all the world, entirely break and ruin the charge made on them, 'and tramp forward in chase of the same. The 10,000 Horse feel 'astonished, insulted; and rush out again, furiously charging; the 'English halt and serry themselves: "No fire till they are within 'forty paces;" and then such pouring torrents of it as no horse or 'man can endure. Rally after rally there is, on the part of those '10,000; mass after mass of them indignantly plunges on,—again, 'ever again, about six charges in all;—but do not break the Eng-'lish lines: one of them (regiment Mestre-de-Camp, raised to a 'paroxysm) does once get through, across the first line, but is blown 'back in dreadful circumstances by the second. After which they 'give it up, as a thing that cannot be done. And rush rearward, 'hither, thither, the whole seventy-five squadrons of them; and

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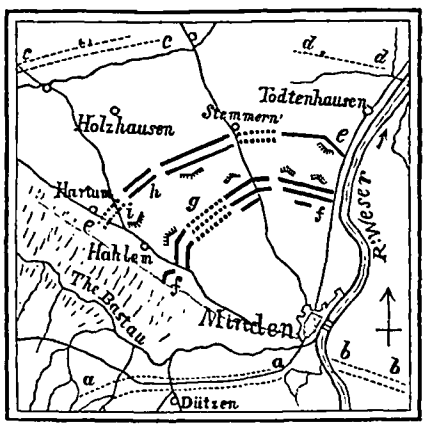
"between their two wings of infantry, are seen boiling in complete "disorder."

'This has lasted about an hour: this is essentially the soul of 'the Fight,—though there wanted not other activities, to right of 'it and to left, on both sides; artilleries going at a mighty rate 'on both wings; and counter-artilleries (superlative practice "by 'Captain Phillips" on *our* right wing); Broglio cannonading Wan- 'genheim very loudly, but with little harm done or suffered, on 'their right wing. Wangenheim is watchful of that gap between 'Ferdinand and him, till it close itself sufficiently. Their right- 'wing Infantry did once make some attempt there; but the Prus- 'sian Horse—(always a 'small body of Prussians 'serve in this Allied Army) '—shot out, and in a bril- 'liant manner swept them 'home again. Artillery, and 'that pretty charge of Prus- 'sian Horse, are all one 'remembers, except this of 'the English and Hanover 'Foot in the centre: "an 'unsurpassable thing," says 'Tempelhof (though it so 'easily might have been 'a fatal!)—which has set 'Contades's centre boiling, 'and reduced Contades al- 'together to water, as it 'were. Contades said bitterly: "I have seen what I never thought "to be possible,—a single line of infantry break through three lines "of cavalry, ranked in order of battle, and tumble them to ruin!"[3]



a a. Contades's Camp. *b b.* Broglio's Camp.
c c. Ferdinand's position, night of July 31st.
d d. Wangenheim's position, night of July 31st.
e e. Ferdinand's Line of Battle.
f f. French Line of Battle.
g. French Cavalry. *h.* English Infantry.
i. English and Hanoverian Cavalry, under Sackville.

'This was the feat, this hour's work in the centre, the essential 'soul of the Fight:—and had Lord George Sackville, General of 'the Horse, come on when galloped for and bidden, here had been 'such a ruin, say all judges, as seldom came upon an Army. Lord 'George,—everlasting disgrace and sorrow on the name of him,—

[3] Stenzel, v. 204.

'could not see his way to coming on; delayed, haggled; would 'not even let Granby, his lieutenant, come; not for a second Ad- 'jutant, not for a third; never came on at all; but rode to the 'Prince, asking, "How am I to come on?" Who, with a polite- 'ness I can never enough admire, did not instantly kill him, but 'answered, in mild tone, "Milord, the opportunity is now past!" 'Whereby Contades escaped ruin, and was only beaten. By about '10 in the morning, all was over. When a man's centre is gone 'to water, no part of him is far from the fluid state. Contades 'retreated into his rabbit-hole by those nineteen bridges,—well tor- 'mented, they say, by Captain Phillips's artillery, till he got beyond 'the knolls again. Broglio, who had never been in musket-fire at 'all, but had merely barked on Wangenheim all morning, instead 'of biting, covered the retreat, and withdrew into Minden. And we 'are a beaten Army,—thanks to Lord George, not an annihilated 'one. Our loss being only 7,086 (with heavy guns, colours, cavalry 'flags and the like); theirs being 2,822,—full half of it falling on 'those rash Six Battalions.[4]

'And what is this one hears from Gohfeld in the evening? The 'Hereditary Prince, busy there on us during the very hours of Min- 'den, has blown our rearguard division to the winds there;—and we 'must move southward, one and all of us, without a moment's delay! 'Out of this rabbit-hole the retreat by rearward is through a difficult 'country, the Westphalian Gates so-called; fatal to Varus's Legions 'long ago. Contades got under way that very night; lost most of his 'baggage, all his conquests, that shadow-conquest of Hanover, and 'more than all his glories (Versailles shrieking on him, "Resign you; 'let Broglio be chief");—and, on the whole, jumbled homeward hither 'and thither, gravitating towards the Rhine, nothing but Wesel to 'depend on in those parts, as heretofore. Broglio retreated Frank- 'furt-way, also as usual, though not quite so far; and at Versailles 'had clearly the victory. Zealous Belleisle could not protect his

[4] Mauvillon, ii. 44-60; Tempelhof, iii. 154-179, &c. &c.: and *Proceedings of a Court-Martial, held at the Horse-Guards, 7th–24th March, and 25th March—5th April* 1760, *in Trial of Lord George Sackville* (London, 1760). In Knesebeck, *Ferdinand während des Sieben-jährigen Krieges* (i. 395), Ferdinand's Letter to Friedrich of 'July 31st;' and (ib. 398-418 and ii. 33-36) many special details about Sackville, and 'August 1st.'

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'Contades; it is not known whether he privately blamed Contades 'or blamed Broglio for loss of Minden. Zealous old man, what a 'loss to himself withal had Minden been! That shadow-conquest 'of Hanover is quite vanished: and worse, in Ferdinand's spoil 'were certain *Letters* from Belleisle to Contades, inculcating strange 'things;—for example, "*Il faut faire un désert du Pays*" (all Hes- 'sen, I think, lest Ferdinand advance on you) "*devant l'Armée,*" 'and the like. Which Ferdinand saw good to publish, and which 'resounded rather hideously through the general mind.'[5]

Ignominious Sackville was tried by Court-martial; cashiered, declared incapable of again serving his Majesty "in any military capacity;"—perhaps a mild way of signifying that he wanted the common courage of a soldier? Zealous Majesty, always particular in soldier matters, proclaimed it officially to be "a sentence worse than death;" and furthermore, with his own royal hand, taking the pen himself, struck out Sackville from the List of Privy Councillors. Proper surely, and indispensable;—and should have been persisted in, like Fate; which, in a new Reign, it was not! For the rest, there was always, and is, something of enigma in Sackville's palpably bad case. It is difficult to think that a Sackville wanted common courage. This Sackville fought duels with propriety; in private life, he was a surly, domineering kind of fellow, and had no appearance of wanting spirit. It is known, he did not love Duke Ferdinand; far from it! May not he have been of peculiarly sour humour, that morning, the luckless fool; sulky against Ferdinand, and his 'saddling at one o'clock;' sulky against himself, against the world and mankind; and flabbily disinclined to heroic practices for the moment? And the moment came; and the man was not there, except in that foggy flabby and forever ruinous condition! Archenholtz, alone of Writers, judges that he expressly wanted to spoil the Battle of Minden and Ferdinand's reputation, and to get appointed Commander in his stead. Wonderful; but may have some vestige of basis, too! True, this Sackville was as fit to lead the courses of the stars as to lead armies. But such a Sackville has ambition, and, what is fatally more peculiar to him, a chance for unfolding it;—any blockhead

[5] Were taken at Detmold (Tempelhof, iii. 223); Old Newspapers full of Excerpts from them, in the weeks following.

has an ambition capable, if you encourage it sufficiently, of running to the infinite. Enough of this particular blockhead; and may it be long before we see *his* like again!—

The English Cavalry was in a rage with Sackville. Of the English Infantry, Historians say, what is not now much heard of in this Country, 'That these unsurpassable Six' (in industrious valour unsurpassable, though they mistook orders, and might have fared badly!) 'are ever since called the Minden Regiments; that they are 'the 12th, 20th, 23d, 25th, 37th and 51st of the British line; and 'carry "Minden" on their colours,'[6]—with silent profit, I hope!

Fancy how Pitt's public, lately gloomy and dubious, blazed aloft into joyful certainty again! Pitt's outlooks have been really gloomy all this season; nor are the difficulties yet ended, though we hope they will end. Let us add this other bit of Synchronism, which is still of adverse aspect, over Seas; and will be pungently interesting to Pitt and England, when they come to hear of it.

'*Before Quebec, July* 31*st*, 1759. This same Evening, at Quebec, 'on the other side of the Atlantic,—evening at Quebec, 9 or 10 at 'night for Contades and his nineteen Bridges,—there is a difficult 'affair going on. Above and below the Falls of Montmorenci, and 'their outflow into the St. Lawrence: attempt on General Wolfe's 'part to penetrate through upon the French, under Marquis de 'Montcalm, French Commander-in-chief, and to get a stroke at 'Quebec and him. From the south side of the St. Lawrence, no-'thing can be done upon Quebec, such the distance over. From 'Isle d'Orléans and the north side, it is also impossible hitherto. 'Easy enough to batter the Lower Town, from your ships and re-'doubts: but the High Town towers aloft on its sheer pinnacles, 'inaccessible even to cannon; looks down on the skilfullest British 'Admiral and Fleet, as if with an air of indifference,—trying him 'on dark nights with fire-ships, fire-rafts, the cunningest kinds of 'pyrotechny, which he skilfully tows aside.

[6] Kausler, *Schlachten*, &c. p. 587.

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'A strenuous thing, this of Wolfe's; though an unsuccessful. 'Towards evening, the end of it; all Quebec assembled on the 'southern ramparts, witnessing with intense interest; the sublime 'Falls of Montmorenci gushing on, totally indifferent. For about 'a month past, General Wolfe, with the proper equipments, and 'about 10,000 men, naval and military, who was expressly selected 'by Pitt to besiege Quebec, and is dying to succeed, has been 'trying every scheme to get into contact with it:—to no purpose, 'so lofty, chasmy, rocky is the ground, cut by mountainous pre-'cipices and torrent streams, branches of the grand St. Lawrence 'River; so skilfully taken advantage of by Montcalm and his peo-'ple, who are at home here, and in regulars nearly equal Wolfe, 'not to speak of Savages and Canadians. Wolfe's plan of the 31st 'was not ill laid; and the execution has been zealous, seamen and 'landsmen alike of willing mind;—but it met with accidents. Acci-'dents in boating; then a still worse accident on landing; the regi-'ment of grenadiers, which crossed below the Falls, having, so soon as 'landed, rushed off on the redoubt there on their own score, without 'waiting for the two brigades that were to cross and coöperate *above* 'the Falls! Which cut Wolfe to the heart; and induced him, espe-'cially as the tide was making again, to give up the enterprise alto-'gether, and recal everybody, while it was yet time.[7] Wolfe is strict 'in discipline; loves the willing mind, none more, and can kindle it 'among those about him; but he loves discipline withal, and knows 'how fatal the too willing may be. For six weeks more, there is 'toil on the back of toil everywhere for poor Wolfe. He falls into 'fevers, into miseries, almost into broken heart;—nothing sure to him 'but that of doing his own poor utmost to the very death. After six 'weeks, we shall perhaps hear of him again. Gliding swiftly towards 'death; but also towards victory and the goal of all his wishes.'

And now, after this flight half round the world, it is time we returned to Oder Country, and a Friedrich on the edge of formidable things there. Next day after Beeskow, where we left him, he duly arrived at Müllrose; was joined by Wedell there, August 6th; and is now at

[7] *Gentleman's Magazine for* 1759, pp. 470-3; Thackeray, i. 438.

Wulkow,—'encamped between Lebus and Wulkow,' as we hear elsewhere;—quite in the environs of Frankfurt, and of great events.

Friedrich to Graf von Finckenstein (Second Note).

Wulkow, 8th August 1759.

'If you hear of firing tomorrow, don't be surprised; it is our re-
'joicing for the Battle of Minden. I believe I shall have to keep you
'in suspense some days yet. I have many arrangements to make;
'I find great difficulties to surmount,—and it is required to save
'our Country, not to lose it: I ought both to be more prudent and
'more enterprising than ever. In a word, I will do and undertake
'whatever I find feasible and possible. With all that, I see myself
'in the necessity of making haste, to check the designs Haddick
'may have on Berlin. Adieu, *mon cher*. In a little, you will have
'either a *De Profundis* or a *Te Deum*.—F.'[8]

[8] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxv. 305, 306.

CHAPTER IV.

BATTLE OF KUNERSDORF.

SUNDAY July 29th, at Frankfurt-on-Oder divine worship was broken in upon, and the poor City thrown into consternation, by actual advent, or as good as advent, of the Russians: "On the Crossen road, close by; coming, come!" And they did undeniably appear, next morning, in force; on the opposite, eastern or Kunersdorf side of the River, on the top of the Oder-Dam there; and demanded instant admission, under penalty of general death by fire.

Within the Town stood Major Arnim, a Veteran of those parts, with 400 militia; these, with their muskets and with two cannon, are the only defence of Frankfurt. The Town has Gates; but its walls, I doubt, are mainly garden-walls and house-walls. On the eastern side, the River, especially if you have cannon on the Bridge, gives it something of protection; but on the western and all other sides, it is overhung by heights. This Frankfurt, like its bigger Namesake on the Mayn, is known as a busy trading place, its Fairs much frequented in those Eastern parts; and is believed by the Russians to be far richer than it is. The reader, as there happens to be ocular testimony extant,[1] may like to see a little how they behaved there:

[1] Johann Ludwig Kriele, *Schlacht bei Kunersdorf, mit &c.* (Berlin, 1801). Kriele was subsequent Pastor in the Parish, an excellent intelligent man; has compiled in brief form, with an elaborate Chart too, a clear account of everything, in the Battle and before and after it.

'Arnim, taking survey of the Russian Party, values it, or 'what he can see of it, at 1,000' (they really were 6,000); 'keeps 'his Drawbridge up; and answers stoutly enough, "No." Upon 'which, from the Oder-Dam, there flies off one fiery grenado: one 'and no more,—which alighted in the house of "Mrs. Thielicke, a 'Baker's Widow, who was standing at the door;"—killed poor Mrs. 'Thielicke, blew the house considerably to wreck, but did not set 'fire to it. Arnim, all the Magistrates intreating him for the love 'of Heaven to leave them, is secretly shoving off his two cannon to 'the Northern Gate; and in fact, is making his packages with full 'speed: "Push for Cüstrin," thinks Arnim, "and save selves and 'cannon, since no good is to be done here!"

'It was about 11 A.M. when the Thielicke grenado fell: obsti- 'nate Arnim would by no means go; only packed all the faster. A 'second summons came: still, No. For the third and last time the 'Russians then summon: "Grenadoes, a hundred more of them 'lie ready, unless—!" "We will, we will; O merciful servant of 'Czarish Majesty!" passionately signify the Magistrates. But Arnim 'is still negative, still keeps the Bridge up. One of the hundred 'does go, by way of foretaste: this lighted "near the Ober Kirche, in 'the chimney of the Town-Musikus;" brought the chimney crashing 'down on him' (fancy a man with some fineness of ear); 'tore the 'house a good deal to pieces, but again did not set it on fire. "Your 'obstinate Town can be bombarded, then,—cannot it?" observed the 'Russian Messenger.—"Give us Free Withdrawal!" proposes Arnim. "No; you to be Prisoners of War; Town at Czarish Majesty's dis- 'cretion." "Never," answers Arnim (to the outward ear).—"Go; 'oh, for the love of Heaven, go!" cry all Official people.

'Arnim, deaf to clamour, but steadily diligent in getting ready, 'does at last go; through the Lebus Suburb, quick march; steady, 'yet at his best step;—taking the Town-keys in his pocket, and 'leaving the Drawbridge up. One is sorry for poor Arnim and his '400 Militia; whose conduct was perfect, under difficulties and 'alarms; but proved unsuccessful. The terrified Magistrates, find- 'ing their Keys gone, and the conflagrative Russians at their gates, 'got blacksmiths on the instant; smote down, by chisel and mallet, 'the locked Drawbridge, smote open the Gates: "Enter, O gracious 'Sirs; and may Czarish Majesty have mercy on us!" So that Arnim

'had small start for marchers on foot; and was overtaken about 'half-way. Would not yield still, though the odds were over- 'whelming; drew himself out on the best ground discoverable; 'made hot resistance; hot and skilful; but in vain. About six 'in the evening, Arnim and Party were brought back, Prisoners, to 'Frankfurt again,—self, surviving men, cannons and all (self in a 'wounded state);—and "were locked in various Brewhouses;" little 'of careful surgery, I should fear. Poor Arnim; man could do no 'more; and he has been unfortunate.'

It is by no means our intention to describe the Iliad of miseries, the agitations, terrors and disquietudes, the tribulation and utter harrowing to despair, which poor Frankfurt underwent, incessantly from that day forward, for about five weeks to come. 'The furnishings of vic- 'tual' (Russian stock quite out) 'were to an inconceivable 'amount; surrender of arms, of linens, cloths, of every- 'thing useful to a hungry Army; above all things, of 'horses, so that at last there were but four horses left in 'all Frankfurt; and'—But we must not go into details.

'On the second day, besides all this,' what will be significant of it all, 'there was exacted "ransom of 600,000 thalers (90,000*l.*), or 'you shall be delivered to the Cossacks!" Frankfurt has not above '12,000 inhabitants within its bounds; here is a sudden poll-tax 'of 7*l.* 10*s.* per head. Frankfurt has not such a sum; the most 'rigorous collection did not yield above the tenth part of it. And 'more than once those sanguinary vagabonds were openly drawn 'out, pitch-link in hand: "The 90,000*l.* or—!" Civic-Presidency 'Office in Frankfurt was not a bed of roses. The poor Magistrates 'rushed distractedly about; wrung out moneys to the last drop; 'moneys, and in the end plate from those that had it; went in 'tearful deputation to General Soltikof,—a severe proud kind of 'man, capable perhaps of being flattered,—who usually locked them 'up instead. Magistrates were locked in Russian ward, at one time, 'for almost a week; sat in the blazing sun; if you try for the shade 'of a tree, the sentry handles arms upon you;—and were like to 'die. To me, Kriele, it is a miracle how the most of us lived; nay

'we never really wanted food, so kind was Providence, so generous 'our poor neighbours out of all the Towns round. The utmost of 'money that could be raised was 6,000*l.*; nothing but some little 'of plate, and our Bill for the remainder. Soltikof, a high kind of 'gentleman, saw at last how it stood; let the Magistrates out of 'ward; sent back the plate—"Nothing of that!"—nay Czarish Ma- 'jesty was herself generous; and *forgave* the Bill, on our petition, 'next Year. Cossacks, indeed, were a plunderous wild crew; but 'the Russians kept them mostly without the gates. The regular 'Russians were civil and orderly, officers and men,—greatly beyond 'the Austrians in behaviour.'[2] By these few traits conceive Frankfurt: this, now forgotten in most books, is a background on which things were transacted still memorable to everybody.

'Friday, August 3d, General Loudon came to hand: arrived 'early, in the Guben' (or Western) 'Suburb, his 18,000 and he. In 'high spirits, naturally, and somewhat exultant to have evaded Fried- 'rich; but found a reception that surprised him. The Russians had 'been living in the hope of junction; but still more vividly in that 'of meal. "Auxiliaries; humph,—only 18,000 of them; how much 'welcomer had been as many hundredweights of meal!" Loudon 'had pushed his baggage direct into Frankfurt; and likewise a re- 'quisition of such and such proviants, weights of meal and the like, 'in exuberant amount, to be furnished straightway by the City: 'neither of which procedures would the Russians hear of for a 'moment. "Out with you!" said they roughly to the baggage-peo- 'ple: "quarter in the Guben Suburb, or where you like; not here!" 'And with regard to the requisition of proviant, they answered in a 'scornful angry key, "Proviant? You too without it? You have not 'brought us meal, according to covenant; instead of meal, you bring 'us 18,000 new eaters, most of them on horseback,—Satan thank 'you! From Frankfurt be very certain *you* can get no ounce of 'meal; Frankfurt is our own poor meal-bag, dreadfully scanty: 'stay outside, and feed where and how you can!"

'All this, Loudon, though of hot temper, easily capable of rising 'to the fierce point, had to endure in silence, for the common 'interest. Loudon's own table is furnished from Frankfurt; no 'other Austrian man's: all others have to shift how they can.

[2] Kriele, *Schlacht bei Kunersdorf*, pp. 1-15 (in compressed state).

30th July—12th Aug. 1759.

'Sad requisitioning needed, and sad plunder to supplement it: the 'Austrian behaviour was very bad, say the Frankfurters; "in parti- 'cular, they had burnt gradually all the corn-mills in the country; 'within many miles not one mill standing when they left us,"—and 'four horses all the conveyance-power we had. Soltikof lodges in 'great pomp, much soldiery and cannon parading before his doors; 'not an undignified man, or an inhuman or essentially foolish, but 'very high in his ways, and distasteful to Austrian dignitaries.'

The Russian Army lies mainly across Oder; encamped on the Judenberg, and eastward there, along the Heights, near three miles, to Kunersdorf and beyond. They expect Friedrich at the gates of Frankfurt shortly; know well that they cannot defend Frankfurt. They calculate that Friedrich will attack them in their Judenberg Encampment, but hope they are nearly ready for him there. Loudon, from the Guben Suburb, will hasten across, at any moment;—welcome on such fighting occasion, though ill seen when the question is of eating! The Russians have their Wagenburg on an Island southward, farther up the River; they have three Pontoon Bridges leading thither, a free retreat should they be beaten. And in the mean while are entrenching themselves, as only Daun would,—cannon and redoubts all round those Heights;—and except it be screwing Frankfurt to do its impossible duty, and carting provender with all the horses except four, have not much farther to do but wait till the King come. Which will be speedily, it is probable!—

Wednesday August 8th, Russian and Austrian Generals, a cheerful party of them, had rendezvoused at *Fischers Mühle;* a Mill not yet burnt, and a pleasant Tavern as well; in one of the prettiest valleys in the Western Environs;—intending to dine there, and have a pleasant day. But the Miller's Boy runs in upon them, wide-eyed,

"*Himmel und Erde*, Prussian Hussars!" It was in verity Prussian Hussars; the King of Prussia with them in person. He is come out reconnoitering,—the day after his arrival in those parts. The pleasuring Generals, Russian and Austrian, sprang to horseback, at their swiftest, —hope of dinner gone futile, except to the intervening Prussian Hussars;—and would have all been captured, but for that Miller's Boy; whose Mill too was burnt before long. This gallop home of the undined Generals into Frankfurt was the first news we poor Frankfurters had of the King's arrival.

The King has been punctual to his reckoning: he picked up Wedell at Müllrose,—not too cordial to Wedell's people: "None of you speak to those beaten wretches," ordered he; "till perhaps they wipe off their Züllichau "stain!" On the 7th, Friedrich advanced to Frankfurt neighbourhood; took Camp between Wulkow and Lebus; —and has just been out reconnoitering. And has raised, fancy what emotion in poor Frankfurt lying under its nightmare! 'Next day, August 9th, from Wulkow-Lebus 'hand, we' of Frankfurt 'heard a great firing; cannon-'salvoes, musket-volleys: "Nothing of fight," the Russian 'Officers told us; "it is the King of Prussia doing joy-'fire for Minden," of which we till now knew nothing.'

Friedrich, on survey of this Russian-Austrian Army, some 90,000 in number, with such posts, artilleries, advantages, judges that he, counting only 40,000, is not strong enough. And indeed had so anticipated, and already judged; and, accordingly, has Finck on march hitherward again,—Berlin must take its risk, Saxony must shift for itself in the interim. Finck is due in two days,—not here at Lebus precisely, but at another place appointed; Finck will raise him to 50,000; and then

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business can begin! Contrary to Russian expectation, Friedrich does not attack Frankfurt; seems quite quiet in his cantonments;—he is quietly (if one knew it) making preparations farther down the River. About Reitwein, between this and Cüstrin, there arrangements are proceeding, by no means of a showy sort.

The Russian-Austrian Army quits Frankfurt, leaving only some hundreds of garrison: Loudon moves across, Soltikof across; to the Oder-Dam and farther; and lie, powerfully entrenched, on those Kunersdorf Heights, and sandy Moorlands, which go eastward at right-angles to Oder-Dam. One of the strongest Camps imaginable. All round there, to beyond Kunersdorf and back again, near three miles each way, they have a ring of redoubts, and artillery without end. And lie there, in order of battle, or nearly so; ready for Friedrich, when he shall attack, through Frankfurt or otherwise. They face to the North (Reitwein way, as it happens); to their rear, and indeed to their front, only not so close, are woods and intricate wilds. Loudon has the left flank; that is to say, Loudon's left-hand is towards the Oder-Dam and Frankfurt; he lies at the *Rothe Vorwerk* ("Red Grange," a Farmstead much mentioned just now); rather to north-westward of the Jew Hill and Jew Churchyard (*Judenberg* and *Judenkirchhof*, likewise much mentioned); and in advance of the general Mass.* Soltikof's headquarter, I rather understand, is on the right wing; probably in Kunersdorf itself, or beyond that Village; there, at least, our highly important Russian right-wing is; there, elaborately fortified; and, half a mile farther, ends,—on the edge of steep dells; the Russian brink of which is strongly fringed with cannon, while beyond, on the farther brink, they have built an abatis; so making assurance doubly sure. Look-

* Map at p. 574.

ing to the northward, all these 90,000; their left rather southward of Frankfurt Bridge, over which Friedrich will probably arrive. Leftward, somewhat to rearward, they have bridges of their own; should anything sinister befal; three bridges which lead into that Oder Island, and the Russian Wagenburg there.

August 10th, Finck, punctual to time, arrives in the neighbourhood of Reitwein (which is some ten miles downstream from Lebus, from Frankfurt perhaps fifteen); Friedrich, the same day, is there before him; eager to complete the Bridges, and get to business. One Bridge is of pontoons; one of 'Oder-boats, floated up from Cüstrin.' Bridges are not begun till nightfall, lest eyes be abroad; are ready in the minimum of time. And so, during the same night of the 10th, all the Infantry, with their artilleries and battle-furnitures, pour over in two columns; the Cavalry, at the due point of time, riding by a ford, short way to the right. And at four, in the gray of the August morning (Saturday 11th August 1759), all persons and things find themselves correctly across: ranked there, in those barren, much indented 'Pasture-grounds of Göritz' or of Oetscher;* intending towards Kunersdorf; ready for unfolding into order of battle there. They leave their heavy baggage at Göritz, Wunsch to guard the Bridges and it; and, in succinct condition, are all under way. At one in the afternoon, we are got to Leissow and Bischofsee; scrubby hamlets (as the rest all are), not above two miles from Kunersdorf. The August day is windless, shiny, sultry; man and horse are weary with the labours, and with the want of sleep: we decide to bivouack here, and rest on the scrubby surface, heather or whatever it is, till tomorrow.

* Map at p. 574.

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Finck is Vanguard, ahead short way, and with his left on a bit of lake or bog; the Army is in two lines, with its right on Leissow, and has Cavalry in the kind of wood which there is to rear. Friedrich, having settled the positions, rides out reconnoitering; hither thither, over the Heights of Trettin. 'The day being still hot, he suffers 'considerably from thirst' (it is our one Anecdote), 'in 'that arid tract: at last a Peasant does bring him, direct 'from the fountain, a jug of pure cold water; whom, lucky 'man, the King rewarded with a thaler; and not only so, 'but, the man being intelligent of the localities, took with 'him to answer questions.' Readers too may desire to gain some knowledge of the important ground now under survey.

'Frankfurt, a very ancient Town, not a very beautiful,' says my Note, 'stands on an alluvium which has been ground down from 'certain clay Hills on the left bank of Oder. It counted about '12,000 inhabitants in Friedrich's time; has now perhaps about '20,000; not half the bulk of its namesake on the Mayn; but with 'Three great Fairs annually, and much trade of the rough kind. On 'this left or west bank of Oder, the country is arable, moderately 'grassy and umbrageous, the prospect round you not unpleasant; 'but eastward, over the River, nothing can be more in contrast. 'Oder is of swift current, of turbid colour, as it rolls under Frankfurt 'Bridge,—Wooden-Bridge, with Dam Suburb at the end;—a River 'treeless, desolate, as you look up and down; which has, evidently, 'often changed its course, since grinding down that alluvium as site 'for Frankfurt; and which, though now holding mainly to northward, 'is still given to be erratic, and destructive on the eastern low 'grounds,—had not the Frankfurters built an "Oder Dam" on that 'side; a broad strong Earth-mound, running for many miles, and 'confining its floods. Beyond the Dam, there are traces of an "Old 'Oder (*Alte Oder*);" and, in fact, Oder, in primeval and in recent 'time, has gone along, many-streamed; indenting, quarrying, leaving 'lakelets, quagmires, miscellaneous sandy tumult, at a great rate, on

'that eastern shore. Making of it one of the unloveliest scenes of 'chaotic desolation anywhere to be met with;—fallen unlovelier 'than ever in our own more recent times.

'What we call the Heights of Kunersdorf is a broad Chain of 'Knolls; coming out, at right angles, or as a kind of spur, from the 'eastern high grounds; direct towards Oder and Frankfurt. Mill-'Hill (*Mühlberg*) is the root or easternmost part of this spur. From 'the Mühlberg, over Kunersdorf, to Oder Dam, which is the whole 'length of the spur, or Chain of Knolls, will be little short of four 'miles; the breadth of the Chain is nowhere one mile,—which is its 'grand defect as a Camp: "too narrow for manœuvering in." Here, 'atop and on the three sides of this Block of Knolls, was fought 'the furious Battle of Kunersdorf' (to be fought tomorrow), 'one 'of the most furious ever known. A Block of Knolls memorable 'ever since.

'To all appearance, it was once some big Island or chain of 'Islands in the Oder deluges: it is still cut with sudden hollows,— '*Kuhgrund* (Cow-Hollow), *Tiefe Weg* (Deep Way), and westernmost 'of all, and most important for us here, *Hohle Grund* (Big Hollow, 'let us call it; "*Loudon's* Hollow" people subsequently called it);— 'and is everywhere strangely tumbled up into knolls blunt or sharp, 'the work of primeval Oder in his rages. In its highest knolls,— 'of which let readers note specially the Spitzberg, the Mühlberg, the 'Judenberg,—it rises nowhere to 150 feet; perhaps the general height 'of it may be about 100. On each side of it, especially on the north, 'the Country is of most intricate character: bushy, scraggy, with 'brooklets or muddy oozings wandering about, especially with a 'thing called the *Hünerfliess* (Hen-Floss), which springs in the 'eastern woods, and has inconceivable difficulty to get into Oder,— 'if it get at all! This was a sore Floss to Friedrich tomorrow. 'Hen-Floss struggles, painfully meandering and oozing, along the 'northern side (sometimes close, sometimes not) of our Chain of 'Knolls: along the south side of it (in our time, through the 'middle of it), goes the Highway to Reppen' ("From that High-way will his attack come!" thought the Russians, always till today): 'on the north, to Leissow, to Trettin,' where Friedrich is now on survey, 'go various wheel-tracks, but no firm road. A most intri-'cate unlovely Country. Withered bent-grasses, heath, perhaps gorse,

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'and on both sides a great deal of straggling Forest-wood, reaching 'eastward, and especially southward, for many miles.

'For the rest,' to our ill-luck in this place, 'the Battlefield of 'Kunersdorf has had a peculiar fate in the world; that of being 'blown away by the winds! The then scene of things exists no 'longer; the descriptions in the Old Books are gone hopelessly 'irrecognisable. In our time, there is not anywhere a tract more 'purely of tumbled sand, than all this between Kunersdorf and Dam 'Vorstadt; and you judge, without aid of record or tradition, that 'it is greatly altered for the worse since Friedrich's time,—some 'rabbit-colony, or other the like insignificancy, eating out the roots, 'till all vegetation died, and the wind got hold and set it dancing; '—and that, in 1759, when Russian human beings took it for a 'Camp, it must have been at least coherent, more or less; covered, 'held together by some film of scrubby vegetation; not blowing 'about in every wind as now! Kunersdorf stands with its northern 'end pushed into that *Kuhgrund* (Cow-Hollow); which must then 'have been a grassy place. Eastward of Kunersdorf the ground has 'still some skin of peat, and sticks together: but westward, all that 'three miles, it is a mere tumult of sandhills, tumbled about in 'every direction (so diligent have the conies been, and then the 'winds); no gullet, or definite cut or hollow, now traceable any-'where, but only an endless imbroglio of twisted sand-heaps and 'sand-hollows, which continually alter in the wind-storms. Sand 'wholly, and,—except the strong paved Highway that now runs 'through it (to Reppen, Meseritz, and the Polish Frontier, and is 'strongly paved till it get through Kunersdorf),—chaotic wholly; a 'scene of heaped barrenness and horror, not to be matched but in 'Sahara; the features of the Battle quite blown away, and inde-'cipherable in our time.

'A hundred years ago, it would have some tattered skin,—of 'peat, of heather and dwarf whins, with the sand cropping out only 'here and there. So one has to figure it in Soltikof's day,—before 'the conies ruined it. Which was not till within the last sixty 'years, as appears. Kriele's Book (in 1801) still gives no hint of 'change: the *Kuhgrund*, which now has nothing but dry sand for 'the most industrious ruminant, is still a place of succulence and 'herbage in Kriele's time; "Deep Way," where "at one point two

'carts could not pass," was not yet blown out of existence, but has 'still "a Well in it" for Kriele; *Hohle Grund* (since called Lou-'don's Hollow), with the Jew Hill and Jew Churchyard beyond, 'seem tolerable enough places to Kriele. Probably not unlike what 'the surrounding Country still is. A Country of poor villages, and 'of wild ground, flat generally, and but tolerably green; with lake-'lets, bushes, scrubs, and intricate meandering little runlets and 'oozelets; and in general with more of Forest so-called than now 'is:—this is Kunersdorf Chain of Knolls; Soltikof's Entrenched 'Camp at present; destined to become very famous in the world, 'after lying so long obscure under Oder and its rages.'[3]

From the Knolls of Trettin, that Saturday afternoon, Friedrich takes view of the Russian Camp. All lying bright enough there; from Mühlberg to Judenberg, convenient to our glass; between us and the evening Sun. Batteries most abundant, difficulties great: Soltikof just ahead here, 72,000: Loudon at the Red Grange yonder, on their extreme left, with 18,000 more. An uncommonly strong position for 90,000 against 50,000. One thing strikes Friedrich: On front in this northern side, close by the base of the Russian Camp, runs,—for the present away *from* Oder, but intending to join it elsewhere,—a paltry little Brook, "Hen-Floss" so-called, with at least two successive Mills on it (*Kleine Mühle, Grosse Mühle*); and on the northern shore of it, spilling itself out into a wet waste called *Elsbruch* (Alder Waste), which is especially notable to Friedrich. *Alder* Waste? Watery, scrubby; no passage there, thinks Friedrich; which his Peasant with the water-jug confirms. "Tell me, however," inquires Friedrich, with strictness, "From the Red Grange yonder, where General Loudon is, if you wished to get over to the *Hohle Grund*, or to the Judenberg, would you cross that Hen-Floss?" "It is not crossable, your

[3] *Tourist's Note* (Autumn 1852).

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Majesty; one has to go round quite westward by the Dam." "What, from Rothe Vorwerk to Big Hollow, no passage, say you; no crossing?" "None, your Majesty," insists the Peasant;—who is not aware that the Russians have made one of firm trestles and logs, and use it daily for highway there; an error of some interest to Friedrich within the next twenty-four hours!

Friedrich himself does not know this bit of ground: but there is with him, besides the Peasant, a Major Linden, whose Regiment used to lie in Frankfurt, of whom Friedrich makes minute questioning. Linden answers confidently; has been over all this tract a hundred times; 'but knows it only as a hunter,' says Tempelhof,[4] 'not as 'a soldier,' which he ought to have done. His answers are supposed to have misled Friedrich on various points, and done him essential damage.

Friedrich's view of the case, that evening, is by no means so despondent as might be imagined: he regards the thing as difficult, not as impossible,—and one of his anxieties is, that he be not balked of trying it straightway. Retiring to his hut in Bischofsee, he makes two Dispositions, of admirable clearness, brevity, and calculated for two contingencies:[5] That of the enemy retaining his now posture; and That of the enemy making off for Reppen;—which latter does not at all concern us, as matters turned! Of the former the course will unfold itself to us, in practice, shortly. At 2 A.M. Friedrich will be on foot again, at 3 on march again.—The last phenomenon, at Bischofsee this night, is some sudden glare of disastrous light rising over the woods:—"Russians burning Kunersdorf!" as neighbours are sorry to hear. That is the finale of much Russian rearranging and tumbling,

[4] Tempelhof, iii. 186.

[5] Given in Tempelhof, iii. 182, 183.

this day; that barbarous burning of Kunersdorf, before going to bed. Tomorrow various other poor Villages got burnt by them, which they had better have left standing.

The Russians, on hearing that Friedrich was across at Göritz, and coming on them from the north side, not from Frankfurt by the Reppen Highway, were in great agitation. Not thrown into terror, but into manifold haste, knowing what hasty adversary there was. Endless readjustments they have to make; a day of tumultuous business with the Russians, this Saturday 11th, when the news reached them. 'They inverted their front' (say all the Books but Friedrich's own): "Not coming by the Reppen Highway, then!" think they. And thereupon changed rear to front, as at Zorndorf, but more elaborately;—which I should not mention, were it not that hereby their late "left wing on the Mühlberg" has, in strict speech, become their "right," and there is ambiguity and discrepancy in some of the Books, should any poor reader take to studying them on this matter. Changed their front; which involves much interior changing; readjusting of batteries and the like. That of burning Kunersdorf was the barbaric winding-up of all this: barbaric, and, in the military sense, absurd; poor Kunersdorf could have been burnt at any moment, if needful; and to the Russians the keeping of it standing was the profitable thing, as an impediment to Friedrich in his advance there. They have laid it flat and permeable: ashes all of it,—except the Church only, which is of stone; not so combustible, and may have uses withal. Has perhaps served as temporary lock-up, prison for the night, to some of those Frankfurt Deputations and their troublesome wailings; and may serve as temporary hospital tomorrow, who knows?

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Readjustments in the Russian Camp were manifold: but these are as nothing, in the tumultuous business of the day. Carting of their baggage, every article of value, to that safe Wagenburg in the River; driving of cattle,—the very driving of cattle through Frankfurt, endless herds of them, gathered by the Cossacks from far and wide, 'lasted for four-and-twenty hours.' Oxen in Frankfurt that day were at the rate of ten shillings per head. Often enough you were offered a full-grown young steer for a loaf of bread; nay the Cossacks, when there was absolutely no bidder, would slaughter down the animal, leave its carcass in the streets, and sell the hide for a *tympf*,—fivepence (very bad silver at present). Never before or since was seen in Frankfurt such a Saturday, for bellowing and braying, and raging and tumulting, all through the day and through the night; ushering in such a Sunday too!

Sunday about 3 in the morning, Friedrich is on march again,—Russians still in their place; and Disposition *First*, not *Second* at all, to be our rule of action! Friedrich, in Two Columns, marches off, eastward through the woods, as if for Reppen quite away from the Russians and their Mühlberg; but intending to circle round at the due point, and come down upon their right flank there (left flank, as he persists to call it), out of the woods, and clasp it in his arms in an impressive, unexpected way. In Two Columns; which are meant, as usual, to be the Two Lines of Battle: Seidlitz, with chosen Cavalry, is at the head of Column First, and will be Left Wing, were we on the ground; Eugen of Würtemberg, closing the rear of Column First, will, he, or Finck and he together, be Right Wing. That is the order of march;—order of *battle*, we shall find, had to alter itself somewhat, for reasons extremely valid!

Finck with his 12,000 is to keep his present ground; to have two good batteries got ready, each on its knoll ahead, which shall wait silent in the interim: Finck to ride out reconnoitering, with many General Officers, and to make motions and ostentations; in a word, to persuade the Russians that here is the Main Army coming on from the north. All which Finck does; avoiding, as his orders were, any firing, or serious commencement of business, till the King reappear out of the woods. The Russians give Finck and his General Officers a cannon salvo, here and there, without effect, and get no answer. "The King does not see his way, then, after all?" think the Russians. Their Cossacks go scouring about; on the southern side, 'burn Schwetig and Reipzig,' without the least advantage to themselves: most of the Cavalry, and a regiment or two of excellent Austrian Grenadiers, are with Loudon, near the Red Grange, in front of the Russian extreme left;—but will have stept over into Big Hollow, at a moment of crisis!

The King's march, through the Forest of Reppen, was nothing like so expeditious as had been expected. There are thickets, intricacies, runlets, boggy oozes; indifferent to one man well mounted, but vitally important to 30,000 with heavy cannon to bring on. Boggy oozings especially, —there is one dirty stream or floss (*Hünerfliess*, Hen-Floss) which wanders dismally through those recesses, issuing from the far south, with dirty daughters dismally wandering into it, and others that cannot get into it (being of the lake kind): these, in their weary, circling, recircling, course towards Oder,—*Faule Laacke* (Foul Lake, *Lither-mere*, as it were), Foul Bridge, Swine's Nook (*Schweinebucht*), and many others,—occasion endless difficulty. Whether Major Linden was shot that day, or

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what became of him after, I do not know: but it was pity he had not studied the ground with a soldier's eye instead of a hunter's! Plumping suddenly, at last, upon Hen-Floss itself, Friedrich has to turn angularly; angularly, which occasions great delay: the heavy cannon (wall-guns brought from Cüstrin) have twelve horses each, and cannot turn among the trees, but have to be unyoked, reyoked, turned round by hand:—in short, it was eight in the morning before Friedrich arrived at the edge of the wood, on the Klosterberg, Walckberg, and other woody *Bergs* or knolls, within reach of Mühlberg, and behind the preliminary abatis there (abatis which was rather of service to him than otherwise);—and began privately building his batteries.

At eight o'clock he, with Column First, which is now becoming Line First (*centre* of Line First, if we reckon Finck as *right-wing*), is there; busy in that manner: Column Second, which was to have been Rear Line, is still a pretty way behind; and has many difficulties before it gets into Kunersdorf neighbourhood, or can (having wriggled itself into a kind of *left-wing*) coöperate on the Russian Position from the south side. On the north side, Finck has been ready these five hours.—Friedrich speeds the building of his batteries: "Silent, too; the Russians have not yet noticed us!" By degrees the Russians do notice something; shoot out Cossacks to reconnoitre. Cossacks in quantity; who are so insolent, and venture so very near, our gunners on the north battery give them a blast of satisfactory grape-shot; one and then another, four blasts in all, satisfactory to the gunner mind, —till the King's self, with a look, with a voice, came galloping: "Silence, will you!" The Russians took no offence; still considering Finck to be the main thing, and Friedrich some scout party,—till at last,

Half-past eleven, everything being ready on the Walck Hill, Friedrich's batteries opened there, in a sudden and volcanic way. Volcanically answered by the Russians, as soon as possible; who have 72 guns on this Mühlberg, and are nothing loth. Upon whom Finck's battery is opening from the north, withal: Friedrich has 60 cannon hereabouts; on the Walckberg, on the *Little* Spitzberg (called *Seidlitz Hill* ever since); all playing diligently on the head and south shoulder of this Mühlberg: while Finck's battery opens on the north shoulder (could he but get near enough). Volcanic to a degree, all these; nor are the Russians wanting, though they get more and more astonished: Tempelhof, who was in it, says he never, except at Torgau next Year, heard a louder cannonade. Loud exceedingly; and more or less appalling to the Russian imagination: but not destructive in proportion; the distance being too considerable,—'1,950 paces at the nearest,' as Tempelhof has since ascertained by measuring. Friedrich's two batteries, however, as they took the Russians in the flank or by enfilade, did good execution. 'The Russian guns were ill pointed; the Russian batteries 'wrong built; batteries so built as did not allow them 'sight of the Hollow they were meant to defend.'[6]

After above half an hour of this, Friedrich orders storm of the Mühlberg: Forward on it, with what of enfilading it has had! Eight grenadier Battalions, a chosen vanguard appointed for the work (names of Battalions all given, and deathless in the Prussian War-Annals), tramp forth on this service: cross the abatis, which the Russian grenadoes have mostly burnt; down into the Hollow. Steady as planets; 'with a precision and coherency,' says Tempelhof, 'which even on the parade-ground would have 'deserved praises. Once well in the Hollow, they suffer

[6] Tempelhof, iii. 186, 187.

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'nothing; though the blind Russian fire, going all over 'their heads, rages threefold:' suffered nothing in the Hollow; nor till they reached almost the brow of the Mühlberg, and were within a hundred steps of the Russian guns. These were the critical steps, these final ones; such torrents of grape-shot and musket-shot and sheer death bursting out, here at last, upon the Eight Battalions, as they come above ground. Who advanced, unwavering, all the faster,—speed one's only safety. They poured, into the Russian gunners and musketry battalions, one volley of choicest quality, which had a shaking effect; then, with level bayonets, plunge on the batteries: which are all empty before we can leap into them; artillerymen, musketeer battalions, all on wing; general whirlpool spreading. And so, in ten minutes, the Mühlberg and its guns are ours. Ever since Zorndorf, an idea had got abroad, says Tempelhof, that the Russians would die instead of yielding; but it proved far otherwise here. Down as far as Kunersdorf, which may be about a mile westward, the Russians are all in a whirl; at best hanging in tatters and clumps, their Officers struggling against the flight; 'mixed groups you would see huddled together a hundred men deep.' The Russian Left Wing is beaten: had we our cannon up here, our cavalry up here, the Russian Army were in a bad way!

This is a glorious beginning; completed, I think, as far almost as Kunersdorf by one o'clock: and could the iron continue to be struck while it is at white heat as now, the result were as good as certain. That was Friedrich's calculation: but circumstances which he had not counted on, some which he could not count on, sadly retarded the matter. His Left Wing (Rear Line, which should now have been Left Wing) from southward, his Right Wing from northward, and Finck farther west, were

now on the instant to have simultaneously closed upon the beaten Russians, and crushed them altogether. The Right Wing, conquerors of the Mühlberg, are here: but neither Finck nor the Left can be simultaneous with them. Finck and his artillery are much retarded with the Flosses and poor single Bridges; and of the Left Wing, there are only some Vanguard Regiments capable of helping ('who drove out the Russians from Kunersdorf Churchyard,' as their first feat),—no Main Body yet for a long while. Such impediments, such intricacies of bog and bush! The entire Wing does at last get to the south-east of Kunersdorf, free of the wood; but finds (contrary to Linden with his hunter eye) an intricate meshwork of meres and straggling lakes, two of them in the burnt Village itself; no passing of these except on narrow isthmuses, which necessitate change of rank and re-change; and our Left Wing cannot, with all its industry, "march up," that is, arrive at the enemy in fighting line, without the painfullest delays.

And then the getting forward of our cannon! On the Mühlberg itself the seventy-two Russian guns, "owing to difference of calibre," or artillery-men know what, cannot be used by us: a few light guns, Tempelhof to one of them, a poor four in all, with perhaps 100 shot to each, did, by the King's order, hasten to the top of the Mühlberg; and never did Tempelhof see a finer chance for artillery than there. Soft sloping ground, with Russians simmering ahead of you, all the way down to Kunersdorf, a mile long: by horizontal pointing, you had such reboundings (*ricochets*); and carried beautiful execution! Tempelhof soon spent his hundred shots: but it was not at once that any of our sixty heavy guns could be got up thither. Twelve horses to each: fancy it, and what baffling delays here and elsewhere;—and how the Rus-

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sian whirlpool was settling more and more, in the interim! And had, in part, settled; in part, got through to the rear, and been replaced by fresh troops!

Friedrich's activities, and suppressed and insuppressible impatiences in this interval, are also conceivable, though not on record for us. The swiftest of men; tied down, in this manner, with the blaze of perfect victory ahead, were the moments *not* running out! Slower or faster, he thinks (I suppose), the victory is his; and that he must possess his soul till things do arrive. It was in one and more of those embargoed intervals that he wrote to Berlin[7] (which is waiting, as if for life or death, the issue of this scene, sixty miles distant): "Russians beaten; rejoice with me!" Four successive couriers, I believe, with messages to that effect; and at last, a Fifth with dolefully contrary news!—

In proportion as the cannon and other necessaries gradually got in, the Fight flamed up from its embers more and more: and there ensued,—the Russians being now ranked again (fronting eastward now) 'in many lines,' and very fierce,—a second still deadlier bout; Friedrich furiously diligent on their front and right flank; Finck, from the Alder Waste, battering and charging (uphill, and under difficulties from those Flosses and single Bridges) on their left flank. This too, after long deadly efforts on the Prussian part, ended again clearly in their favour; their enemies broken a second time, and driven not only out of Kunersdorf and the Kuhgrund, but some say almost to the foot of the Judenberg,—what can only be very partially true. Broken portions of the Russian left flank,—some of Finck's people, in their victorious wrath, may have chased these very far: but it is certain the general Russian mass rallied again a long way short

[7] Preuss, ii. 212 n.

of the Judenberg;—though, the ground being all obliterated by the rabbits and the winds, nobody can now know with exactitude where.

And indeed the Battle, from this point onwards, becomes blurred and confused to us, only its grosser features visible henceforth. Where the "Big Spitzberg" was (so terribly important soon), nobody can now tell me, except from maps. Loudon's motions too are obscure, though important. I believe his grenadiers had not yet been in the fire; but am certain they are now come out of Big Hollow; fresh for the rescue; and have taken front rank in this Second Rally that is made. Loudon's Cavalry, Loudon himself has in hand, and waits with them in a fit place. He has 18,000 fresh men; and an eye like few others on a field of war. Loudon's 18,000 are fresh: of the Prussians that can by no means be said. I should judge it must be three of the afternoon. The day is windless, blazing; one of the hottest August days; and 'nobody, for twelve hours past, could command a drink of 'water:' very fresh the poor Prussians cannot be! They have done two bouts of excellent fighting; tumbled the Russians well back, stormed many batteries; and taken in all 180 cannon.

At this stage, it appears, Finck and many Generals, Seidlitz among the others, were of opinion that, in present circumstances, with troops so tired, and the enemy nearly certain to draw off, if permitted, here had been enough for one day, and that there ought to be pause till tomorrow. Friedrich knew well the need of rest; but Friedrich, impatient of things half-done, especially of Russians half-beaten, would not listen to this proposal; which was reckoned upon him as a grave and tragic fault, all the rest of his life; though favourable judges, who were on

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the ground, Tempelhof for one,[8] are willing to prove that pausing here,—at the point we had really got to, a little beyond the Kuhgrund, namely; and not a couple of miles westward, at the foot of the Jew Hill, where vague rumour puts us,—was not feasible or reasonable. Friedrich considers with himself, "Our left wing has hardly yet been in fire!"—calls out the entire left wing, foot and horse: these are to emerge from their meshwork of Lakes about Kunersdorf, and bear a hand along with us on the Russian front here,—especially to sweep away that raging Battery they have on the Big Spitzberg, and make us clear of it. The Big Spitzberg lies to south and ahead of the Russian right as now ranked; fatally covers their right flank, and half ruins the attack in front. Big Spitzberg is blown irrecognisable in our time; but it was then an all-important thing.

The left-wing Infantry thread their lake-labyrinth, the soonest possible; have to rank again on the hither side, under a tearing fire from that Spitzberg; can then at last, and do, storm onwards, upwards; but cannot, with their best effort, take the Spitzberg: and have to fall back under its floods of tearing case-shot, and retire out of range. To Friedrich's blank disappointment: "Try it you, then, Seidlitz; you saved us at Zorndorf!" Seidlitz, though it is an impossible problem to storm batteries with horse, does charge in for the Russian flank, in spite of its covering battery: but the torrents of grape-shot are insufferable; the Seidlitz people, torn in gaps, recoil, whirl round, and do not rank again till beyond the Lakes of Kunersdorf. Seidlitz himself has got wounded, and has had to be carried away.

And, in brief, from this point onwards all goes aback with the Prussians more and more. Repeated attempts

[8] Tempelhof, iii. 194.

on that Spitzberg battery prove vain; to advance without it is impossible. Friedrich's exertions are passionate, almost desperate; rallying, animating, new-ordering; everywhere in the hottest of the fire. 'Thrice he personally led on the main attack.' He has had two horses shot down under him; mounting a third, this too gets a bullet in an artery of the neck, and is about falling, when two Adjutants save the King. In his waistcoat-pocket some small gold case (*étui*) has got smitten flat by a bullet, which would otherwise have ended matters. The people about him remonstrate on such exposure of a life beyond value; he answers curtly, "We must all of us try every "method here, to win the Battle: I, like every other, "must stand to my duty here!" These and a second brief word or two farther on, are all of articulate that we hear from him this day.

Friedrich's wearied battalions here on the Heights, while the Spitzberg to left goes so ill, fight desperately; but cannot prevail farther; and in spite of Friedrich's vehement rallyings and urgings, gradually lose ground,—back at last to Kunersdorf and the Kuhgrund again. The Loudon grenadiers, and masses of fresh Russians, are not to be broken, but advance and advance. Fancy the panting death-labours, and spasmodic toilings and bafflings, of those poor Prussians and their King! Nothing now succeeding; the death-agony now come; all hearts growing hopeless; only one heart still seeing hope. The Spitzberg is impossible; tried how often I know not. Finck, from the Alder Waste, with his Infantry, attacks, and again attacks; without success: "Let the Cavalry go round then, and try there. Seidlitz we have not; you Eugen of Würtemberg lead them!" Eugen leads them (cuirassiers, or we will forget what); round by the eastern end of the Mühlberg; then westward, along the Alder Waste; fin-

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ally southward, against the Russian flank, himself foremost, and at the gallop for charging:—Eugen, 'looking round, finds his men all gone,' and has to gallop the other way; gets wounded to boot. Puttkammer, with Hussars, then tried it; Puttkammer was shot dead, and his Hussars too could do nothing.

Back, slowly back, go the Prussians generally, nothing now succeeds with them. Back to the Kuhgrund again; fairly over the steep brow there; the Russians serrying their ranks atop, rearranging their many guns. There, once more, rose frightful struggle; desperate attempt by the foredone Prussians to retake that Height. 'Lasted fifteen minutes, line to line not fifty yards asunder;' such musketry,—our last cartridges withal. Ardent Prussian parties trying to storm up; few ever getting to the top, none ever standing there alive one minute. This was the death-agony of the Battle. Loudon, waiting behind the Spitzberg, dashes forward now, towards the Kuhgrund and our Left Flank. At sight of which a universal feeling shivers through the Prussian heart, "Hope ended, then!" —and their solid ranks rustle everywhere; and melt into one wild deluge, ebbing from the place as fast as it can.

It is towards six o'clock; the sweltering Sun is now fallen low and veiled; gray evening sinking over those wastes. "*N'y a-t-il donc pas un bougre de boulet qui* "*puisse m'atteindre* (Is there not one b— of a ball that "can reach me, then)?" exclaimed Friedrich, in his despair. Such a day he had never thought to see. The pillar of the State, the Prussian Army itself, gone to chaos in this manner. Friedrich still passionately struggles, exhorts, commands, entreats even with tears, "Children, don't for-"sake me, in this pinch (*Kinder, verlasset heute mich, euren* "*König, euren Vater, nicht*)!"[10]—but all ears are deaf.

[10] Kriele, p. 169.

On the Mühlberg, one regiment still stood by their guns, covering the retreat. But the retreat is more and more a flight; 'no Prussian Army was ever seen in such a state.' At the Bridges of that Hen-Floss, there was such a crowding, all our guns got jammed; and had to be left, 165 of them of various calibre, and the whole of the Russian 180 that were once in our hands. Had the chase been vigorous, this Prussian Army had been heard of no more. But beyond the Mühlberg, there was little or no pursuit; through the wood the Army, all in chaos, but without molestation otherwise, made for its Oder Bridges by the way it had come.[11]

Friedrich was among the last to quit the ground. He seemed stupefied by the excess of his emotions; in no haste to go; uncertain whether he would go at all. His Adjutants were about him, and a small party of Ziethen Hussars under Captain Prittwitz. Wild swarms of Cossacks approached the place. "*Prittwitz, ich bin verloren*" (Prittwitz, I am lost)!" remarked he. "*Nein, Ihro Majestät!*" answered Prittwitz with enthusiasm; charged fiercely, he and his few, into the swarms of Cossacks; cut them about, held them at bay, or sent them elsewhither, while the Adjutants seized Friedrich's bridle, and galloped off with him. At Oetscher and the Bridges, Friedrich found of his late Army not quite 3,000 men. Even Wunsch is not there till next morning. Wunsch with his Party had, early in the afternoon, laid hold of Frankfurt, as ordered; made the garrison prisoners, blocked the Oder Bridge; poor Frankfurt tremulously thanking Heaven for him, and for such an omen. In spite of their Wagenburg and these Pontoon-Bridges, it appears, there

[11] Tempelhof, iii. 179-200; Retzow, ii. 80-115: in Seyfarth, *Beylagen*, ii. 589-598, *Bericht von der am* 12 *August* 1759 *bey Kunersdorf vorgefallenen Schlacht* (Official); and *Ib.* 598-603, *Beschreibung der &c.* (by a Private Hand): lucidly accurate both.

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would have been no retreat for the Russians except into Wunsch's cannon: Wagenburg way, latish in the afternoon, there was such a scramble of runaways and retreating baggage, all was jammed into impassability; scarcely could a single man get through. In case of defeat, the Russian Army would have had no chance but surrender or extermination.[12] At dark, however, Wunsch had summons, so truculent in style, he knew what it meant; and answering in words peremptorily, "No" with a like emphasis, privately got ready again, and at midnight disappeared. Got to Reitwein without accident.

Friedrich found at Oetscher nothing but huts full of poor wounded men, and their miseries and surgeries;—he took shelter, himself, in a hut 'which had been plundered by Cossacks' (in the past days), but which had fewer wounded than others, and could be furnished with some bundles of dry straw. Kriele has a pretty Anecdote, with names and particulars, of two poor Lieutenants, who were lying on the floor, as he entered this hut. They had lain there for many hours; the Surgeons thinking them desperate; which Friedrich did not. "*Ach Kinder*, Alas, "children, you are badly wounded, then?" "*Ja*, your "Majesty: but how goes the Battle?" (Answer, evasive on this point): "Are you bandaged, though? Have you "been let blood?" "*Nein, Euer Majestät, kein Teufel will* "*uns verbinden* (Not a devil of them would bandage us)!" Upon which there is a Surgeon instantly brought; reprimanded for neglect: "Desperate, say you? These are "young fellows; feel that hand, and that; no fever there: "Nature in such cases does wonders!" Upon which the leech had to perform his function; and the poor young fellows were saved,—and did new fighting, and got

[12] Tempelhof, iii. 194: in Retzow (ii. 110) is some dubious traditionary stuff on the matter.

new wounds, and had Pensions when the War ended.[13] This appears to have been Friedrich's first work in that hut at Oetscher. Here next is a Third Autograph to Finckenstein, written in that hut, probably the first of several Official things there:

The King to Graf von Finckenstein (at Berlin): Third Note.

Oetscher, '12th August,' 1759.

'I attacked the Enemy this morning about eleven; we beat him 'back to the *Judenkirchhof* (Jew Churchyard,'—a mistake, but now of no moment), 'near Frankfurt. All my troops came into action, 'and have done wonders. I reassembled them three times; at 'length, I was myself nearly taken prisoner; and we had to quit 'the Field. My coat is riddled with bullets, two horses were killed 'under me;—my misfortune is that I am still alive. Our loss is very 'considerable. Of an Army of 48,000 men, I have, at this moment 'while I write, not more than 3,000 together; and am no longer 'master of my forces. In Berlin you will do well to think of your 'safety. It is a great calamity; and I will not survive it: the 'consequences of this Battle will be worse than the Battle itself. 'I have no resources more; and, to confess the truth, I hold all for 'lost. I will not survive the destruction of my Country. Farewell 'forever (*Adieu pour jamais*).—F.'[14]

Another thing, of the same tragic character, is that of handing over this Army to Finck's charge. Order there is to Finck of that tenor: and along with it the following notable Autograph,—a Friedrich taking leave both of Kingship and of life. The Autograph exists; but has no date,—date of the Order would probably be still *Oetscher, 12th August;* date of the Autograph, *Reitwein* (across the River), next day.

Friedrich to Lieutenant-General Finck (at Oetscher or Reitwein).

'General Finck gets a difficult commission; the unlucky Army 'which I give up to him is no longer in condition to make head against

[13] Kriele, pp. 169, 170; and in all the Anecdote-Books.

[14] In orig. '*ce* 12,' no other date (*Œuvres de Frédéric*, XXV. 306).

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'the Russians. Haddick will now start for Berlin, perhaps Loudon 'too; if General Finck go after these, the Russians will fall on his 'rear; if he continue on the Oder, he gets Haddick on his flank (*so 'krigt er den Hadek diss Seit*):—however, I believe, should Lou- 'don go for Berlin, he might attack Loudon, and try to beat him: 'this, if it succeeded, would be a stand against misfortune, and hold 'matters up. Time gained is much, in these desperate circumstances. 'The news from Torgau and Dresden, Cöper my Secretary' (*Cöper mein Segreter*, kind of lieutenant to Eichel[15]) 'will send him. You '(*Er*) must inform my Brother' (Prince Henri) 'of everything; 'whom I have declared Generalissimo of the Army. To repair this 'bad luck altogether, is not possible: but what my Brother shall 'command, must be done:—the Army swears to my Nephew' (King henceforth).

'This is all the advice, in these unhappy circumstances, I am in 'a condition to give. Had I still had resources, I would have stayed 'by them (*so wehre ich darbei geblieben*).—FRIEDRICH."[16]

All this done, the wearied Friedrich flung himself into his truss of dry straw; and was seen sound asleep there, a single sentry at the door, by some high Generals that ventured to look in. On the morrow he crossed to Reitwein; by tomorrow night, there had 23,000 of his fugitives come in to him;—but this is now to be Finck's affair, not his! That day, too (for the Paper seems to be misdated), he signed, and despatched to Schmettau, Commandant in Dresden, a Missive, which proved more fatal than either of the others; and brought, or helped to bring, very bitter fruits for him, before long:

To Lieutenant-General von Schmettau (at Dresden).

'Reitwein, 14th' (probably 13th) 'August 1759.

'You will perhaps have heard of the Check' (*l'Echec*, Kunersdorf to wit!) 'I have met with from the Russian Army on the 13th' (12th, if you had the Almanac at hand) 'of this month. Though at

[15] See Preuss, i. 349, iii. 442.

[16] Exact Copy, two exact Copies, in *Preuss* (i. 450, and again, ii. 215).

'bottom our affairs in regard to the Enemy here are not desperate, 'I find I shall not now be able to make any detachment for your 'assistance. Should the Austrians attempt anything against Dres- 'den, therefore, you will see if there are means of maintaining your 'self; failing which, it will behove you to try and obtain a favour- 'able Capitulation,—to wit, Liberty to withdraw, with the whole 'Garrison, Moneys, Magazines, Hospital and all that we have at 'Dresden, either to Berlin or elsewhither, so as to join some Corps 'of my Troops.

'As a fit of illness' (*maladie*, alas!) 'has come on me,—which I 'do not think will have dangerous results,—I have for the present 'left the command of my Troops to Lieutenant-General von Finck; 'whose Orders you are to execute as if coming to you directly from 'myself. On this I pray God to have you in his holy and worthy 'keeping.—F.'[17]

At Berlin, on this 13th,—with the Five Couriers coming in successively (and *not* in the order of their despatch, but the fatal Fifth arriving some time *ahead* of the Fourth, who still spoke of progress and victory),—there was such a day as Sulzer (*ach mein lieber Sulzer!*) had never seen in the world. '"Above 50,000 human beings 'on the Palace Esplanade and streets about;" swaying hither and 'thither, in agony of expectation, in alternate paroxysm of joy and 'of terror and woe; often enough the opposite paroxysms simul- 'taneous in the different groups, and men crushed down in despair 'met by men leaping into the air for very gladness:' Sulzer (whose sympathy is of very æsthetic type) "would not, for any consideration, have missed such a scene."[18] The "scene" is much obliged to you, *mein Lieber!*—

Practically we find, in Rödenbeck, or straggling elsewhere, this Note: 'On the Day after Kunersdorf, Queen and Court fly to 'Magdeburg: this is their second flight. Their first was on Had- 'dick's Visit, October 1757; but after Rossbach they soon returned, 'and Berlin and the Court were then extremely gay: different gen- 'tlemen, French and others of every Nation, fallen prisoners, made

[17] Preuss, ii. *Urkundenbuch*, p. 43.

[18] *Briefe der Schweitzer Bodmer, Sulzer, Gessner; aus Gleim's literärischen Nachlasse: herausgegeben von Wilhelm Korte* (Zürich, 1804), pp. 316-319.

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'the Queen's soirees the finest in the world for splendour and va-'riety, at that time.'[19]

One other Note we save, for the sake of poor Major Kleist, "Poet of the Spring," as he was then called. A valiant, punctual Soldier, and with a turn for Literature as well; who wrote really pleasant fine things, new at that time and rapturously welcome, though too much in the sentimental vein for the times which have followed. Major Kleist,—there is a General Kleist, a Colonel Kleist of the Green Hussars (called *Grüne* Kleist, a terrible cutting fellow):—this is not Grüne Kleist; this is the Poet of *The Spring;* whose fate at Kunersdorf made a tragic impression in all intelligent circles of Teutschland. Here is Kriele's Note (abridged):

'Christian Ewald von Kleist, "Poet of the Spring"' (a Pommern gentleman, now in his forty-fourth year), 'was of Finck's Division; 'had come on, after those Eight Battalions took the first Russian 'battery' (that is, Mühlberg); 'and had been assisting, with zeal, at 'the taking of three other batteries, regardless of twelve contusions, 'which he gradually got. At the third battery, he was farther 'badly hurt on the left arm and the right. Took his Colonel's place 'nevertheless, whom he now saw fall; led the regiment *muthig* 'forward on the fourth battery. A case-shot smashed his right 'leg to pieces; he fell from his horse' (hour not given, shall we say 3 P.M.); 'sank, exclaiming: "*Kinder,* My children, don't forsake 'your King!" and fainted there. Was carried to rear and left-'ward; laid down on some dry spot in the Elsbruch, not far from 'the Kuhgrund, and a Surgeon brought. The Surgeon, while ex-'amining, was torn away by case-shot: Kleist lay bleeding without 'help. A friend of his, Pfau' (who told Kriele), 'one of Finck's Gene-'rals, came riding that way: Kleist called to him; asked how the 'Battle went; uncommonly glad to hear we are still progressive. 'Pfau undertook, and tried his utmost, for a carriage to Kleist; 'did send one of Finck's own carriages; but after such delays that 'the Prussians were now yielding: poor Kleist's had become Rus-'sian ground, and the carriage could not get in.

'Kleist lay helpless; no luck worse than his. In the evening, 'Cossacks came round him; stript him stark naked; threw him, 'face foremost, into the nearest swampy place, and went their way.

[19] Rödenbeck, i. 390; &c. &c.

'One of these devils had something so absurd and Teniers-like in 'the face of him, that Kleist, in his pains, could not help laughing 'at remembrance of it. In the night some Russian Hussars, human 'and not Cossack, found Kleist in this situation; took him to a dry 'place; put a cloak over him, kindled a watch-fire for themselves, 'and gave him water and bread. Towards morning they hastened 'away, throwing an 8 *groschen stück*' (nine-penny piece, shilling, say half-crown) 'on his cloak,—with human farewell. But Cossacks 'again came; again stript him naked and bare. Towards noon 'of the 13th, Kleist contrived to attract some Russian Cavalry 'troop passing that way, and got speech of the Captain (one Fackel-'berg, a German); who at once set about helping him;—and had 'him actually sent into Frankfurt, in a carriage, that evening. To 'the House of a Professor Nikolai; where was plenty of surgery 'and watchful affection. After near thirty hours of such a lair, 'his wounds seemed still curable; there was hope for ten days. 'In the tenth night (22d-23d August), the shivered pieces of bone 'disunited themselves; cut an artery,—which, after many trials, 'could not be tied. August 24th, at 2 in the morning, he died.— 'Great sorrow. August 26th, there was soldier's funeral; poor 'Kleist's coffin borne by twelve Russian grenadiers; very many 'Russian Officers attending, who had come from the Camp for that 'end; one Russian Staff-Officer of them unbuckling his own sword 'to lay on the bier, as there was want of one. King Friedrich had 'Kleist's Portrait hung in the Garnison Kirche. Freemason Lodge, 'in 1788, set up a monument to him,'[20]—which still stands on the Frankfurt pavement, and is now in sadly ruinous state.

The Prussian loss, in this Battle, was, besides all the cannon and field-equipages: 6,000 killed, 13,000 wounded (of which latter, 2,000 badly, who fell to the Russians as prisoners); in all, about 19,000 men. Nor was the Russian loss much lighter; of Russians and Austrians together, near 18,000, as Tempelhof counts: 'which will not 'surprise your Majesty,' reports Soltikof to his Czarina; 'who are aware that the King of Prussia sells his defeats

[20] Kriele, pp. 39-43.

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'at a dear rate.' And privately Soltikof was heard to say, "Let me fight but another such Victory, and I may go "to Petersburg with the news of it myself, with the staff "in my hand." The joy at Petersburg, striving not to be braggart or immodest, was solemn, steady and superlative: a great feat indeed for Russia, this Victory over such a King,—though a kind of grudge, that it was due to Loudon, dwelt, in spite of Loudon's politic silence on that point, unpleasantly in the background. The chase they had shamefully neglected. It is said, certain Russian Officers, who had charge of that business, stept into a peasant's cottage to consult on it; contrived somehow to find tolerable liquor there; and sat drinking instead.[21]

[21] Preuss, ii. 217.

CHAPTER V.

SAXONY WITHOUT DEFENCE: SCHMETTAU SURRENDERS DRESDEN.

FRIEDRICH'S despair did not last quite four days. On the fourth day,—day after leaving Reitwein,—there is this little Document, which still exists, of more comfortable tenor: "My dear Major-General von Wunsch,—Your "Letter of the 16th to Lieutenant-General von Finck "punctually arrived here: and for the future, as I am now "recovered from my illness, you have to address your "Reports directly to Myself.—F."[1] Finding that, except Tottleben, warily reconnoitering with a few Cossacks, no Russians showed themselves at Reitwein; that the Russians were encamping and entrenching on the Wine-Hills south of Frankfurt, not meaning anything immediate,—he took heart again; ranked his 23,000; sent for General Kleist from Pommern with his Anti-Swedish handful (leave the Swedes alone, as usual in time of crisis); considered that artilleries and furnishings could come to him from Berlin, which is but 50 miles; that there still lay possibility ahead, and that, though only a miracle could save him, he would try it to the very last.

A great relief, this of coming to oneself again! "Till death, then;—rage on, ye elements, and black savage-

[1] 'Madlitz,' on the road to Fürstenwalde, '17th August:' in Preuss, *Friedrich der Grosse; eine historische Portrait-Skizze* (kind of *Lecture*, so let us call it, if again citing it; Lecture delivered, on Friedrich's Birthday, to Majesty and Staff-Officers as Audience, Berlin, 24th January 1855), p. 18.

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ries!" Friedrich's humour is not despondent, now or afterwards; though, at this time, it is very sad, very angry, and, as it were, scorning even to hope: but he is, at all times, of beautifully practical turn; and has, in his very despair, a sobriety of eyesight, and a fixed steadiness of holding to his purpose, which are of rare quality. His utterances to D'Argens, about this time and onward,—brief hints, spontaneous, almost unconscious,—give curious testimony of his glooms and moody humours. Of which the reader shall see something. For the present, he is in deep indignation with his poor Troops, among other miseries. "Actual running away!" he will have it to be; and takes no account of thirst, hunger, heat, utter weariness and physical impossibility! This lasts for some weeks. But in general there is nothing of this injustice to those about him. In general, nothing even of gloom is manifested; on the contrary, cheerfulness, brisk hope, a strangely continual succession of hopes (mostly illusory); —though, within, there is traceable very great sorrow, weariness and misery. A fixed darkness, as of Erebus, is grown habitual to him; but is strictly shut up, little of it shown to others, or even, in a sense, to himself. He is as a traveller overtaken by the Night and its tempests and rain-deluges, but refusing to pause; who is wetted to the bone, and does not care farther for rain. A traveller grown familiar with the howling solitudes; aware that the Storm-winds do not pity, that Darkness is the dead Earth's Shadow:—a most lone soul of a man; but continually toiling forward, as if the brightest goal and haven were near and in view.

Once more the world was certain of Friedrich's ruin; —Friedrich himself we have seen certain of it, for some few desperate hours:—but the world and he, as had been

repeatedly the world's case, were both disappointed. Intrinsically there could be little doubt but Friedrich's enemies might now have ruined him, had they been diligent about it. Now again, and now more than ever, they have the winning-post in sight. At small distance is the goal and purpose of all these four-years battlings and marchings, and ten-years subterranean plottings and intriguings. He himself says deliberately, 'They had only 'to give him the finishing stroke (*coup-de-grâce*).'[2] But they never gave him that stroke; could not do it, though heartily desirous. Which was, and is, matter of surprise to an observant public.

The cause of failure may be considered to have been, in good part, Daun and his cunctations. Daun's zeal was unquestionable; ardent and continual is Daun's desire to succeed: but to try it at his own risk was beyond his power. He expected always to succeed by help of others: and to show them an example, and go vigorously to work himself, was what he never could resolve on. Could play only Fabius Cunctator, it would seem; and never was that part less wanted than now! Under such a Chief Figure, the "incoherency of action," instead of diminishing, as Friedrich had feared, rose daily towards its maximum; and latterly became extreme. The old Lernean Hydra had many heads; but they belonged all to one body. The many heads of this Anti-Friedrich Hydra had withal each its own body, and separate set of notions and advantages. Friedrich was at least a unity; his whole strength going one way, and at all moments, under his own sole command. The value of this circumstance is incalculable; this is the saving-clause of Pitt and his England (Pitt also a despotic sovereign, though a temporary one); this, second only to Friedrich's great gifts from Nature, and the

[2] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, v. 20.

noble use he makes of them, is above all others the circumstance that saved him in such a duel with the Hydras.

On the back of Kunersdorf, accordingly, there was not only no finishing stroke upon Friedrich, but, for two months, no stroke or serious attempt whatever in those neighbourhoods where Friedrich is. There are four Armies hereabouts: The Grand Russian, hanging by Frankfurt; Friedrich at Fürstenwalde (whitherward he marched from Reitwein, August 16th), at Fürstenwalde, or farther south, guarding Berlin;—then, unhurt yet by battle of any kind, there are the Grand Daunish or Mark-Lissa Army, and Prince Henri's of Schmöttseifen. "Of which latter Two the hitchings and manœuverings from time to time become vivid, and never altogether cease; but in no case come to anything. Above two-months scientific flourishing of weapons, strategic counter-dancing; but no stroke struck, or result achieved, except on Daun's part irreparable waste of time:—all readers would feel it inhuman to be burdened with any notice of such things. One march of Prince Henri's, which was of a famous and decisive character, we will attend to, when it comes, that is, were the end of September at hand; the rest must be imagined as a general strategic dance in those frontier parts,—Silesia to rearward on one side, the Lausitz and Frankfurt on the other,—and must go on, silently for most part, in the background of the reader's fancy. Indeed, Saxony is the scene of action; Friedrich, Henri, Soltikof, Daun, comparatively inactive, for the next six weeks and more.

Some days before Kunersdorf, Daun personally, with I will forget how many thousands, had made a move to northward from Mark-Lissa, 60 miles or so, through Sagan Country; and lies about Priebus, waiting there ever since. Priebus is some 40 miles north of Görlitz, about 60 west of Glogau, south of Frankfurt 80. This is where

the Master-Smith, having various irons in the fire, may be handiest for clutching them out, and forging at them, as they become successively hot. Daun, as Master-Smith, has at least three objects in view. The *first* is, as always, Reconquest of Silesia: this is obstructed by Prince Henri, who sits, watchful on the threshold, at Schmöttseifen yonder. The *second* is, as last year, Capture of Dresden: which is much the more feasible at present,—there being, except the Garrisons, no Prussian force whatever in Saxony; and a Reichs Army now actually there at last, after its long haggling about its Magazines; and above all, a Friedrich with his hands full elsewhere. To keep Friedrich's hands full,—in other words, to keep the Russians sticking to him,—that is the *third* object: or indeed we may call it the first, second and third; for Daun is well aware that unless Soltikof can manage to keep Friedrich busy, Silesia, Saxony and all else becomes impossible.

Ever since the fortunate junction of Loudon with Soltikof, Daun has sat, and still sits, expectant; elaborately calculative, gathering Magazines in different parts, planting out-parties, this way, that way, with an eye to these three objects, all or each,—especially to the third object, which he discerns to be all *and* each. Daun was elaborately calculative with these views: but to try any military action, upon Prince Henri for example, or bestir himself otherwise than in driving provender forward, and marching detachments hither and thither to the potentially fit and fittest posts, was not in Daun's way,—so much the worse for Daun, in his present course of enterprise.

Prince Henri had lain quiet at Schmöttseifen, waiting his Brother's adventure; did not hear the least tidings of him till six days after Kunersdorf, and then only by rumour; hideous, and though still dubious, too much of

it probable! On the very day of Kunersdorf, Henri had begun effecting some improvements on his right flank,—always a sharply strategic, most expert creature,—and made a great many motions, which would be unintelligible here.[3] Henri feels now that upon him lies a world of duties; and foremost of all, the instant duty of endeavouring to open communication with his Brother. Many marches, in consequence; much intricate marching and manœuvering between Daun and him: of which, when we come to Henri's great March (of 25th September), there may be again some hint.

For the present, let readers take their Map, and endeavour to fix the following dates and localities in their mind. Here, in summary, are the King's various Marches, and Two successive Encampments, two only, during those Six Weeks of forced inaction, while he is obliged to stand watching the Russians, and to witness so many complicacies and disasters in the distance; which he struggles much and fruitlessly to hinder or help:

'*Encampment First* (Fürstenwalde, August 18th-30th). Friedrich left Reitwein, *August 16th;* 17th, he is at Madlitz' (Note to Wunsch written there, which we read); '18th, to Fürstenwalde, and encamp. Fürstenwalde is on the Spree, straight between Frankfurt and Berlin; 25 miles from the former, 35 from the latter. Here for near a fortnight. At first, much in alarm about the Russians and Berlin; but gradually ascertaining that the Russians intend nothing.

'In effect, all this while Soltikof lay at Lossow, 10 miles south of Frankfurt, with his right on Oder; totally motionless, inactive, except listening, often rather gloomily, to Daun's and Montalembert's suasive eloquences and advices,—and once, August 22d, in the little Town of Guben, holding Conference with Daun' (of which by and by). 'In consequence of which, *August 28th*, Soltikof and

[3] Detailed, every fibre of them (as is the soul-confusing custom there), in Tempelhof, iii. 228 et seq.

'his Russians and Austrians got under way again; southward, but 'only a few marches: first to Müllrose, then to Lieberose:—whom, 'the instant he heard of their movements, Friedrich, August 30th, 'hastened to follow; but had not to follow very far. Whereupon 'ensues

'*Encampment Second.* (Waldau, till September 15th). *August* '30*th*, Friedrich, we say, rose from Fürstenwalde; hastened to fol- 'low this Russian movement, and keep within wind of it: up the 'valley of the Spree; first to Müllrose neighbourhood' (where the Russians, loitering some time, spoiled the canal locks of the Friedrich-Wilhelm Canal, if nothing more),—'thence to Lieberose neigh- 'bourhood; Waldau, the King's new place of encampment,—Waldau, 'with Spree Forest to rear of it: silent both parties till September '15th, when Soltikof did fairly march, not towards Berlin, but quite 'in the opposite direction.'

By the middle of September, when the Russians did get on foot, and moved eastward; especially on and after September 25th, when Henri made his famous March westward; then it will behove us to return to Friedrich and these localities. For the present, we must turn to Saxony, where, and not here, the scene of action is. Take, farther, only the following bits of Note, which will now be readable. First, these Utterances to D'Argens; direct glimpses into the heavy-laden, indeed hag-ridden and nearly desperate inner man of Friedrich, during the first three weeks after his defeat at Kunersdorf:

The King to Marquis D'Argens (at Berlin): Six Notes.

1°. '*Madlitz*' (road from Reitwein to Fürstenwalde), '16*th Au-* '*gust* 1759. We have been unfortunate, my dear Marquis; not 'by my fault. The victory was ours, and would even have been a 'complete one, when our infantry lost patience, and at the wrong 'moment abandoned the field of battle. The enemy today is on 'march to Müllrose, to unite with Haddick' (not to Müllrose for ten days yet; Haddick had already got united with *them*). 'The 'Russian infantry is almost totally destroyed. Of my own wrecks,

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'all that I have been able to assemble amounts to 32,000 men; 'with these I am pushing on to throw myself across the enemy's 'road, and either perish or save the Capital. That is not what you' (you Berliners) 'will call a deficiency of resolution.

'For the event I cannot answer. If I had more lives than one, 'I would sacrifice them all to my Country. But if this stroke fail, 'I think I am clear-scores with her, and that it will be permissible 'to look a little to myself. There are limits to everything. I sup- 'port my misfortune; courage not abated by it: but I am well 'resolved, after this stroke if it fail, to open an outgate for myself' (that small glass-tube which never quits me), 'and no longer be the 'sport of any chance.'

2°. *Fürstenwalde, 20th August.* *** 'Remain at Berlin, or re- 'tire to Potsdam; in a little while there will come some catastrophe; 'it is not fit that you suffer by it. If things take a good turn, you 'can be back to Berlin' (from Potsdam) 'in four hours. If ill-luck 'still pursue us, go to Hanover or to Zelle, where you can provide 'for your safety.

'I protest to you that, in this late Action, I did what was hu- 'manly possible to conquer; but my people'—Oh, your Majesty!

3°. *Fürstenwalde, 21st August.* * * 'The enemy is in- 'trenching himself near Frankfurt; a sign he intends no attempt. 'If you will do me the pleasure to come out hither, you can in all 'safety. Bring your bed with you; bring my Cook Noël; and I 'will have you a little chamber ready. You will be my consola- 'tion and my hope.'—

This day,—let readers mark the circumstance,—Friedrich, in better spirits, detaches Wunsch with some poor 6,000, to try if he can be of help in Saxony; where the Reichs Army, now arrived in force, and with nothing whatever in the field against them, is taking all the Northward Garrison-Towns, and otherwise proceeding at a high rate. Too possibly with an eye towards Dresden itself! Wunsch sets out, August 21st.[4] And we shall hear of him in those Saxon Countries before long.

4°. *Fürstenwalde, 22d August.* 'Yesterday I wrote to you to 'come; but today I forbid it. Daun is at Kotbus; he is march- 'ing on Lüben and Berlin' (nothing like so rash!).—'Fly these

[4] Tempelhof, iii. 211.

'unhappy Countries!—This news obliges me again to attack the 'Russians between here and Frankfurt. You may imagine if this 'is a desperate resolution. It is the sole hope that remains to 'me, of not being cut off from Berlin on the one side or the other. 'I will give the discouraged troops some brandy'—alas!—'but I 'promise myself nothing of success. My one consolation is that 'I shall die sword in hand.'

5°. *Same place and day* (after a Letter *from* D'Argens). 'You 'make the panegyric, *mon cher*, of an Army that does not deserve 'any. The soldiers had good limbs to run with, none to attack 'the enemy.' (Alas, your Majesty; after fifteen hours of such marching and fighting!)

'For certain I will fight; but don't flatter yourself about the 'event. A happy chance alone can help us. Go, in God's name, to 'Tangermünde' (since the Royal Family went, D'Argens and many Berliners are thinking of flight), 'to Tangermünde, where you will 'be well; and wait there how Destiny shall have disposed of us. I 'will go to reconnoitre the enemy tomorrow. Next day, if there is 'anything to do, we will try it. But if the enemy still holds to the 'Wine-Hills of Frankfurt, I shall never dare to attack him.

'No, the torment of Tantalus, the pains of Prometheus, the doom 'of Sisyphus, were nothing like what I suffer for the last ten days' (from Kunersdorf till now, when destruction has to be warded off again, and the force wanting). 'Death is sweet in comparison to 'such a life. Have compassion on me and it; and believe that I 'still keep to myself a great many evil things, not wishing to afflict 'or disquiet anybody with them; and that I would not counsel you 'to fly these unlucky Countries, if I had any ray of hope. Adieu, '*mon cher*.'

Four days after, *August 25th*, from this same Fürstenwalde, the Russians still continuing stagnant, Friedrich despatches, to Schmettau, Commandant of Dresden (by some industrious hand, for the roads are all blocked), a Second Letter, 'That Dresden is of the 'highest moment: that in case of Siege there, relief' (Wunsch, namely, and perhaps more that may follow) '*is* on the road; and 'that Schmettau must defend himself to the utmost.' Let us hope this Second Missive may counteract the too despondent First, which we read above, should that have produced discouragement in

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Schmettau![5]—D'Argens does run to Wolfenbüttel; stays there till September 9th. Nothing more from Friedrich till 4th September, when matters are well cooled again.

6°. *Waldau, 4th September.* 'I think Berlin is now in safety; 'you may return thither. The Barbarians' (Russians) 'are in the 'Lausitz; I keep by the side of them, between them and Berlin, so 'that there is nothing to fear for the Capital. The imminency of 'danger is past; but there will still be many bad moments to get 'through, before reaching the end of the Campaign. These, how-'ever, only regard myself; never mind these. My martyrdom will 'last two months yet; then the snows and the ices will end it.'[6]

Thus at Fürstenwalde, then at Waldau, keeping guard, forlorn but resolute, against the intrusive Russian-Austrian deluges, Friedrich stands painfully vigilant and expectant,—still for about a fortnight more. With bad news coming to him latterly, as we shall hear. He is in those old moorland Wusterhausen Countries, once so well known under far other circumstances. Thirty years ago, in fine afternoons, we used to gallop with poor Duhan de Jandun, after school-tasks done, towards Mittenwalde, Fürstenwalde and the furzy environs, far and wide; at home, our Sister and Mother waiting with many troubles and many loves, and Papa sleeping, Pan-like, under the shadow of his big tree:—Thirty years ago, ah me, gone like a dream is all that; and there is solitude and desolation and the Russian-Austrian death-deluges instead! These, I suppose, were Friedrich's occasional remembrances; silent always, in this locality and time. The Sorrows of *Werter*, of the *Giaour*, of the Dyspeptic Tailor in multifarious forms, are recorded in a copious heart-rending manner, and have had their meed of weeping from a sympathetic Public: but there are still a good

[5] Second Letter is given in *Schmettau's Leben*, pp. 436, 7.

[6] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xix. 78, 82, 83, 85, 86.

few Sorrows which lie wrapt in silence, and have never applied there for an idle tear!—Let us look now into Daun's side of things.

Daun, after Negotiation, has an Interview with Soltikof (at Guben, August 22d).—'Daun, who had moved to Priebus, with a 'view to be nearer Soltikof, had scarcely got his tent pitched there '(August 13th), when a breathless horseman rode in, with a Note 'from Loudon, dated the night before: "King of Prussia beaten, to "the very bone, beyond mistake this time,—utterly ruined, if one "may judge!" What a vision of the Promised Land! Delighted 'Daun moves forward, one march, to Triebel on the morrow; to be 'one march nearer the scene of glory, and endeavour to forge this 'biggest of the hot irons to advantage.

'At Triebel Soltikof's own account, elucidated by oral messen- 'gers, eye-witnesses, and, in short, complete conspectus of this ever- 'memorable Victory, await the delighted Daun. Who despatches 'messengers, one and another; Lacy, the first, not succeeding 'quite: To congratulate with enthusiasm the most illustrious of 'Generals; who has beaten King Friedrich as none else ever did 'or could; beaten to the edge of extinction;—especially to urge 'him upon trampling out this nearly extinct King, before he gleam 'up again. Soltikof understands the congratulations very well; but 'as to that of trampling out, snorts an indignant negative: "Nay, 'you, why don't you try it? Surely it is more your business than 'my Imperial Mistress's or mine. We have wrenched two victories 'from him this season. Kay and Kunersdorf have killed near the 'half of us: go you in, and wrench something!" This is Soltikof's 'logic; which no messenger of Daun's, Lacy or another, aided by 'never such melodies and suasions from Montalembert and Loudon, 'who are permanently diligent that way, can shake.

'And truly it is irrefragable. How can Daun, if himself merely 'speculative, calculative, hope that Soltikof will continue acting? 'Men who have come to help you in a heavy job of work, need 'example. If you wish me to weep, be grieved yourself first of all. 'Soltikof angrily wipes his countenance at this point, and insists on 'a few tears from Daun. Without metaphor, Soltikof has shot away 'all his present ammunition, his staff of bread is quite precarious

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'in these parts; and Soltikof thinks always, "Is it my business, 'then, or is it yours?"

'Soltikof has entrenched himself on the Wine-Hills at Lossow, 'comfortably out of Friedrich's way, and contiguous to Oder and 'the provision-routes; sits there, angrily deaf to the voice of the 'charmer; nothing to be charmed out of him, but gusts of indig-'nation, instead of consent. A proud, high-going, indignant kind 'of man, with a will of his own. And sees well enough what is 'what, in all this symphony of the Lacys, the Montalemberts, and 'surrounding adorers. Montalembert, who is here this season, our 'French best man (unprofitable Swedes must put up with an in-'ferior hand), is extremely persuasive, tries all the arts of French 'rhetoric, but effects nothing. "To let the Austrians come in for 'the finishing stroke,—Excellence, it will be to let them gain, in 'History, a glory which is of your earning. Daun and Austria, not 'Soltikof and Russia, will be said to have extinguished this pes-'tilent King; whom History will have to remember!"[7] "With all 'my heart," answers Soltikof; "I make the Austrians and His-'tory perfectly welcome! Monsieur, my ammunition is in Posen; 'my bread is fallen scarce; in Frankfurt can you find me one horse 'more?" Indignant Soltikof is not to be taken by chaff; growls 'now and then, if you stir him to the bottom: "Why should we, 'who are volunteer assistants, take all the burden of the work? I 'will fall back to Posen, and home to Poland and East Preussen, if 'this last much longer."

'Austria has a good deal disgusted these Soltikofs and Russian 'Chief Officers;—who are not so stupid as Austria supposes. Aus-'tria's steady wish is, "Let them do their function of cat's-paw for 'us; we are here to eat the chestnuts; not, if we can help it, to 'burn our own poor fingers for them!" After every Campaign hi-'therto, Austria has been in use to raise eager accusations at Peters-'burg; and get the Apraxins, Fermors into trouble: this is not the 'way to conciliate Russian General Officers. Austria, taught pro-'bably by Daun, now tries the other tack: heaps Soltikof with

[7] Choiseul's Letter (not *Duc* de Choiseul, but *Comte*, now Minister at Vienna) to Montalembert, 'Vienna, 16th August;' and Montalembert's Answer, 'Lieberhausen' (means *Lieberose*), '31st August 1759:' in Mont-alembert, *Correspondance*, ii. 58-65.

'eulogies, flatteries, magnificent presents. All which Soltikof ac-
'cepts, but with a full sense of what they mean. An unmanageable
'Soltikof; his answer always,—"Your turn now to fight a victory!
'I will go my ways to Posen again, if you don't." And, in these
'current weeks, in Soltikof's audience-room, if anybody were curious
'about it, we could present a very lively solicitation going on, with
'answers very gruff and negatory. No suasion of Montalembert,
'Lacy, and Daun Embassies, backed by diamond-hilted swords, and
'splendour of gifts from Vienna itself, able to prevail on the bar-
'barous people.

'Daun at length resolves to go in person; solicits an Interview
'with the distinguished Russian Conqueror; gets it, meets Soltikof
'at Guben, half-way house between Frankfurt and Triebel; select
'suite attending both Excellencies (August 22d); and exerts what-
'ever rhetoric is in him on the barbarous man. The barbarous man
'is stiff as brass; but Daun comes into all his conditions: "Saxony,
'Silesia,—Excellenz, we have them both within clutch; such our
'exquisite angling and manœuvering, in concert with your immortal
'victory, which truly gives the life-breath to everything. Oh, suffer
'us to clutch them: keep that King away from us; and see if they
'are not ours, Saxony first, Silesia next! Provisions of meal? I
'will myself undertake to furnish bread for you" (though I have to
cart it from Bohemia all the way, and am myself terribly off; but
fixed to do the impossible); "ration of bread shall fail no Russian
'man, while you escort us as protective friend. Towards Saxony
'first, where the Reichs Army is, and not a Prussian in the field;
'the very Garrisons mostly gone by this time. Dresden is to be
'besieged, within a week; Dresden itself is ours, if only *you* please!
'Come into the Lausitz with us, Magazines are there, loaves in
'abundance: Saxony done, Dresden ours, cannot we turn to Silesia
'together; besiege Glogau together (I am myself about trying
'Neisse, by Harsch again); capture Glogau as well as Neisse;
'and crown the successfullest campaign that ever was? Oh, Ex-
'cellenz —!"'—

In a word, Excellenz, strictly fixing that condition of the loaves, consents. Will get ready to leave those Frankfurt Wine-Hills in about a week. "But the loaves, you

recollect: no Bread, no Russian!" Daun returns to Triebel a victorious man,—though with an onerous condition incumbent. Tempelhof, minutely computing, finds that to cart from Bohemia such a cipher of human rations daily into these parts, will surpass all the vehiculatory power of Daun.[8]

The "Reichs Army" so-called has entered Saxony, under fine Omens; does some Feats of Sieging (August 7th-23d),—*with an Eye on Dresden as the crowning one.*

The Reichs Army, though it had been so tumbled about, in Spring, with such havoc on its magazines and preparations, could not wait to refit itself, except superficially; and showed face over the Mountains almost earlier than usual. The chance was so unique: a Saxony left to its mere Garrisons,—as it continued to be, for near two months this Year. On such golden opportunity the Reichs Army,—first, in light mischievous precursor parties, who roamed as far as Halle or even as Halberstadt; then the Army itself, well or ill appointed, under Generalissimo the Prince von Zweibrück,—did come on, winding through Thüringen towards the North-western Towns; various Austrian Auxiliary-Corps making appearance on the Dresden side. Eight Austrian regiments, as a permanency, are in the Reichs Army itself. Commander, or part Commander, of the eight is (what alone I find noteworthy in them) "Herr General Thomas von Blonquet:" Irish by nation, says a footnote;[9]—sure enough some adventurous "Thomas *Plunket*," visible this once, soldiering, in those circumstances; never heard of by a sympathetic

[8] Tempelhof, iii. 225.

[9] Seyfarth, ii. 831 n.

reader before or after. It was while the King was hunting the Haddick-Loudon people in Sagan Country in such vehement fashion, that Zweibrück came trumpeting into Saxony,—King, Prince Henri, and everybody, well occupied otherwise, far away!

The Reichs Army has a camp at Naumburg (Rossbach neighbourhood): and has light troops out in Halle neighbourhood; which have seized Halle; are very severe upon Halle, and other places thereabouts, till chased away. August 7th, the Reichs Army begirt Leipzig; summoned the weak garrison there. It is a Town capable of ruin, but not of defence: "Free-withdrawal," proposes the Reichs Army,—and upon these terms gets hold of Leipzig, for the time being. Leipzig, Torgau, Wittenberg; in a fortnight or less, all the Prussian posts in those parts fall to the Reichs Army. Its marchings and siegings, among those North-western places, not one of them capable of standing above a few days' siege, are worth no mention, except to Parish History: enough that, by little after the middle of August, Zweibrück had got all these places, "Free-withdrawal" the terms for all; and that, except it be the following feature in their Siege of Torgau, feature mainly Biographic, and belonging to a certain Colonel Wolfersdorf concerned, there is not one of those Sieges now worth a moment's attention from almost any mortal. This is the Torgau feature,—feature of human nature, soldiering under difficulties:

Colonel von Wolfersdorf beautifully defends himself in Torgau (August 9th-14th). Two days after Leipzig was had, there appeared at Torgau a Body of Pandours, 2,000 and more; who attempted some kind of scalade on Torgau and its small Garrison (of 700 or so),—where are a Magazine, a Hospital and other properties: not capable, by any garrison, of standing regular siege; but important to defend till you have proper terms offered. The

7th–23d Aug. 1759.
multitudinous Pandours, if I remember, made a rush into the Suburbs, in their usual vociferous way; but were met by the 700 silent Prussians,—silent except through their fire-arms and field-pieces,—in so eloquent a style as soon convinced the Pandour mind, and sent it travelling again. And in the evening of the same day (August 9th), Colonel Wolfersdorf arrives, as new Commandant, and with reinforcements, small though considerable in the circumstances.

Wolfersdorf, one dimly gathers, had marched from Wittenberg on this errand; the whole force in Torgau is now of about 3,000, still with only field-cannon, but with a Captain over them;—who, as is evident, sets himself in a very earnest manner to do his utmost in defence of the place. Next morning Reichs General Kleefeld ("Cloverfield"), with 6 or 8,000 Pandour and Regular, summons Wolfersdorf: "Surrender instantly; or —!" "We will expect you!" answers Wolfersdorf. Whereupon, same morning (August 10th), general storm; storm No. 1: beautifully handled by Wolfersdorf; who takes it in rear (to its astonishment), as well as in front; and sends it off in haste. On the morrow, Saturday, a second followed; and on Sunday a third; both likewise beautifully handled. This third storm, readers see, was "Sunday, August 12th:" a very busy stormful day at Torgau here,—and also, for some others of us, during the heats of Kunersdorf, over the horizon far away! Wolfersdorf tumbles back all storms; furthermore makes mischievous sallies: a destructive, skilled person; altogether prompt, fertile in expedients; and evidently is not to be managed by Kleefeld. So that Prince von Stolberg, Second to supreme Zweibrück himself, has to take it in hand. And,

Monday 13th, at break of day, Stolberg arrives with a train of battering guns, and 6,000 new people; summons Wolfersdorf: "No," as before. Storms him, a fourth time; likewise "No," as before: attacks, thereupon, his Elbe Bridge, and his Redoubt across the River; finds a Wolfersdorf party rush destructively into his rear there. And has to withdraw, and try battering from behind the Elbe Dam. Continues this, violently for about two hours; till again Wolfersdorf, whose poor fieldpieces, the only artillery he has, 'cannot reach so far with leaden balls' (the iron balls are done, and the powder itself is almost done), manages, by a flank attack, to quench this also. Which produces entire silence, and considerable private

reflexion, on the part of indignant Stolberg. Stolberg offers him the favourablest terms devisable: "Withdraw freely, with all your honours, all your properties; only withdraw!" Which Wolfersdorf, his powder and ball being in such a state of ebb, and no relief possible, agrees to; with stipulations very strict as to every particular.[10]

Colonel von Wolfersdorf withdraws, also beautifully (August 15th). Accordingly, Wednesday August 15th, at eight in the morning, Wolfersdorf by the Elbe Gate moves out; across Elbe Bridge, and the Redoubt which is on the farther shore yonder. Near this Redoubt, Stolberg and many of his General Officers are waiting to see him go. He goes in state; flags flying, music playing. Battalion Hessen-Cassel, followed by all our Packages, Hospital convalescents, King's Artillery, and whatever is the King's or ours, marches first. Next comes, as rearguard to all this, Battalion Grollmann;—along with which is Wolfersdorf himself, knowing Grollmann for a ticklish article (Saxons mainly); followed on the heel by Battalion Hofmann, and lastly by Battalion Salmuth, trusty Prussians both of these.

Battalion Hessen-Cassel and the Baggages are through the Redoubt, Prince of Stolberg handsomely saluting as saluted. But now, on Battalion Grollmann's coming up, Stolberg's Adjutant cries out with a loud voice of proclamation, many Officers repeating and enforcing: "Whoever is a brave Saxon, whoever is true to his Kai-" ser, or was of the Reichs Army, let him step out: Durchlaucht will " give him protection!" At sound of which Grollmann quivers as if struck by electricity; and instantly begins dissolving;—dissolves, in effect, nearly all, and is in the act of vanishing like a dream! Wolfersdorf is a prompt man; and needs to be so. Wolfersdorf, in Olympian rage, instantly stops short; draws pistol: "I will shoot dead every man that quits rank!" vociferates he; and does, with his pistol, make instant example of one; inviting every true Prussian to do the like: "Jägers, Hussars, a ducat for every traitor you shoot down!" continues Wolfersdorf (and punctually paid it afterwards): unable to prevent an almost total dissolution of Grollmann. For some minutes, there is a scene indescribable: storm of vociferation, menace, musket-shot, pistol-shot; Grollmann disappearing on every side,—'behind the Redoubt, under the Bridge, into Elbe Boats,

[10] In *Anonymous of Hamburg* (iii. 350) the Capitulation, 'August 14th,' given *in extenso*.

'under the cloaks of the Croats;'—in spite of Wolfersdorf's Olympian rages and efforts.

At sight of the shooting, Prince Stolberg, a hot man, had said indignantly, "Herr, that will be dangerous for you (*das wird nicht gut gehn*)!" Wolfersdorf not regarding him a whit; regarding only Grollmann, and his own hot business of coercing it at a ducat per head. Grollmann gone, and Battalion Hofmann in due sequence come up, Wolfersdorf,—who has sent an Adjutant, with order, "Hessen-Cassen, *halt*,"—gives Battalion Hofmann these three words of command: "Whole Battalion, halt!—Front!—Make ready!" (with due simultaneous click of every firelock, on utterance of that last); —and turning to Prince Stolberg, with a brow, with a tone of voice: "Durchlaucht, Article 9 of the Capitulation is express on "this point; '*All desertion strictly prohibited; no deserter to "be received either on the Imperial or on the Prussian side*'!" (Durchlaucht silently gives, we suppose, some faint sniff.) "Since "your Durchlaucht does not keep the Capitulation, neither will I "regard it farther. I will now take you and your Suite prisoners, "return into the Town, and again begin defending myself. Be so "good as ride directly into that Redoubt, or I will present, and "give fire!"

A dangerous moment for the Durchlaucht of Stolberg; Battalion Salmuth actually taking possession of the wall again; Hofmann here with its poised firelock on the cock, "ready" for that fourth word, as above indicated. A General Lusinsky of Stolberg's train, master of those Croats, and an Austrian of figure, remarks very seriously: "Every point of the Capitulation must be kept!" Upon which Durchlaucht has to renounce and repent; eagerly assists in recovering Grollmann, restores it (little the worse, little the *fewer*); will give Wolfersdorf "*command* of the Austrian Escort you are to have," and every satisfaction and assurance;—wishful only to get rid of Wolfersdorf. Who thereupon marches to Wittenberg, with colours flying again, and a name mentionable ever since.[11]

This Wolfersdorf was himself a Pirna Saxon; serving Polish Majesty, as Major, in that Pirna time; perhaps no

[11] Tempelhof, iii. 201-204; Seyfarth, ii. 562 n., and *Beylagen*, ii. 587; *Militair-Lexikon*, iv. 283.

admirer of "Feldmarschall Brühl" and Company?—at any rate, he took Prussian service, as then offered him; and this is his style of keeping it. A decidedly clever soldier, and comes out, henceforth, more and more as such,—unhappily not for long. Was taken at Maxen, he too, as will be seen. Rose, in after times, to be Lieutenant-General, and a man famous in the Prussian military circles; but given always, they say, to take the straight line (or shortest distance between self and object), in regard to military matters, to recruiting and the like, and thus getting himself into trouble with the Civil Officials.

Wolfersdorf, at Wittenberg or farther on, had a flattering word from the King; applauding his effective procedures at Torgau; and ordering him, should Wittenberg fall (as it did, August 23d), to join Wunsch, who is coming with a small Party to try and help in those destitute localities. Wunsch, the King had detached (21st August), as we heard already. Finck the King finds, farther, that he can detach (from Waldau Country, September 7th);[12] Russians being so languid, and Saxony fallen into such a perilous predicament.

'Few days after Kunersdorf,' says a Note, which should be inserted here, 'there had fallen out a small Naval matter, which 'will be consolatory to Friedrich, and go to the other side of the 'account, when he hears of it: Kunersdorf was Sunday, August '12th; this was Saturday and Sunday following. Besides their 'Grand Brest Fleet, With new flat bottoms, and world-famous land-'preparations going on at Vannes, for Invasion of proud Albion, all 'which are at present under Hawke's strict keeping, the French 'have, ever since Spring last, a fine subsidiary Fleet at Toulon, of 'very exultant hopes at one time; which now come to finis:

'*Sea-Fight* (*properly Sea-Hunt of* 200 *miles*), *in the Cadiz* '*Waters, August* 18*th*-19*th*. The fine Toulon Fleet, which ex-

[12] Tempelhof, iii. 211, 237.

'pected at one time, Pitt's ships being so scattered over the world, 'to be "mistress of the Mediterranean," has found itself, on the 'contrary (such were Pitt's resources and promptitudes); cooped in 'harbour all Summer; Boscawen watching it in the usual strict 'way. No egress possible; till, in the sultry weather (8th July— '4th August), Boscawen's need of fresh provisions, fresh water, and 'of making some repairs, took him to Gibraltar, and gave the Tou- 'lon Fleet a transient opportunity, which it made use of.

'August 17th, at 8 in the evening, Boscawen, at Gibraltar (some 'of his ships still in dishabille or under repair), was hastily apprised 'by one of his Frigates, That the Toulon Fleet had sailed; been seen 'visibly at Ceuta Point so many hours ago. "Meaning," as Boscawen 'guesses, "to be through the Straits this very night!" By power of 'despatch, the dishabille ships were rapidly buttoned together (in 'about two hours); and by 10 P.M. all were under sail. And soon 'were in hot chase; the game being now in view,—going at its 'utmost through the Straits, as anticipated. At 7 next morning '(*Saturday August 18th*) Boscawen got clutch of the Toulon Fleet; 'still well east of Cadiz, somewhere in the Trafalgar waters, I should 'guess. Here Boscawen fought and chased the Toulon Fleet, for 24 'hours coming; drove it finally ashore, at Lagos on the coast of 'Portugal, with five of its big ships burnt or taken, its crews and 'other ships flying by land and water, its poor Admiral mortally 'wounded; and the Toulon Fleet a ruined article. The wind had 'been capricious, here fresh, there calm; now favouring the hunters, 'now the hunted; both Fleets had dropped in two. De la Clue, 'the French Admiral, complained bitterly how his Captains lagged, 'or shore off and forsook him. Boscawen himself, who for his own 'share had gone at it eagle-like, was heard grumbling, about want 'of speed in some people; and said: "It is well; but it might 'have been better!"[13]

'De la Clue,—fallen long ago from all notions of "dominating 'the Mediterranean,"—had modestly intended to get through, on 'any terms, into the Ocean; might then, if possible, have joined 'the grand "Invasion Squadron," now lying at Brest, till Vannes 'and the furnishings are ready, or have tried to be troublesome in

[13] Beatson, ii. 313-9; ib. iii. 237, 8, De la Clue, the French Admiral's Despatch;—Boscawen's Despatch, &c., in *Gentleman's Magazine*, xxix. 434.

'the rear of Hawke, who is blockading all that. A modest out-'look in comparison;—and this is what it also has come to. As 'for the Grand Invasion Squadron, Admiral Conflans, commanding 'it, still holds up his head in Brest Harbour, and talks big. Makes 'little of Rodney's havoc on the Flatbottoms at Havre, "Will soon 'have Flatbottoms again; and you shall see!"—if only Hawke, and 'wind and weather and Fortune, will permit.'

Austrian Reichs Army does its crowning Feat (August 26th—September 4th): *Diary of what is called the "Siege" of Dresden.*

Since the first weeks of August there have been Austrian detachments, Wehla's Corps, Brentano's Corps, entering Saxony from the north-east or Daun-ward side, and posting themselves in the strong points looking towards Dresden; waiting there till the Reichs Army should capture its Leipzigs, Torgaus, Wittenbergs, and roll forward from north-west. To all which it is easy to fancy what an impetus was given by Kunersdorf and August 12th; the business, after that, going on double-quick, and pointing to immediate practical industry on Dresden. The Reichs Army hastens to settle its north-western Towns, puts due garrison in each, leaves a 10 or 12,000 movable for general protection, in those parts; and, August 23d, marches for Dresden. There are only some 15,000 left of it now; almost half the Reichs Army drunk up in that manner; were not Daun now speeding forth his Maguire with a fresh 12,000; who is to command the Wehlas and Brentanos as well. And, in effect, to be Austrian Chief, and as regards practical matters, Manager of this important Enterprise,—all-important to Daun just now. Schmettau in Dresden sees clearly what mischief is at hand.

To Daun this Siege of Dresden is the alpha to what-

ever omegas there may be: he and his Soltikof are to sit waiting this; and can attempt nothing but eating of provender, till this be achieved. As the Siege was really important, though not quite the alpha to all omegas, and has in it curious points and physiognomic traits, we will invite readers to some transient inspection of it,—the rather as there exist ample contemporary Narratives, *Diariums*, and authentic records to render that possible and easy.[14]

'Ever since the rumour of Kunersdorf,' says one Diarium, compiled out of many, 'in the last two weeks of August, Schmettau's 'need of vigilance and diligence has been on the increase, his out-'looks becoming grimmer and grimmer. He has a poorish Garrison 'for number (3,700 in all[15]), and not of the best quality; deserters 'a good few of them: willing enough for strokes; fighting fellows 'all, and of adventurous turn, but uncertain as to loyalty in a 'case of pinch. He has endless stores in the place; for one item, 'almost a million sterling of ready money. Poor Schmettau, if he 'knew it, has suddenly become the Leonidas of this Campaign, 'Dresden its Thermopylæ; and'—But readers can conceive the situation.

'*August 20th*, Schmettau quits the Neustadt, or northern part of 'Dresden, which lies beyond the River: unimportant that, and inde-'fensible with garrison not adequate; Schmettau will strengthen the 'River bank, blow up the Stone Bridge if necessary, and restrict 'himself to Dresden Proper. The Court is here; Schmettau does 'not hope that the Court can avert a Siege from him; but he fails 'not to try, in that way too, and may at least gain time.

'*August 25th*, He has a Mine put under the main arch of the 'Bridge: "mine ill-made, uncertain of effect," reports the Officer 'whom he sent to inspect it. But it was never tried, the mere ru-'mour of it kept off attacks on that side. Same day, August 25th,

[14] In *Tempelhof* (iii. 210-216-222), complete and careful Narrative; in *Anonymous of Hamburg* (iii. 371-377), express '*Day-book*' by some Eye-witness in Dresden.

[15] Schmettau's *Leben* (by his Son), p. 408.

'Schmettau receives that unfortunate Royal Missive[16] written in 'the dark days of Reitwein, morrow of Kunersdorf (14th or 13th 'August),' which we read above. 'That there is another Letter on 'the road for him, indicating "Relief shall be tried," is unknown to 'Schmettau, and fatally continues unknown. While Schmettau is 'reading this (August 25th), General Wunsch has been on the road 'four days: Wunsch and Wolfersdorf with about 8,000, at their 'quickest pace, and in a fine winged frame of mind withal, are 'speeding on: will cross Elbe at Meissen tomorrow night,—did 'Schmettau only know. People say he did, in the way of rumour, 'understand that Kunersdorf had not been the fatal thing it was 'thought; and that efforts would be made by a King like his. In 'his place, one might have, at least, shot out a spy or two? But 'he did not, then or afterwards.

'Already, ever since the arrival of Wehla and Brentano in those 'parts, he has been labouring under many uncertainties; too many 'for a Leonidas! Hanging between Yes and No, even about that of 'quitting the Neustadt, for example: carrying over portions of his 'goods, but never heartily the whole; unable to resolve; now lifting 'visibly the Bridge pavement, then again visibly restoring it;—and, 'I think, though the contrary is asserted, he had at last to leave in 'the Neustadt a great deal of stores, horse-provender and other, not 'needful to him at present, or impossible to carry, when dubiety got 'ended. He has put a mine under the Bridge; but knows it will 'not go off.

'Schmettau has been in many wars, but this is a case that tries 'his soldier qualities as none other has ever done. A case of end-'less intricacy,—if he be quite equal to it; which perhaps he was 'not altogether. Nobody ever doubted Schmettau's high qualities 'as a man and captain; but here are requisite the very highest, and 'these Schmettau has not. The result was very tragical; I suppose, 'a pain to Friedrich all his life after; and certainly to Schmettau 'all his. This is Saturday night 25th August: before Wednesday 'week (September 4th) there will have sad things arrived, irreme-'diable to Schmettau. Had Schmettau decided to defend himself, 'Dresden had not been taken. What a pity Schmettau had not 'been spared this Missive, calculated to produce mere doubt! Whe-

[16] Tempelhof, iii. 208; Schmettau's *Leben* (p. 421) has 'August 27th.'

'ther he could not, and should not, after a ten days of inquiry and 'new discernment, have been able to read the King's true meaning, 'as well as the King's momentary humour, in this fatal Document, 'there is no deciding. Sure enough, he did not read the King's 'true meaning in it, but only the King's momentary humour; did 'not frankly set about defending himself to the death,—or "seeing" 'in that way "whether he could not defend himself,"—with a good 'capitulation lying in the rear, after he had.

'*Sunday August 26th*, Trumpet at the gates. Messenger from 'Zweibrück is introduced blindfold; brings formal Summons to 'Schmettau. Summons duly truculent: "Resistance vain; the more 'you resist, the worse it will be,—and there is a worst" (that of 'being delivered to the Croats, and massacred every man), "of which 'why should I speak? Especially if in anything you fail of your 'duty to the Kur-Prinz" (Electoral Prince and Heir-Apparent, poor crookbacked young Gentleman, who has an excellent sprightly Wife, a friend of Friedrich's, and daughter of the late Kaiser Karl VII., whom we used so beautifully), "imagine what your fate will be!"— 'To which Schmettau answers: "Can Durchlaucht think us ignorant 'of the common rules of behaviour to Persons of that Rank? For 'the rest, Durchlaucht knows what our duties here are, and would 'despise us if we did *not* do them;"—and, in short, our answer again 'is, in polite forms, "Pooh, pooh; you may go your way!" Upon 'which the Messenger is blindfolded again; and Schmettau sets 'himself in hot earnest to clearing out his goods from the Neustadt; 'building with huge intertwisted cross-beams and stone and earth-'masses, a Battery at his own end of the Bridge, batteries on each 'side of it below and above;—locks the Gates; and is passionately 'busy all Sunday,—though divine service goes on as usual.

'Hardly were the Prussian guns got away, when Croat people in 'quantity came in, and began building a Battery at their end of 'the Bridge, the main defence-work being old Prussian meal-barrels, 'handily filled with earth. "If you fire one cannon-ball across on 'us," said Schmettau, "I will bombard the Neustadt into flame in 'few minutes" (I have only to aim at our Hay Magazine yonder): "be warned!" Nor did they once fire from that side; Electoral 'Highness withal and Royal Palace being quite contiguous behind 'the Prussian Bridge-Battery. Electoral Highness and Household

'are politely treated, make polite answer to everything; intend 'going down into the "*Apotheke*" (Kitchen suite), or vaulted part 'of the Palace, and will lodge there when the cannonade begins.

'This same *Sunday, August 26th,* Maguire arrived; and set 'instantly to building his bridge at Pillnitz, a little way above 'Dresden: at Uebigau, a little below Dresden, the Reichsfolk have 'another. Reichsfolk, Zweibrück in person, come all in on Wednes- 'day; post themselves there, to north and west of the City. What 'is more important, the siege-guns, a superb stock, are steadily 'floating, through the Pirna regions, hitherward; get to hand on 'Friday next, the fifth day hence.[17] Korbitz (half way out to Kessels- 'dorf) is Durchlaucht's headquarter:—Chief General is Durchlaucht, 'conspicuously he, at least in theory, and shall have all the glory; 'though Maguire, glancing on these cannon, were it nothing more, 'has probably a good deal to say. Maguire too, I observe, takes 'post on that north or Kesselsdorf side; contiguous for the Head 'General. Wehla and Brentano post themselves on the south or 'up-stream side; it is they that hand-in the siege-guns: batteries 'are already everywhere marked out, 13 cannon batteries and 5 'howitzer. In short, from the morrow of that truculent Summons, 'Monday morning to Thursday, there is hot stir of multifarious 'preparation on Schmettau's part; and continual pouring in of the 'hostile force, who are also preparing at the utmost. Thursday, 'the Siege, if it can be called a Siege, begins. Gradually, and as 'follows—

'*Thursday Morning* (August 30th), Schmettau, who is, night 'and day, "palisading the River," and much else,—discloses (that 'is, Break of Day discloses on his part) to the Dresden public a huge 'Gallows, black, huge, of impressive aspect; labelled "For Plun- 'derers, Mutineers and their Helpers."[18] The Austrian heavy guns 'are not yet in battery; but multitudes of loose Croat people go 'swarming about everywhere, and there is plentiful firing from such 'artilleries as they have. This same Thursday morning, two or 'three battalions of them rush into the Pirna Suburb; attack the 'Prussian Guard-parties there. Schmettau instantly despatches Cap- 'tain Kollas and a Trumpet:—"Durchlaucht, have the goodness to 'recal these Croat Parties; otherwise the Suburb goes into flame!

[17] Tempelhof, p. 210.. [18] *Anonymous of Hamburg*, iii. 373.

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'And directly on arrival of this Messenger, may it please Durch-'laucht. For we have computed the time; and will not wait beyond 'what is reasonable for his return!" Zweibrück is mere indignation 'and astonishment; "will burn Halle," burn Quedlinburg, Berlin 'itself, and utterly ruin the King of Prussia's Dominion in general: '—the rejoinder to which is, burning of Pirna Suburb, as predicted; 'seventy houses of it, this evening, at six o'clock.

'Onward from which time there is on both sides, especially on 'Schmettau's, diligent artillery practice; cannonade kept up wher-'ever Schmettau can see the enemy busy; enemy responding with 'what artillery he has:—not much damage done, I should think, 'though a great deal of noise; and for one day (Saturday September '1st), our Diarist notes, "Not safe to walk the streets this day." 'But, in effect, the Siege, as they call it,—which fell dead on the 'fifth day, and was never well alive,—consists mainly of menace and 'counter-menace, in the way of bargain-making and negotiation;—'and, so far as I can gather, that superb Park of Austrian Artillery, 'though built into batteries, and talked about in a bullying manner, 'was not fired from at all.

'Schmettau affects towards the enemy (and towards himself, I 'dare say) an air of iron firmness; but internally has no such feel-'ing,—"calls a Council of War," and the like. Council of War, on 'sight of that King's Missive, confirms him with one voice: "Surely, 'surely, Excellenz; no defence possible!" Which is a prophecy and 'a fulfilment, both in one. Why Schmettau did not shoot forth a 'spy or two, to ascertain for him What, or whether Nothing what-'ever, was passing outside Dresden? I never understand! Beyond 'his own Walls, the world is a vacancy and blank to Schmettau, 'and he seems content it should be so.

'*Sunday September 2d.* Though Schmettau's cannonade was 'very loud, and had been so all night, Divine Service was held as 'usual, streets safe again,—Austrians, I suppose, not firing with 'cannon. About 4 P.M., after a great deal of powder spent, General 'Maguire, stepping out on Elbe Bridge, blows or beats Appeal, three 'times; "wishes a moment's conversation with his Excellency." 'Granted at once; witnesses attending on both sides. "Defence is 'impossible; in the name of humanity, consider!" urges Maguire. "Defence to the last man of us is certain," answers Schmettau, from

'the teeth outwards;—but, in the end, engages to put on paper, in 'case he, by extremity of ill-luck, have at any time to accept terms, 'what his terms will inflexibly be. Upon which there is "Armistice 'till Tomorrow:" and Maguire, I doubt not, reports joyfully on this 'feeling of the enemy's pulse. Zweibrück and Maguire are very well 'aware of what is passing in these neighbourhoods (General Wunsch 'back at Wittenberg by forced marches; blew it open in an hour); 'and are growing highly anxious that Dresden on any terms were 'theirs.

'*Monday September 3d*, The death-day of the Siege; an un-'commonly busy day,—though Armistice lasted perfect till 3 P.M., 'and soon came back more perfect than ever. A Siege not killed 'by cannon, but by medical industry. Let us note with brevity the 'successive symptoms and appliances. About seven in the morning, 'Maguire had his Messenger in Dresden, "Your Excellency's Paper 'ready?" "Nearly ready," answers Schmettau; "we will send it 'by a Messenger of our own." And about eleven of the day, 'Maguire does get it;—the same Captain Kollas (whose name we 'recollect) handing it in; and statue-like waiting Answer. "Pshaw, 'this will never do," ejaculates Maguire; "terms irrationally high!" 'Captain Kollas "knows nothing of what is *in* the Paper; and is 'charged only to bring a Written Answer from Excellenz." Excel-'lenz, before writing, "will have to consult with Durchlaucht;" 'can, however, as if confidentially and from feelings of friendship, "can assure you, Sir, on my honour, That the Garrison will be "delivered to the Croats, and every man of it put to the sword." "The Garrison will expect that (*wird Das erwarten*)," said Kollas, 'statue-like; and withdrew, with the proper bow.[19] Something 'interesting to us in these Military diplomatic passages, with their 'square-elbowed fashions, and politeness stiff as iron!

'Not till three of the afternoon does the Written Answer reach 'Schmettau: "Such Terms never could be accepted."—"Good," 'answers Schmettau: "To our last breath no others will be offered." 'And commences cannonading again, not very violently, but with 'the order, "Go on, then, night and day!"

'About 10 at night, General Guasco, a truculent kind of man, 'whom I have met with up and down, but not admitted to memory,

[19] Tempelhof, iii. 211.

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'beats Appeal on the Bridge: "Inform the Commandant that there "will now straightway 13 batteries of cannon, and 5 ditto of howit-"zers open on him, unless he bethinks himself!" Which dreadful 'message is taken to Schmettau. "Wish the gentleman good even-'ing," orders Schmettau; "and say, we will answer with 100 guns." 'Upon which Guasco vanishes;—but returns in not many minutes, 'milder in tone; requests "a sight of that Written Paper of Terms 'again." "There it still is," answers Schmettau, "not altered, nor 'ever shall be." And there is Armistice again:—and the Siege, 'as turns out, has fired its last shot; and is painfully expiring in 'paroxysms of negotiation, which continue a good many hours. 'Schmettau strives to understand clearly that his terms (of the 'King's own suggesting, as Schmettau flatters himself) are accepted: 'nor does Durchlaucht take upon him to refuse in any point; but 'he is strangely slow to sign, still hoping to mend matters.

'Much hithering and thithering there was, till 4 next morning '(Durchlaucht has important news from Torgau, at that moment); 'till 11 next day; till 4 in the afternoon and later,—Guasco and 'others coming with message after message, hasty and conciliatory: "Durchlaucht at such a distance, his signature not yet come; but 'be patient; all is right, upon my honour!" Very great hurry evi-'dent on the part of Guasco and Company; but nothing suspected 'by Schmettau. Till, dusk or darkness threatening now to super-'vene, Maguire and Schmettau with respective suites have a Con-'ference on the Bridge,—"rain falling very heavy." Durchlaucht's 'signature, Maguire is astonished to say, has not yet come; but 'Maguire pledges his honour "that all shall be kept without chi-'cane;" and adds (what to some of us seemed not superfluous after-'wards), "I am incapable of acting falsely or with chicane." In 'fact, till 9 in the evening there was no signature by Durchlaucht; 'but about 6, on such pledge by Maguire of his hand and his 'honour, the Siege entirely gave up the ghost; and Dresden be-'longed to Austria. Tuesday Evening, 4th September 1759; Sun 'just setting, could anybody see him for the rain.

'Schmettau had been over-hasty; what need had Schmettau of 'haste? The terms had not yet got signature, perfection of settle-'ment on every point; nor were they at all well kept, when they 'did! Considerable flurry, temporary blindness, needless hurry, and

'neglect of symptoms and precautions, must be imputed to poor 'Schmettau; whose troubles began from this moment, and went on 'increasing. The Austrians are already besetting Elbe Bridge, root-'ing up the herringbone balks; and approaching our Blockhouse,— 'sooner than was expected. But that is nothing. On opening the 'Pirna Gate, to share it with the Austrians, Friedrich's Spy (sooner 'had not been possible to the man) was waiting; who handed 'Schmettau that Second Letter of Friedrich's, "Courage; there is 'relief on the road!" Poor Schmettau!'

What Captain Kollas and the Prussian Garrison thought of all this, *they* were perhaps shy of saying, and we at such distance are not informed,—except by one symptom: that of Colonel Hoffman, Schmettau's Second, whose indignation does become tragically evident. Hoffman, a rugged Prussian veteran, is indignant at the Capitulation itself; doubly and trebly indignant to find the Austrians on Elbe Bridge, busy raising our Balks and Battery: "How is this, Sir?" inquires he of Captain Sydow, who is on guard at the Prussian end; "How dared you make this change, without acquainting the Second in Command? Order out your men, and come along with me to clear the Bridge again!" Sydow hesitates, haggles; indignant Hoffman, growing loud as thunder, pulls out a pistol, fatal-looking to disobedient Sydow; who calls to his men, or whose men spring out uncalled; and shoot Hoffman down,—send two balls through him, so that he died at 8 that night. With noise enough, then and afterwards. Was drunk, said Schmettau's people. Friedrich answered, on report of it: "I think as Hoffman did. If "he was 'drunk,' it is pity the Governor and all the Gar-"rison had not been so, to have come to the same judg-"ment as he."[20] Friedrich's unbearable feelings, of grief

[20] P.S. in Autograph of Letter to Schmettau, 'Waldau, 11th September 1759' (Preuss, ii.: *Urkundenbuch*, p. 45).

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and indignation, in regard to all this Dresden matter,—which are not expressed except coldly in business form,—can be fancied by all readers. One of the most tragical bits of ill-luck that ever befel him. A very sore stroke, in his present condition; a signal loss and affront. And most of all, unbearable to think how narrowly it has missed being a signal triumph;—missed actually by a single hair's-breadth, which is as good as by a mile, or by a thousand miles!

Soon after 9 o'clock that evening, Durchlaucht in person came rolling through our battery and the herring-bone balks, to visit Electoral Highness,—which was not quite the legal time either. Durchlaucht had not been half an hour with Electoral Highness, when a breathless Courier came in: "General Wunsch within ten miles" (took Torgau in no-time, as Durchlaucht well knows, for a week past); "and will be here, before we sleep!" Durchlaucht plunged out, over the herringbone balks again (which many carpenters are busy lifting); and the Electoral Highnesses, in like manner, hurry off to Töplitz that same night, about an hour after. What a Tuesday Night! Poor Hoffman is dead at 8 o'clock; the Saxon Royalties, since 11, are galloping for Pirna, for Töplitz; Durchlaucht of Zweibrück we saw hurry off an hour before them,—Capitulation signature not yet dry, and terms of it beginning to be broken; and Wunsch reported to be within ten miles!

The Wunsch report is perfectly correct. Wunsch is at Grossenhayn, this evening; all in a fiery mood of swiftness, his people and he;—and indeed it is, by chance, one of Wolfersdorf's impetuosities that has sent the news so fast. Wunsch had been as swift with Torgau as he was with Wittenberg: he blew out the poor Reichs-Gar-

rison there, by instant storm, and packed it off to Leipzig, under charge of 'an Officer and Trumpet:'—he had, greatly against his will, to rest two days there for a few indispensable cannon from Magdeburg. Cannon once come, Wunsch, burning for deliverance of Dresden, had again started at his swiftest, 'Monday 3d September' (death-day of the Siege), 'very early.'

'He is under 8,000; but he is determined to do it;—and would 'have done it, think judges, half-thinks Zweibrück himself: such a 'fire in that Wunsch and his Corps as is very dangerous indeed. At '4 this morning, Zweibrück heard of his being on march: "num-'bers uncertain"—(numbers seemingly not the important point,—'blows any number of *us* about our business!)—and since that 'moment, Zweibrück has driven the capitulation at such a pace; 'though the flurried Schmettau suspected nothing.

'Afternoon of *Tuesday 4th*, Wunsch, approaching Grossenhayn, 'had detached Wolfersdorf with 100 light horse rightwards to 'Grödel, a boating Village on Elbe shore, To seek news of Dresden; 'also to see if boats are procurable for carrying our artillery up 'thither. At Grödel, Wolfersdorf finds no boats that will avail: 'but certain boat-people, new from Dresden, report that no capitula-'tion had been published when they left, but that it was understood 'to be going on. New spur to Wolfersdorf and Wunsch. Wolfers-'dorf hears farther in this Village, That there are some 30 Aus-'trian horse in Grossenhayn:—"Possible these may escape General 'Wunsch!" thinks Wolfersdorf; and decides to have them. Takes '30 men of his own; orders the other 70 to hold rightward, gather 'what intelligence is going, and follow more leisurely; and breaks 'off for the Grossenhayn-Dresden Highway, to intercept those fellows.

'Getting to the highway, Wolfersdorf does see the fellows; sees 'also, with what degree of horror I do not know, that there are at 'least 100 of them against his 30! Horror will do nothing for 'Wolfersdorf, nor are his other 70 now within reach. Putting a 'bold face on the matter, he commands, Stentor-like, as if it were 'all a fact: "Grenadiers, *march;* Dragoons, to right forwards, *wheel;* 'Hussars, *forward:* MARCH!"—and does terrifically dash forward 'with the 30 Hussars, or last item of the invoice; leaving the others

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'to follow. The Austrians draw bridle with amazement; fire off 'their carbines; take to their heels, and do not stop for more. 'Wolfersdorf captures 68 of them, for behoof of Grossenhayn; and 'sends the remaining 32 galloping home.[21] Who bring the above 'news to Durchlaucht of Zweibrück: "12,000 of them, may it 'please your Durchlaucht; such the accounts we had!"—Fancy poor 'Schmettau's feelings!

'On the morrow, Dresden was roused from its sleep by loud 'firing and battle, audible on the north side of the River: "before 'daybreak, and all day." It is Wunsch impetuously busy in the 'woody countries there. Durchlaucht had shot out Generals and 'Divisions, Brentano, Wehla, this General and then that, to inter- 'cept Wunsch: these the fiery Wunsch,—almost as if they had 'been combustible material coming to quench fire,—repels and 'dashes back, in a wonderful manner, General after General of 'them. And is lord of the field all day:—but cannot hear the least 'word from Dresden; which is a surprising circumstance.

'In the afternoon, Wunsch summons Maguire in the Neustadt: "Will answer you in two hours," said Maguire. Wunsch thereupon 'is for attacking their two Pontoon Elbe-Bridges; still resolute for 'Dresden,—and orders Wolfersdorf on one of them, the Uebigau 'Bridge, who finds the enemy lifting it at any rate, and makes 'them do it faster. But night is now sinking; from Schmettau 'not a word or sign. "Silence over there, all day; not a single "cannon to or from," say Wunsch and Wolfersdorf to one another. "Schmettau must have capitulated!" conclude they, and withdraw 'in the night-time, still thunderous if molested; bivouack at Gross- 'enhayn, after twenty-four hours of continual march and battle, not 'time even for a snatch of food.[22]

'Resting at Grossenhayn, express reaches Wunsch from his Com- 'mandant at Torgau: "Kleefeld is come on me from Leipzig with "14,000; I cannot long hold out, unless relieved." Wunsch takes 'the road again; two marches, each of twenty miles. Reaches Torgau 'late; takes post in the ruins of the North Suburb, finds he must 'fight Kleefeld. Refreshes his men "with a keg of wine per Com-

[21] Tempelhof, iii. 214.

[22] *Bericht von der Action des General-Majors von Wunsch, bey Reichenberg, den 5 September* 1759; in Seyfarth, *Beylagen*, ii. 606-608.

'pany," surely a judicious step; and sends to Wolfersdorf, who has 'the rearguard, "Be here with me tomorrow at 10." Wolfersdorf 'starts at 4, is here at 10: and Wunsch, having scanned Kleefeld 'and his Position' (a Position strong *if* you are dexterous to manœuvre in it; capable of being ruinous if you are not,—part of the Position of a bigger *Battle of Torgau*, which is coming),—'flies at 'Kleefeld and his 14,000, like a cat-o'-mountain; takes him on the 'left flank:—Kleefeld and such overplus of thousands are standing, 'a little to west-and-south of Torgau, with the *Entefang'* (a desolate big reedy mere, or *Place of Ducks*, still offering the idle Torgauer a melancholy sport there) 'as a protection to their right; but with 'no evolution-talent, or none in comparison to Wunsch's;—and ac-'cordingly are cut to pieces by Wunsch, and blown to the winds, as 'their fellows have all been.'[23]

Wunsch, absolute Fate forbidding, could not save Dresden: but he is here lord of the Northern regions again,—nothing but Leipzig now in the enemy's hand;—and can await Finck, who is on march with a stronger party to begin business here. It is reckoned, there are few more brilliant little bits of Soldiering than this of Wunsch's. All the more, as his men, for most part, were not Prussian, but miscellaneous Foreign spirits of uncertain fealty: roving fellows, of a fighting turn, attracted by Friedrich's fame, and under a Captain who had the art of keeping them in tune. Wunsch has been soldiering, in a diligent though dim miscellaneous way, these five-and-twenty years; fought in the old Turk Wars, under disastrous Seckendorf,—Wunsch a poor young Würtemberg ensign, visibly busy there (1737-1739), as was this same Schmettau, in the character of staff-officer, far enough apart from Wunsch, at that time!—fought afterwards, in the Bavarian service, in the Dutch, at Roucoux, at Lauffeld, again under disastrous people. Could never,

[23] *Hofbericht von der, am* 8 *September* 1759, *bey Torgau, vorgefallenen Action:* in Seyfarth, *Beylagen*, ii. 609, 610. Tempelhof, iii. 219-222.

under such, find anything but subaltern work, all this while; was glad to serve, under the eye of Friedrich, as Colonel of a Free Corps; which he has done with much diligence and growing distinction: till now, at the long last, his chance does come; and he shows himself as a real General. Possibly a high career lying ahead;—a man that may be very valuable to Friedrich, who has now so few such left? Fate had again decided otherwise for Wunsch; in what way will be seen before this Campaign ends: "an infernal Campaign," according to Friedrich, "*cette Campagne infernale.*"

Finck, whom Friedrich had just detached from Waldau (September 6th), with a new 8 or 6,000, to command in chief in those parts, and, along with Wunsch, put Dresden out of risk, as it were,—Finck does at least join Wunsch, as we shall mention in a little. And these Two, with such Wolfersdorfs and people under them, did prove capable of making front against Reichsfolk in great overplus of number. Nor are farther *sieges* of those Northern Garrisons, but recaptures of them, the news one hears from Saxony henceforth;—only that Dresden is fatally gone. Irrecoverably, as turned out, and in that unbearable manner. Here is the concluding scene:

Dresden, Saturday September 8th; Exit Schmettau. 'A thou-'sand times over, Schmettau must have asked himself, "Why was 'I in such a hurry? Without cause for it I, only Maguire having 'cause!"—The Capitulation had been ended in a huddle, without 'signature: an unwise Capitulation; and it was scandalously ill 'kept. Schmettau was not to have marched till Monday 10th,— 'six clear days for packing and preparing;—but, practically, he has 'to make three serve him; and to go half-packed, or not packed 'at all. Endless chicanes do arise, "upon my honour!"—not even 'the 800 wagons are ready for us; "Can't your baggages go in 'boats, then?" "No, nor shall!" answers Schmettau, with blazing 'eyes, and heart ready to burst; a Schmettau living all this while

'as in Purgatory, or worse. Such bullyings from truculent Guasco, 'who is now without muzzle. Capitulation, most imperfect in itself, 'is avowedly infringed: King's artillery,—which we had haggled 'for, and ended by "hoping for," to Maguire that rainy evening: 'why were we in such a hurry, too, and blind to Maguire's hurry! '—King's Artillery, according to Durchlaucht of Zweibrück, when 'he actually signed within the walls, is "*Nicht accordirt* (Not 'granted), except the Field part." King's regimental furnishings, 'all and sundry, were "*accordirt*, and without visitation,"—but on 'second thoughts, the Austrian Officials are of opinion there must 'really be visitation, must be inspection. "May not some of them 'belong to Polish Majesty?" In which sad process of inspection 'there was incredible waste, Schmettau protesting; and above half 'of the new uniforms were lost to us. Our 80 pontoons, which were 'expressly bargained for, are brazenly denied us: "20 of them are 'Saxon," cry the Austrians: "who knows if they are not almost 'all Saxon,"—upon my honour! At this rate, only wait a day or 'two, and fewer wagons than 800 will be needed! thinks Schmettau; 'and consents to 18 river Boats; Boats in part, then; and let us 'march at once. Accordingly,

'*Saturday 8th*, at 5 in the morning, Schmettau, with goods and 'people, does at last file out: across Elbe Bridge through the Neu-'stadt; Prussians five deep; a double rank of Austrians, ranged 'on each side, in "espalier" they call it,—espalier with gaps in it 'every here and there, to what purpose is soon evident. The march 'was so disposed (likewise for a purpose) that, all along, there were 'one or two Companies of Prussian Foot; and then in the interval, 'carriages, cannon, cavalry and hussars. Schmettau's carriage is 'with the rearguard, Madam Schmettau's well in the van:—in 'two other carriages are two Prussian War-and-Domain Ministers.[24] "Managers of Saxon Finance," these Two;—who will have to man-'age elsewhere than in Dresden henceforth. Zinnow, Borck, they sit 'veritably there, with their multiform Account Papers: of whom I 'know absolutely nothing,—except (if anybody cared) that Zinnow, 'who "died of apoplexy in June following," is probably of pursy red-'nosed type; and that Borck, for certain, has a very fine face and 'figure; delicacy, cheerful dignity, perfect gentlemanhood in short,

[24] *Anonymous of Hamburg*, iii. 376.

'written on every feature of him; as painted by Pesne, and engraved 'by Schmidt, for my accidental behoof.[25] Curious to think of that 'elaborate court-coat and flowing periwig, with this specific Borck, "old as the Devil" (whom I have had much trouble to identify), 'forming visible part of this dismal Procession: the bright eye of 'Borck not smiling as usual, but clouded, though impassive! But 'that of Borck or his Limners is not the point.

'The Prussians have been divided into small sections, with a 'mass of baggage-wagons and cavalry between every two. And no 'sooner is the mass got in movement, than there rises from the Aus- 'trian part, and continues all the way, loud invitation, "Whosoever "is a brave Saxon, a brave Austrian, Reichsman, come to us! Gaps "in the espalier, don't you see?" And Schmettau, in the rear, with 'baggage and cavalry intervening,—nobody can reach Schmettau. 'Here is a way of keeping your bargain! The Prussian Officers 'struggle stoutly; but are bellowed at, struck at, menaced by bayo- 'net and bullet,—none of them shot, I think, but a good several of 'them cut and wounded;—the Austrian Officers themselves in pas- 'sionate points behaving shamefully, "Yes, shoot them down, the '(were it nothing else) heretic dogs;" and being throughout evi- 'dently in a hot shivery frame of mind, forgetful of the laws. Sel- 'dom was such a Procession; spite, rage and lawless revenge blazing 'out more and more. On the whole, there deserted, through those 'gaps of the espalier, about half of the whole Garrison. On Madam 'Schmettau's hammercloth, there sat, in the Schmettau livery, a 'hard-featured man, recognisable by keen eyes as lately a Nailer, of 'the Nailer Guild here; who had been a spy for Schmettau, and 'brought many persons into trouble: him they tear down, and tram- 'ple hither and thither,—at last, into some Guardhouse near by.'[26]

Schmettau's Protest against all this is vehement, solemnly circumstantial: but, except in regard to the trampled Nailer (Zweibrück on that point, "heartily sorry for the insult to your Excellency's livery; and

[25] *Fredericus Wilhelmus Borck* (*Pesne pinxit*, 1732; *Schmidt, sculptor Regis, sculpsit, Berolini*, 1764): an excellent Print and Portrait.

[26] The Schmettau *Diarium* in *Anonymous of Hamburg*, iii. 364-376 (corrected chiefly from *Tempelhof*): Protest, and Correspondence in consequence, is in Seyfarth, *Beylagen*, ii. 611-621; in *Helden-Geschichte*, &c. &c.

here the man is, with a thousand apologies"), Schmettau got no redress. Nor had Friedrich any, now or henceforth. Friedrich did at once, more to testify his disgust than for any benefit, order Schmettau: "Halt at Wittenberg, not at Magdeburg as was pretended to be bargained. Dismiss your Escort of Austrians there; bid them home at once, and out of your sight." Schmettau himself he ordered to Berlin, to idle waiting. Never again employed Schmettau: for sixteen years that they lived together, never saw his face more.

Schmettau's ill-fortune was much pitied, as surely it deserved to be, by all men. About Friedrich's severity there was, and still occasionally is, controversy held. Into which we shall not enter for Yes or for No. "You are "like the rest of them!" writes Friedrich to him; "when "the moment comes for showing firmness, you fail in it."[27] Friedrich expects of others what all Soldiers profess,—and what is in fact the soul of all nobleness in their trade,—but what only Friedrich himself, and a select few, are in the habit of actually performing. Tried by the standard of common practice, Schmettau is clearly absolvable; a broken veteran, deserving almost tears. But that is not the standard which it will be safe for a King of men to go by. Friedrich, I should say, would be ordered by his Office, if Nature herself did not order him, to pitch his ideal very high; and to be rather Rhadamanthine in judging about it. Friedrich was never accused of overgenerosity to the unfortunate among his Captains.

After the War, Schmettau, his conduct still a theme of argument, was reduced to the Invalid List: age now sixty-seven, but health and heart still very fresh, as he pleaded; complaining that he could not live on his retiring Pension of 300*l.* a year. "Be thankful you have not

[27] 'Waldau, 10th September 1759:' in Preuss, ii., *Urkunden*, p. 44.

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"had your head struck off by sentence of Court-Martial," answered Friedrich. Schmettau, after some farther troubles from Court quarters, retired to Brandenburg, and there lived silent, poor but honourable, for his remaining fifteen years. Madam Schmettau came out very beautiful in those bad circumstances: cheery, thrifty, full of loyal patience; a constant sunshine to her poor man, whom she had preceded out of Dresden in the way we saw. Schmettau was very quiet, still studious of War matters;[28] 'sent the King' once,—in 1772, while Polish Prussia, and How it could be fortified, were the interesting subject,—'a *Journal*,' which he had elaborated for himself, '*of the Marches of Karl Twelfth in West-Preussen*;' which was well received: "Apparently the King not angry with me farther?" thought Schmettau. A completely retired old man; studious, social,—the best men of the Army still his friends and familiars:—nor, in his own mind, any mutiny against his Chief; this also has its beauty in a human life, my friend. So long as Madam Schmettau lived, it was well; after her death, not well, dark rather, and growing darker: and in about three years Schmettau followed (27th October 1775), whither that good soul had gone. The elder Brother,—who was a distinguished Academician, as well as Feldmarschall and Negotiator,—had died at Berlin, in Voltaire's time, 1751. Each of those Schmettaus had a Son, in the Prussian Army, who wrote Books, or each a short Book, still worth reading.[29] But we must return.

On the very morrow, September 5th, Daun heard of the glorious success at Dresden; had not expected it till

[28] See *Leben* (by his Son, 'Captain Schmettau;' a modest intelligent Book), pp. 440-47.

[29] *Bavarian War of* 1778, by the Feldmarschall's Son; and this *Leben* we have just been citing, by the Lieutenant-General's.

about the 10th at soonest. From Triebel, he sends the news at gallop to Lieberose and Soltikof: "Rejoice with us, Excellenz: did not I predict it? Silesia and Saxony both are ours; fruits chiefly of your noble successes. Oh, continue them a very little!" "Umph!" answers Soltikof, not with much enthusiasm: "Send us meal steadily; and gain you, Excellenz's self, some noble success!" Friedrich did not hear of it for almost a week later; not till Monday 10th,—as a certain small Anecdote would of itself indicate.

Sunday Evening, 9th September, General Finck, with his new 6,000, hastening on to join Wunsch for relief of Dresden, had got to Grossenhayn; and was putting up his tents, when the Outposts brought him in an Austrian Officer, who had come with a Trumpeter inquiring for the General. The Austrian Officer "is in quest of proper lodgings for General Schmettau and Garrison" (fancy Finck's sudden stare!);—"last night they lodged at Gross-Dobritz, tolerably to their mind: but the question for the Escort is, Where to lodge this night, if your Excellency could advise me?" "Herr, I will advise you to go back to Gross-Dobritz on the instant," answers Finck, grimly; "I shall be obliged to make you and your Trumpet prisoners, otherwise!" Exit Austrian Officer. That same evening, too, Captain Kollas, carrying Schmettau's sad news to the King, calls on Finck in passing; gives dismal details of the Capitulation and the Austrian way of keeping it; filling Finck's mind with sorrowful indignation.[30]

Finck,—let us add here, though in date it belongs a little elsewhere,—pushes on, not the less, to join Wunsch at Torgau; joins Wunsch, straightway recaptures Leipzig, garrison prisoners (September 13th); recaptures all those

[30] Tempelhof, iii. 237.

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north-western garrisons,—multitudinous Reichsfolk trying, once, to fight him, in an amazingly loud, but otherwise helpless way (*'Action of Korbitz,'* they call it); cannonading far and wide all day, and manœuvering about, here bitten in upon, there trying to bite, over-many leagues of Country; principally under Haddick's leading;[31] who saw good to draw off Dresden-ward next day, and leave Finck master in those regions. To Daun's sad astonishment,—in a moment of crisis,—as we shall hear farther on! So that Saxony is not yet conquered to Daun; Saxony, no, nor indeed will be:—but Dresden is. Friedrich never could recover Dresden; though he hoped, and at intervals tried hard, for a long while to come.

[31] *Hofbericht von der am* 21 *September bey Korbitz* (in Meissen Country, south of Elbe; Krögis too is a Village in this wide-spread 'Action') *vorgefallenen Action* (Seyfarth, *Beylagen*, ii. 621-630). Tempelhof, iii. 248, 258.

CHAPTER VI.

PRINCE HENRI MAKES A MARCH OF FIFTY HOURS; THE RUSSIANS CANNOT FIND LODGING IN SILESIA.

THE eyes of all had been bent on Dresden latterly; and there had occurred a great deal of detaching thitherward, and of marching there and thence, as we have partly seen. And the end is, Dresden, and to appearance Saxony along with it, is Daun's. Has not Daun good reason now to be proud of the cunctatory method? Never did his game stand better; and all has been gained at other people's expense. Daun has not played one trump card; it is those obliging Russians that have played all the trumps, and reduced the Enemy to nothing. Only continue that wise course;—and cart meal, with your whole strength, for the Russians!—

Safe behind the pools of Lieberose, Friedrich between them and Berlin, lie those dear Russians; extending, Daun and they, like an impassable military dike, with spurs of Outposts and cunningly-devised Detachments, far and wide,—from beyond Bober or utmost Crossen on the east, to Hoyerswerda in Elbe Country on the west;—dike of eighty miles long, and, in some eastern parts, of almost eighty broad; so elaborate is Daun's detaching quality, in cases of moment. "The King's broken Army on one side of us," calculates Daun; "Prince Henri's on the other; incommunicative they; reduced to isolation, powerless either or both of them against such odds. They shall

wait there, please Heaven, till Saxony be quite finished. Zweibrück, and our Detachments and Maguires, let them finish Saxony, while Soltikof keeps the King busy. Saxony finished, how will either Prince or King attempt to recover it! After which, Silesia for us;—and we shall then be near our Magazines withal, and this severe stress of carting will abate or cease." In fact, these seem sound calculations: Friedrich is 24,000; Henri, 38,000; the military dike is, of Austrians 75,000, of Russians and Austrians together 120,000. Daun may fairly calculate on succeeding beautifully, this Year: Saxony his altogether; and in Silesia some Glogau or strong Town taken, and Russians and Austrians wintering together in that Country.

If only Daun do not *too* much spare his trump cards! But there is such a thing as excess on that side too: and perhaps it is even the more ruinous kind,—and is certainly the more despised by good judges, though the multitude of bad may notice it less. Daun is unwearied in his vigilances, in his infinite cartings of provision for self and Soltikof,—long chains of Magazines, big and little, at Guben, at Görlitz, at Bautzen, Zittau, Friedland;—and does, aided by French Montalembert, all that man can to keep those dear stupid Russians in tune.

Daun's problem of carting provisions, and guarding his multifarious posts, and sources of meal and defence, is not without its difficulties. Especially with a Prince Henri opposite; who has a superlative manœuvering talent of his own, and an industry not inferior to Daun's in that way. Accordingly, ever since August 11th-13th, when Daun moved northward to Triebel, and Henri shot out detachments parallel to him, "to secure the Bober and our right flank, and try to regain communication with the

King,"—still more, ever since August 22d, when Daun undertook that onerous cartage of meal for Soltikof as well as self, the manœuvering and mutual fencing and parrying, between Henri and him, has been getting livelier and livelier. Fain would Daun secure his numerous Roads and Magazines; assiduously does Henri threaten him in these points, and try all means to regain communication with his Brother. Daun has Magazines and interests everywhere; Henri is everywhere diligent to act on them.

Daun in person, ever since Kunersdorf time, has been at Triebel; Henri moved to Sagan after him, but has left a lieutenant at Schmöttseifen, as Daun has at Mark-Lissa:—here are still new planets, and secondary ditto, with revolving moons. In short, it is two interpenetrating solar-systems, gyrating, osculating and colliding, over a space of several thousand square miles,—with an intricacy, with an embroiled abstruseness Ptolemean or more! Which indeed the soldier who would know his business,—(and not knowing it, is not he of all solecisms in this world the most flagrant?),—ought to study, out of Tempelhof and the Books; but which, except in its results, no other reader could endure. The result we will make a point of gathering: carefully riddled down, there are withal in the details five or six little passages which have some shadow of interest to us; these let us note, and carefully omit the rest:

Of Fouquet at Landshut. 'Fouquet was twice attacked at 'Landshut; but made a lucky figure both times. Attack first was 'by Deville; attack second by Harsch. Early in July, not long 'after Friedrich had left for Schmöttseifen, rash Deville (a rash 'creature, and then again a laggard, swift where he should be slow, 'and *vice versâ*) again made trial on Landshut and Fouquet; but 'was beautifully dealt with; taken in rear, in flank, or I forget how 'taken, but sent galloping through the Passes again, with a loss 'of many Prisoners, most of his furnitures, and all his presence of

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'mind: whom Daun thereupon summoned out of those parts, "Hi-'therward to Mark-Lissa with your Corps; leave Fouquet alone!"[1]

'After which, Fouquet, things being altogether quiet round him, 'was summoned, with most part of his force, to Schmöttseifen; left 'General Goltz (a man we have met before) to guard Landshut; 'and was in fair hopes of proving helpful to Prince Henri,—when 'Harsch' (Harsch by himself this time, not Harsch and Deville as usual) 'thought here was his opportunity; and came with a great 'apparatus, as if to swallow Landshut whole. So that Fouquet had 'to hurry off reinforcements thither; and at length to go him-'self, leaving Stutterheim in his stead at Schmöttseifen. Goltz, 'however, with his small handful, stood well to his work. And 'there fell out sharp fencings at Landshut:—especially one violent 'attack on our outposts; the Austrians quite triumphant; till "a 'couple of cannon open on them from the next Hill,"—till some 'violent Werner or other charge in upon them with Prussian Hus-'sars;—a desperate tussle, that special one of Werner's; not only 'sabres flashing furiously on both sides, but butts of pistols and 'blows on the face:[2] till, in short, Harsch finds he can make no-'thing of it, and has taken himself away, before Fouquet come.' This Goltz, here playing Anti-Harsch, is the Goltz who, with Winterfeld, Schmettau and others, was in that melancholy Zittau march, of the Prince of Prussia's, in 1757: it was Goltz by whom the King sent his finishing compliment, "You deserve, all of you, to be "tried by Court-Martial, and to lose your heads!" Goltz is mainly concerned with Fouquet and Silesia, in late times; and we shall hear of him once again. Fouquet did not return to Schmöttseifen; nor was molested again in Landshut this year, though he soon had to detach, for the King's use, part of his Landshut force, and had other Silesian business which fell to him.

Fortress of Peitz. 'The poor Fortress of Peitz was taken again;—'do readers remember it, "on the day of Zorndorf," last year? This 'year, a fortnight after Kunersdorf, the same old Half-pay Gentle-'man with his Five-and-forty Invalids have again been set adrift, "with the honours of war," poor old creatures; lest by possibility

[1] *Hofbericht von den Unternehmungen des Fouquetschen Corps, im Julius* 1759: in Seyfarth, *Beylagen*, ii. 582-586.

[2] Tempelhof, iii. 238: August 31st.

'they afflict the dear Russians and our meal-carts up yonder.[3] I will 'forget who took Peitz: perhaps Haddick, of whom we have lately 'heard so much? He was captor of Berlin in 1757, did the Inroad 'on Berlin that year,—and produced Rossbach shortly after. Peitz, 'if he did Peitz, was Haddick's last success in the world. Haddick 'has been most industrious, "guarding the Russian flank,"—standing 'between the King and it, during that Soltikof march to Müllrose, 'to Lieberose;—but that once done, and the King settled at Waldau, 'Haddick was ordered to Saxony, against Wunsch and Finck:—and 'readers know already what he made of these Two in the "Action 'at Korbitz, September 21st,"—and shall hear soon what befel Had-'dick himself in consequence.'

Colonel Hordt is captured. 'It was in that final marching of Sol-'tikof to Lieberose that a distinguished Ex-Swede, Colonel Hordt, of 'the Free Corps *Hordt*, was taken prisoner. At Trebatsch; hanging 'on Soltikof's right flank, on that occasion. It was not Haddick, 'it was a swarm of Cossacks who laid Hordt fast; his horse having 'gone to the girths in a bog.[4] Hordt, an Ex-Swede of distinction,— 'a Royalist Exile, on whose head the Swedes have set a price (had 'gone into "Brahe's Plot," years since, Plot on behalf of the poor 'Swedish King, which cost Brahe his life),—Hordt now might have 'fared ill, had not Friedrich been emphatic, "Touch a hair of him, 'retaliation follows on the instant!" He was carried to Peters-'burg; "lay twenty-six months and three days" in solitary durance 'there; and we may hear a word from him again.

Ziethen almost captured. 'Prince Henri, in the last days of 'August, marched to Sagan in person;[5] Ziethen along with him; 'multifariously manœuvering "to regain communication with the 'King." Of course, with no want of counter-manœuvering, of vigil-'ant outposts, cunningly devised detachments, and assiduous small 'measures, on the part of Daun. Who, one day, had determined on 'a more considerable thing; that of cutting-out Ziethen from the 'Sagan neighbourhood. And would have done it, they say,—had 'not he been too cunctatory. September 2d, Ziethen, who is posted

[3] Tempelhof, iii. 231: 27th August.

[4] *Mémoires du Comte de Hordt* (à Berlin, 1789), ii. 53-58 (not dated or intelligible there): in Tempelhof (iii. 235, 6) clear account, 'Trebatsch, September 4th.'

[5] Tempelhof, iii. 231: 29th August.

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'in the little town of Sorau, had very nearly been cut off. In 'Sorau, westward, Daun-ward, of Sagan a short day's march: there 'sat Ziethen, conscious of nothing particular,—with Daun secretly 'marching on him; Daun in person, from the west, and two others 'from the north and from the south, who are to be simultaneous on 'Sorau and the Ziethener. A well-laid scheme; likely to have 'finished Ziethen satisfactorily, who sat there aware of nothing. 'But it all miswent: Daun, on the road, noticed some trifling phe-'nomenon (Prussian party of horse, or the like), which convinced 'his cautious mind that all was found out; that probably a whole 'Prussian Army, instead of a Ziethen only, was waiting at Sorau; 'upon which Daun turned home again, sorry that he could not turn 'the other two as well. The other two were stronger than Ziethen, 'could they have come upon him by surprise; or have caught him 'before he got through a certain Pass, or bit of bad ground, with his 'baggage. But Ziethen, by some accident, or by his own patrols, 'got notice; loaded his baggage instantly; and was through the 'Pass, or half through it, and in a condition to give stroke for stroke 'with interest, when his enemies came up. Nothing could be done 'upon Ziethen; who marched on, he and all his properties, safe to 'Sagan that night,—owing to Daun's over-caution, and to Ziethen's 'own activity and luck.'[6]

All this was prior to the loss of Dresden. During the crisis of that, when everybody was bestirring himself, Prince Henri made extraordinary exertions: "Much depends on me; all on me!" sighed Henri. A cautious little man; but *not* incapable of risking, in the crisis of a game for life and death. Friedrich and he are wedged asunder by that dike of Russians and Austrians, which goes from Bober river eastward, post after post, to Hoyerswerda westward, eighty miles along the Lausitz-Brandenburg Frontier, rooting itself through the Lausitz into Bohemia, and the sources of its meal. Friedrich and he cannot communicate except by spies ('the first *Jäger*,' or regular express 'from the King, arrived September 13th'[7]):

[6] Tempelhof, iii. 233. [7] Ibid. iii. 207.

but both are of one mind; both are on one problem, "What is to be done with that impassable dike?"—and coöperate sympathetically without communicating. What follows bears date *after* the loss of Dresden, but while Henri still knew only of the siege,—that *Jäger* of the 13th first brought him news of the loss.

'A day or two after Ziethen's adventure, Henri quits Sagan, to 'move southward for a stroke at the Bohemian-Lausitz magazines; 'a stroke, and series of strokes. *September 8th*, Ziethen and (in 'Fouquet's absence at Landshut) Stutterheim are pushed forward 'into the Zittau Country; first of all upon Friedland,—the Zittau 'Friedland, for there are Friedlands many! *September 9th*, Stut-'terheim summons Friedland, gets it; gets the bit of magazine 'there; and next day, hastens on to Zittau. Is refused surrender 'of Zittau; learns, however, that the magazine has been mostly set 'on wheels again, and is a stage forward on the road to Bohemia; 'whitherward Stutterheim, quitting Zittau as too tedious, hastens 'after it, and next day catches it, or the *un*burnt remains of 'it. A successful Stutterheim. Nor is Ziethen idle in the mean 'while; Ziethen and others; whom no Deville or Austrian Party 'thinks itself strong enough to meddle with, Prince Henri being 'so near.

'Here is a pretty tempest in the heart of our Bohemian meal-'conduit! Continue that, and what becomes of Soltikof and me? 'Daun is off from Triebel Country to this dangerous scene; indig-'nantly cashiers Deville, "Why did not you attack these Ziethen "people? Had not you 10,000, Sir?" Cashiers poor Deville for 'not attacking;—does not himself attack: but carts away the 'important Görlitz magazine, to Bautzen, which is the still more 'important one; sits down on the lid of that (according to wont); 'shoots out O'Donnell (an Irish gentleman, Deville's successor), and 'takes every precaution. Prince Henri, in presence of O'Donnell, 'coalesces again; walks into Görlitz; encamps there, on the Lands-'kron and other Heights (Moys Hill one of them, poor Winter-'feld's Hill!),—and watches a little how matters will turn, and 'whether Daun, severely vigilant from Bautzen, seated on the lid 'of his magazine, will not perhaps rise.'

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First and last, Daun in this business has tried several things; but there was pretty much always, and emphatically there now is, only one thing that could be effectual: To attack Prince Henri, and abolish him from those countries;—as surely might have been possible, with twice his strength at your disposal?—This, though sometimes he seemed to be thinking of such a thing, Daun never would try: for which the subsequent *Facts*, and all good judges, were and are inexorably severe on Daun. Certain it is, no rashness could have better spilt Daun's game than did this extreme caution.

Daun, Soltikof and Company again have a Colloquy (Bautzen, September 15th); *after which Everybody starts on his special Course of Action.*

Soltikof's disgust at this new movement of Daun's was great and indignant. "Instead of going at the King, and getting some victory for himself, he has gone to Bautzen, and sat down on his meal-bags! Meal? Is it to be a mere fighting for meal? I will march tomorrow for Poland, for Preussen, and find plenty of meal!" And would have gone, they say, had not Mercury, in the shape of Montalembert with his most zealous rhetoric, intervened; and prevailed with difficulty. "One hour of personal interview with Excellency Daun," urges Montalembert; "one more!" "No," answers Soltikof.—"Alas, then, send your messenger!" To which last expedient Soltikof does assent, and despatches Romanzof on the errand.

September 15th, at Bautzen, at an early hour, there is meeting accordingly; not Romanzof, Soltikof's messenger, alone, but Zweibrück in person, Daun in person; and most earnest counsel is held. "A noble Russian gentleman sees how my hands are bound," pleads Daun.

"Will not Excellency Soltikof, who disdains idleness, go himself upon Silesia, upon Glogau for instance, and grant me a few days?" "No," answers Romanzof; "Excellency Soltikof by himself will not. Let Austria furnish Siege-Artillery; daily meal I need not speak of; 10,000 fresh Auxiliaries beyond those we have: on these terms Excellency Soltikof will perhaps try it; on lower terms, positively not." "Well then, yes!" answers Daun, not without qualms of mind. Daun has a horror at weakening himself to that extent; but what can he do? "General Campitelli, with the 10,000, let him march this night, then; join with General Loudon where you please to order: Excellency Soltikof shall see that in every point I conform."[8]—An important meeting to us, this at Bautzen; and breaks up the dead-lock into three or more divergent courses of activity; which it will now behove us to follow, with the best brevity attainable. 'Bautzen, Saturday 15th September, early in the morning,' that is the date of the important Colloquy. And precisely eight-and-forty hours before, 'on Thursday 13th, about 10 A.M.,' in the western Environs of Quebec, there has fallen out an Event, quite otherwise important in the History of Mankind! Of which readers shall have some notice, at a time more convenient.—

Romanzof returning with such answer, Soltikof straightway gathers himself, September 15th-16th, and gets on march. To Friedrich's joy; who hopes it may be homeward; waits two days at Waldau, for the Yes or No. On the second day, alas, it is No: "Going for Silesia, I perceive; thither, by a wide sweep northward, which they think will be safer!" Upon which Friedrich also rises; follows, with another kind of speed than Soltikof's; and, by one of his swift clutchings, lays hold of Sagan, which

[8] Tempelhof, iii. 247-249.

he, if Soltikof has not, sees to be a key-point in this operation. Easy for Soltikof to have seized this key-point, key of the real road to Glogau; easy for Loudon and the new 10,000 to have rendezvoused there: but nobody has thought of doing it. A few Croats were in the place, who could make no debate.

From Sagan Friedrich and Henri are at length in free communication; Sagan to the Landskron at Görlitz is some fifty miles of country, now fallen vacant. From Henri, from Fouquet (the dangers of Landshut being over), Friedrich is getting what reinforcement they can spare (September 20th-24th); will then push forward again, industriously sticking to the flanks of Soltikof, thrusting out stumbling-blocks, making his march very uncomfortable.

Strange to say, from Sagan, while waiting two days for these reinforcements, there starts suddenly to view, suddenly for Friedrich and us, an incipient Negotiation about Peace! Actual Proposal that way (or as good as actual, so Voltaire thinks it), on the part of Choiseul and France; but as yet in Voltaire's name only, by a sure though a backstairs channel, of his discovering. Of which, and of the much farther corresponding that did actually follow on it, we purpose to say something elsewhere, at a better time. Meanwhile Voltaire's announcement of it to the King has just come in, through a fair and high Hand: how Friedrich receives it, what Friedrich's inner feeling is, and has been for a fortnight past—Here are some private utterances of his, throwing a straggle of light on those points:

Four Letters of Friedrich's (10th-24th September).

No. 1. '*To Prince Ferdinand* (at Berlin).' Poor little Ferdinand, the King's Brother, fallen into bad health, has retired from the Wars, and gone to Berlin; much an object of anxiety to the King, who diligently corresponds with the dear little man,—giving earnest medical advices, and getting Berlin news in return.

'Waldau, 10th September 1759.

"Since my last Letter, Dresden has capitulated,—the very day "while Wunsch was beating Maguire at The Barns" (north side of Dresden, September 5th, day *after* the capitulation). "Wunsch went "back to Torgau, which St. André, with 14,000 Reichs-people under "him, was for retaking; him too Wunsch beat, took all his tents, "kettles, haversacks and utensils, 300 prisoners, six cannon, and "some standards. Finck is uniting with Wunsch; they will march "on the Prince of Zweibrück, and retake Dresden" (hopes always, for a year and more, to have Dresden back very soon). "I trust "before long to get all these people gathered round Dresden, and "our own Country rid of them: that, I take it, will be the end of "the Campaign.

"Many compliments to the Prince of Würtemberg" (wounded at Kunersdorf), "and to all our wounded Generals: I hope Seidlitz is "now out of danger: that bleeding fit (*ébullition de sang*) will cure "him of the cramp in his jaw, and of his colics; and as he is in bed, "he won't take cold. I hope the viper-broth will do you infinite "good; be assiduous in patching your constitution, while there is "yet some fine weather left: I dread the winter for you; take a "great deal of care against cold. I have still a couple of cruel "months ahead of me before ending this Campaign. Within that "time, there will be, God knows what upshot."[9]—This is 'September 10th:' the day of Captain Kollas's arrival with his bad Dresden news; Daun and Soltikof profoundly quiet for three days more.

No. 2. '*To the Duchess of Sachsen-Gotha*' (at Gotha). Voltaire has enclosed his Peace-Proposal to that Serene Lady, always a friend of Friedrich's and his; to whom Friedrich, directly on receipt of it, makes answer:

"Sagan, 22d September 1759.

"Madame,—I receive on all occasions proofs of your goodness, "to which I am as sensible as a chivalrous man can be. Certainly it "is not through your hands, Madame, that my Correspondence with "V." (with Voltaire, if one durst write it in full) "ought to be made "to pass! Nevertheless, in present circumstances, I will presume to "beg that you would forward to him the Answer here enclosed, on

[9] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxvi. 544.

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" which I put no Address. The difficulty of transmitting Letters has " made me choose my Brother," Ferdinand, at Berlin, " to have this " conveyed to your hand.

" If I gave bridle to my feelings, now would be the moment for " developing them; but in these critical times, I judge it better not; " and will restrict myself to simple assurances of—" F.

No. 3. '*To Voltaire*, at the Délices' (so her Serene Highness will address it). Here is part of the Enclosure to "V." Friedrich is all for Peace; but keeps on his guard with such an Ambassador, and writes in a proud, light, only half-believing style:

' Sagan, 22d September 1759.

' The Duchess of Sachsen-Gotha sends me your Letter. I never ' received your "packet of the 29th:" communications all inter- ' rupted here; "with much trouble I get this passed on to you, if " it is happy enough to pass.

" My position is not so desperate as my enemies give out. I ex- " pect to finish my Campaign tolerably; my courage is not sunk:— " it appears, however, there is talk of Peace. All I can say of posi- " tive on this article is, That I have honour for ten; and that, what- " ever misfortune befal me, I feel myself incapable of doing anything " to wound, the least in the world, this principle,—which is so sen- " sitive and delicate for one who thinks like a gentleman (*pense en " preux chevalier*); and so little regarded by rascally politicians, " who think like tradesmen.

"I know nothing of what you have been telling me about" (your backstairs channels, your Duc de Choiseul and his humours): "but " for making Peace there are two conditions which I never will depart " from: 1°. To make it conjointly with my faithful Allies" (Hessen and England; I have no other); "2°. to make it honourable and " glorious. Observe you, I have still honour remaining; I will pre- " serve that, at the price of my blood.

" If your people want Peace, let them propose nothing to me " which contradicts the delicacy of my sentiments. I am in the " convulsions of military operations; I do as the gamblers who are " in ill-luck, and obstinately set themselves against Fortune. I have " forced her to return to me, more than once, like a fickle mistress, " when she had run away. My opponents are such foolish people,

"in the end I bid fair to catch some advantage over them: but, "happen whatsoever his Sacred Majesty Chance may please, I don't "disturb myself about it. Up to this point, I have a clear con- "science in regard to the misfortunes that have come to me. As "to you, the Battle of Minden, that of Cadiz" (Boscawen *versus* De la Clue; Toulon Fleet running out, and caught by the English, as we saw), these things perhaps, "and the loss of Canada, are argu- "ments capable of restoring reason to the French, who had got con- "fused by the Austrian hellebore.

"This is my way of thinking. You do not find me made of rose- "water: but Henri Quatre, Louis Quatorze,—my present enemies "even, whom I could cite" (Maria Theresa, twenty years ago, when your Belleisle set out to cut her in Four),—"were of no softer tem- "per either. Had I been born a private man, I would yield every- "thing for the love of Peace; but one has to take the tone of one's "position. This is all I can tell you at present. In three or four "weeks the ways of correspondence will be freer.—F."[10]

No. 4. '*To Prince Ferdinand.*' Two days later: has got on foot again,—end of his first march upon Soltikof again:

'Baunau, 24th September 1789.

"Thank you for the news you send of the wounded Officers," Würtemberg, Seidlitz and the others. "You may well suppose that "in the pass things are at, I am not without cares, inquietudes, "anxieties; it is the frightfullest crisis I have had in my life. This "is the moment for dying unless one conquer. Daun and my "Brother Henri are marching side by side" (not exactly!). "It is "possible enough all these Armies may assemble hereabouts, and "that a general Battle may decide our fortune and the Peace. "Take care of your health, dear Brother.—F."[11]

Baunau is on Silesian ground, as indeed Sagan itself is; at Baunau, Friedrich already, just on arriving, has done a fine move on Soltikof, and surprisingly flung the toll-gate in Soltikof's face. As we shall see by and by;—and likewise that Prince Henri, who emerges tomorrow morning (September 25th), has not been "march- ing side by side with Daun," but at a pretty distance from that gentleman!—

[10] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxiii. 60, 61. [11] Ibid. xxvi. 545.

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Soltikof is a man of his word; otherwise one suspects he already saw his Siege of Glogau to be impossible. Russians are not very skilful at the War-minuet: fancy what it will be dancing to such a partner! Friedrich, finding they are for Glogau, whisks across the Oder, gets there before them: "No Glogau for you!" They stand agape for some time; then think, "Well then, Breslau!" Friedrich again whisks across from them, farther up, and is again ahead of them when they cross: "No Breslau either!" In effect it is hopeless; and we may leave the two manœuvering in those waste parts, astride of Oder, or on the eastern bank of it, till a fitter opportunity; and attend to Henri, who is now the article in risk.

Zweibrück's report of himself, on that day of the general Colloquy, was not in the way of complaint, like that of the Russians, though there did remain difficulties. "Dresden gloriously ours; Maguire Governor there, and everything secure; upon my honour. But in the north-west part, those Fincks and Wunsches, Excellenz?"—And the actual truth is, Wunsch has taken Leipzig, day before yesterday (September 13th), as Daun sorrowfully knows, by news come in overnight. And six days hence (September 21st), Finck and Wunsch together will do their '*Action of Korbitz*,' and be sending Haddick a bad road! These things Zweibrück knows only in part; but past experience gives him ominous presentiment, as it may well do; and he thinks decidedly: "Excellenz, more Austrian troops are indispensable there; in fact, your Excellenz's self, were that possible; which one feels it is not, in the presence of these Russians!"

Russians and Reichsfolk, these are a pair of thumb-screws on both thumbs of Daun; screwing the cunctation

out of him; painfully intimating: "Get rid of this Prince Henri; you must, you must!" And, in the course of the next eight days, Daun has actually girt himself to this great enterprise. Goaded on, I could guess, by the 'Action of Korbitz' (done on Friday, thirty hours ago); the news of which, and that Haddick, instead of extinguishing Finck, is retreating from him upon Dresden,—what a piece of news! thinks Daun: "You Zweibrück, Haddick, Maguire and Company, you are 36,000 in Saxony; Finck has not 12,000 in the field: How is this?"—and indignantly dismisses Haddick: "Go, Sir, and attend to your health!"[12] News poignantly astonishing to Daun, as would seem;—like an oxgoad in the lazy rear of Daun. Certain it is, Daun had marched out to Görlitz in collected form; and, on Saturday afternoon, *September 22d*, is personally on the Heights (not Moys Hill, I should judge, but other points of vision), taking earnest survey of Prince Henri's position on the Landskron there. "Tomorrow morning we attack that Camp," thinks Daun; "storm Prince Henri and it: be rid of him, at any price!"[13]

"Tomorrow morning," yes:—but this afternoon, and earlier, Prince Henri has formed a great resolution, his plans all laid, everything in readiness; and it is not here you will find Prince Henri tomorrow. This is his famous March of Fifty Hours, this that we are now come to; which deserves all our attention,—and all Daun's much more! Prince Henri was habitually a man cautious in War; not aggressive, like his Brother, but defensive, frugal of risks, and averse to the lion-springs usual with some people; though capable of them, too, in the hour of need. Mili-

[12] Tempelhof, iii. 276, 258-261.

[13] Ibid. iii. 253-256 (for the March now ensuing): iii. 228-234, 241-247 (for Henri's anterior movements).

tary men are full of wonder, at the bold scheme he now fell upon; and at his style of executing it. Hardly was Daun gone home to his meditations on the storm of the Landskron tomorrow, and tattoo beaten in Prince Henri's Camp there, when, at 8 that Saturday evening, issuing softly, with a minimum of noise, in the proper marching columns, baggage columns, Henri altogether quitted this Camp; and vanished like a dream. Into the Night; men and goods, every item:—who shall say whitherward? Leaving only a few light people to keep up the watch-fires and sentry-cries, for behoof of Daun! Let readers here, who are in the secret, watch him a little from afar.

Straight northward goes Prince Henri, down Neisse Valley, 20 miles or so, to Rothenburg;* in columns several-fold, with much delicate arranging, which was punctually followed: and in the course of tomorrow Prince Henri is bivouacked, for a short rest of three hours,—hidden in unknown space, 20 miles from Daun, when Daun comes marching up to storm him on the Landskron! Gone veritably; but whitherward, Daun cannot form the least guess. Daun can only keep his men under arms there, all day; while his scouts gallop far and wide,—bringing in this false guess and the other; and at length returning with the eminently false one, misled by some of Henri's baggage-columns, which have to go many routes, That the Prince is on march for Glogau:—"Gone north-east; that way went his wagons; these we saw with our eyes." "North-east? Yes, to Glogau possibly enough," thinks Daun: "Or may not he, cunning as he is and full of feints, intend a stroke on Bautzen, in my absence?"—and hastens thither again, and sits down on the magazine-lid, glad to find nothing wrong there.

This is all that Daun hears of Henri for the next four

* Map, at end of Volume.

days. Plenty of bad news from Saxony in these four days: the Finck-Haddick Action of Korbitz, a dismal certainty before one started,—and Haddick on his road to some Watering Place, by this time! But no trace of Henri farther; since that of the wagons wending north-east. "Gone to Glogau, to his Brother: no use in pushing him, or trying to molest him there!" thinks Daun; and waits, in stagnant humour, chewing the cud of bitter enough thoughts, till confirmation of that guess arrive:—as it never will in this world! Read an important Note:

'To northward of Bautzen forty miles, and to westward forty 'miles, the country is all Daun's; only towards Glogau, with the 'Russians and Friedrich thereabouts, does it become disputable, or 'offer Prince Henri any chance. Nevertheless it is not to Glogau, 'it is far the reverse, that the nimble Henri has gone. Resting 'himself at Rothenburg "three hours" (speed is of all things the 'vitallest), Prince Henri starts again, *Sunday* afternoon, straight 'westward this time. Marches, with his best swiftness, with his best 'arrangements, through many sleeping Villages, to Klitten, not a 'wakeful one: a march of 18 miles from Rothenburg;—direct for 'the Saxon side of things, instead of the Silesian, as Daun had 'made sure.

'At Klitten, *Monday* morning, bivouack again, for a few hours,—"has no Camp, only waits three hours," is Archenholtz's phrase: but 'I suppose the meaning is, Waits till the several Columns, by their 'calculated routes, have all got together; and till the latest in ar-'riving has had "three hours" of rest,—the earliest having perhaps 'gone on march again, in the interim? There are 20 miles farther, 'still straight west, to Hoyerswerda, where the outmost Austrian 'Division is: "Forward towards that; let us astonish General Wehla 'and his 3,000, and our March is over!" All this too Prince Henri 'manages; never anything more consummate, more astonishing to 'Wehla and his Master.

'Wehla and Brentano, readers perhaps remember them busy, 'from the Pirna side, at the late Siege of Dresden. Siege gloriously 'done, Wehla was ordered to Hoyerswerda, on the north-west fron-

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'tier; Brentano to a different point in that neighbourhood; where 'Brentano escaped ruin, and shall not be mentioned; but Wehla 'suddenly found it, and will require a word. Wehla, of all people 'on the War-theatre, had been the least expecting disturbance. He 'is on the remotest western flank; to westward of him nothing but 'Torgau and the Finck-Wunsch people, from whom is small likeli-'hood of danger: from the eastern what danger can there be? A 'Letter of Daun's, some days ago, had expressly informed him that, 'to all appearance, there was none.

'And now suddenly, on the Tuesday morning, What is this? 'Prussians reported to be visible in the Woods! "Impossible!" 'answered Wehla;—did get ready, however, what he could; Croat 'Regiments, pieces of Artillery behind the Elster River and on good 'points; labouring more and more diligently, as the news proved 'true. But all his efforts were to no purpose. General Lentulus 'with his Prussians (the mute Swiss Lentulus, whom we sometimes 'meet), who has the Vanguard this day, comes streaming out of the 'woods, across the obstacles; cannonades Wehla both on front and 'rear; entirely swallows Wehla and Corps: 600 killed; the Gene-'ral himself, with 28 Field-Officers, and of subalterns and privates '1,785, falling prisoners to us; and the remainder scattered on the 'winds, galloping each his own road towards covert and a new form 'of life. Wehla is eaten, in this manner, Tuesday September 25th: '—metaphorically speaking, the March of Fifty Hours ends in a 'comfortable *two*fold meal (military-cannibal, as well as of common 'culinary meat), and in well-deserved rest.'[14]

The turning-point of the Campaign is reckoned to be this March of Henri's; one of the most extraordinary on record. Prince Henri had a very fast March *into* these Silesian-Lausitz Countries, early in July,[15] and another very fast, from Bautzen, to intersect with Schmöttseifen, in the end of July: but these were as nothing compared with the present. Tempelhof, the excellent solid man,—but who puts all things, big and little, on the same level of detail, and has unparalleled methods of arranging

[14] Tempelhof, iii. 255, 256; Seyfarth, *Beylagen;* &c.

[15] Seyfarth, ii. 545.

(what he reckons to be "arranging"), and no vestige of index,—is distressingly obscure on this grand Incident; but at length, on compulsion, does yield clear account.[16] In Archenholtz it is not *dated* at all; who merely says as follows: "Most extraordinary march ever made; went "through 50 miles of Country wholly in the Enemy's "possession; lasted 56 hours, in which long period there "was no camp pitched, and only twice a rest of three "hours allowed the troops. During the other 50 hours "the march, day and night, continually proceeded. Ended "(*no* date) in surprise of General Wehla at Hoyerswerda, "cutting up 600 of his soldiers, and taking 1,800 pri-"soners. Kalkreuth, since so famous," in the Anti-Napoleon Wars, "was the Prince's Adjutant."[17]

This is probably Prince Henri's cleverest feat,—though he did a great many of clever; and his Brother used to say, glancing towards him, "There is but one of us that never committed a mistake." A highly ingenious dextrous little man in affairs of War, sharp as needles, vehement but cautious; though of abstruse temper, thin-skinned, capricious, and giving his Brother a great deal of trouble with his jealousies and shrewish whims. By this last consummate little operation he has astonished Daun as much as anybody ever did; shorn his elaborate tissue of cunctations into ruin and collapse at one stroke; and in effect, as turns out, wrecked his campaign for this Year.

Daun finds there is now no hope of Saxony, unless he himself at once proceed thither. At once thither;—and leave Glogau and the Russians to their luck,—which in such case, what is it like to be? Probably, to Daun's own view, ominous enough; but he has no alternative. To this pass has the March of Fifty Hours brought us. There is such a thing as being too cunctatory, is not there, your

[16] Tempelhof, iii. 253-258. [17] Archenholtz, i. 426.

Excellency? Every mortal, and more especially every Feldmarschall ought to strike the iron while it is hot. The remainder of this Campaign, we will hope, can be made intelligible in a more summary manner.

Friedrich manages (September 24th — October 24th) *to get the Russians sent home; and Himself falls lamed with Gout.*

Friedrich's manœuvres against Soltikof,—every reader is prepared to hear that Soltikof was rendered futile by them; and none but military readers could take delight in the details. Two beautiful short cuts he made upon Soltikof; pulled him up both times in mid career, as with hard check-bit. The first time was at Zöbelwitz: September 24th, Friedrich cut across from Sagan, which is string to bow of the Russian march; posted himself on the Heights of Zöbelwitz, of Baunau, Milkau (at Baunau Friedrich will write a *Letter* this night, if readers bethink themselves; Milkau is a place he may remember for rain-deluges, in the First Silesian War[18]): "Let the Russians, if they now dare, try the Pass of Neustädtel here!" A fortunate hour, when he got upon this ground. Quarter-master-General Stoffel, our old Cüstrin acquaintance, is found marking out a Camp with a view to that Pass of Neustädtel;[19] is greatly astonished to find the Prussian Army emerge on him there; and at once vanishes, with his Hussar-Cossack retinues. 'September 24th,' it is while Prince Henri was on the last moiety of his March of Fifty Hours. This severe twitch flung Soltikof quite out from Glogau,—was like to fling him home altogether, had it not been for Montalembert's eloquence;—did fling him across the Oder. Where, again thanks to Montalembert,

[18] *Suprà*, vol. iii. p. 192. [19] Tempelhof, iii. 293; Retzow, ii. 163.

he was circling on with an eye to Breslau, when Friedrich, by the diameter, suddenly laid bridges, crossed at Köben, and again brought Soltikof to halt, as by turnpike suddenly shut: "Must pay first; must beat us first!"

These things had raised Friedrich's spirits not a little. Getting on the Heights of Zöbelwitz, he was heard to exclaim, "This is a lucky day; worth more to me than a battle with victory."[20] Astonishing how he blazed out again, quite into his old pride and effulgence, after this, says Retzow. Had been so meek, so humbled, and even condescended to ask advice or opinion from some about him. Especially "from two Captains," says the Opposition Retzow, whose heads were nearly turned by this sunburst from on high. Captain Marquart and another, —I believe, he did employ them about Routes and marking of Camps, which Retzow calls consulting: a King fallen tragically scarce of persons to consult; all his Winterfelds, Schwerins, Keiths, and Council of Peers now vanished, and nothing but some intelligent-looking Captain Marquart, or the like, to consult:—of which Retzow, in his splenetic Opposition humour, does not see the tragedy, but rather the comedy: how the poor Captains found their favour to be temporary, conditional, and had to collapse again. One of them wrote an '*Essay* on the *Coup-d'œil Militaire*,' over which Retzow pretends to weep. This was Friedrich's marginal Note upon the Ms., when submitted to his gracious perusal: "You (*Er*) will "do better to acquire the Art of marking Camps than "to write upon the Military Stroke of Eye." Beautifully written too, says Retzow; but what, in the eyes of this King, is beautiful writing, to knowing your business well? No friend he to writing, unless you have got something really special, and urgent to be written.

[20] Retzow, ii. 163.

Friedrich crossed the Oder twice. Took Soltikof on both sides of the Oder, cut him out of this fond expectation, then of that; led him, we perceive, a bad life. Latterly the scene was on the right bank: Sophienthal, Köben, Herrnstadt and other poor places,—on that big eastern elbow, where Oder takes his final bend, or farewell of Poland. Ground, naturally, of some interest to Friedrich: ground to us unknown; but known to Friedrich as the ground where Karl XII. gave Schulenburg his beating,[21] which produced the 'beautiful retreat' of Schulenburg. The old Feldmarschall Schulenburg whom we used to hear of once,—whose Nephew, a pipeclayed little gentleman, was well known to Friedrich and us.

For the rest, I do not think he feels this outmanœuvering of the Russians very hard work. Already, from Zöbelwitz Country, 25th September, day of Henri at Hoyerswerda, Friedrich had written to Fouquet: "With "21,000, your beaten and maltreated Servant has hin- "dered an Army of 50,000 from attacking him, and com- "pelled them to retire on Neusatz!" Evidently much risen in hope; and Henri's fine news not yet come to hand. By degrees, Soltikof, rendered futile, got very angry; especially when Daun had to go for Saxony. "Meal was becoming impossible, at any rate," whimpers Daun: "Oh Excellency, do but consider, with the nobleness natural to you! Our Court will cheerfully furnish money, instead of meal."—"Money? My people cannot eat money!" growled Soltikof, getting more and more angry; threatening daily to march for Posen and his own meal-stores. What a time of it has Montalembert, has the melancholy Loudon, with temper so hot!

[21] 'Near Guhrau' (while chasing August the Strong and him out of Poland), '12th October 1704:' vague account of it, dateless, and as good as placeless, in Voltaire (*Charles Douze*, liv. iii.), *Œuvres*, xxx. 142-5.

At Sophienthal, October 10th, Friedrich falls ill of gout;—absolutely lamed; for three weeks, cannot stir from his room. Happily the outer problem is becoming easier and easier; almost bringing its own solution. At Sophienthal the lame Friedrich takes to writing about *Charles XII. and his Military Character*,—not a very illuminative Piece, on the first perusal, but I intend to read it again;[22]—which at least helps him to pass the time. Soltikof, more and more straitened, meal itself running low, gets angrier and angrier. His treatment of the Country, Montalembert rather encouraging, is described as 'horrible.' One day he takes the whim, whim or little more, of seizing Herrnstadt; a small Town, between the Two Armies, where the Prussians have a Free-Battalion. The Prussian Battalion resists; drives Soltikof's people back. "Never mind," think they: "a place of no importance to us; and Excellency Soltikof has ridden elsewhither." By ill-luck, in the afternoon, Excellency Soltikof happened to mention the place again. Hearing that the Prussians still have it, Soltikof mounts into a rage; summons the place, with answer still No; thereupon orders instant bombardment of it, fiery storms of grenadoes for it; and has the satisfaction of utterly burning poor Herrnstadt; the Prussian Free-Corps still continuing obstinate. It was Soltikof's last act in those parts, and betokens a sulphurous state of humour.

Next morning (October 24th), he took the road for Posen, and marched bodily home.[23] Home verily, in spite of Montalembert and all men. "And for me, what orders has Excellency?" Loudon had anxiously inquired, on the eve of that event. "None whatever!" answered Excel-

[22] *Réflexions sur les talens militaires et sur le caractère de Charles XII* (*Œuvres de Frédéric*, vii. 69-88).

[23] Tempelhof, iii. 299, 291-300 (general account, abundantly minute).

lency: "Do your own pleasure; go whithersoever seems good to you." And Loudon had to take a wide sweep round, by Kalish, through the western parts of Poland; and get home to the Troppau-Teschen Country, as he best could.

By Kalish, by Czenstochow, Cracow, poor Loudon had to go: a dismal march of 300 miles or more,—waited on latterly by Fouquet, with Werner, Goltz and others, on the Silesian Border; whom Friedrich had ordered thither for such end. Whom Loudon skilfully avoided to fight; having already, by desertion and by hardships, lost half his men on the road. Glad enough to get home and under roof, with his 20,000 gone to 10,000; and to make bargain with Fouquet: "Truce, then, through Winter; neither of us to meddle with the other, unless after a fortnight's warning given."[24] *November 1st*, a month before this, the King, carried on a litter by his soldiers, had quitted Sophienthal; and, crossing the River by Köben, got to Glogau.[25] The greater part of his force, 13,000 under Hülsen, he had immediately sent on for Saxony; he himself intending to wait recovery in Glogau, with this Silesian wing of the business happily brought to finis for the present.

On the Saxon side, too, affairs are in such a course that the King can be patient at Glogau till he get well. Everything is prosperous in Saxony since that March on Hoyerswerda; Henri, with his Fincks and Wunsches, beautifully posted in the Meissen-Torgau region; no dislodging of him, let Daun, with his big mass of forces, try as he may. Daun, through the month of October, is in various Camps, in Schilda last of all: Henri successively in two; in Strehla for some ten days; then in Torgau for about three

[24] Tempelhof, iii. 328-331. [25] Rödenbeck, i. 396.

weeks, carefully entrenched,[26]—where traces of him will turn up (not too opportunely) next year. Daun, from whatever Camp, goes labouring on this side and on that; on every side the deft Henri is as sharp as needles; nothing to be made of him by the cunning movements and contrivances of Daun. Very fine manœuvering it was, especially on Henri's part; a charm to the soldier mind;—given minutely in Tempelhof, and capable of being followed (if you have Maps and Patience) into the last details. Instructive really to the soldier;—but must be, almost all, omitted here. One beautiful slap to Duke d'Ahremberg (a poor old friend of Daun's and ours) we will remember: "Action of Pretsch" they call it; defeat, almost capture of poor D'Ahremberg; who had been sent to dislodge the Prince, by threatening his supplies, and had wheeled, accordingly, eastward, wide away; but, to his astonishment, found, after a march or two, Three select Prussian Corps emerging on him, by front, by rear, by flank, with Horse-artillery (quasi-miraculous) bursting out on hilltops, too,—and, in short, nothing for it but to retreat, or indeed to run, in a considerably ruinous style: poor D'Ahremberg![27] On the whole, Daun is reduced to a panting condition; and knows not what to do. His plans were intrinsically bad, says Tempelhof; without beating Henri in battle, which he cannot bring himself to attempt, he, in all probability, will, were it only for difficulties of the commissariat kind, have to fall back Dresden-ward, and altogether take himself away.[28]

After this sad slap at Pretsch, Daun paused for consideration; took to palisading himself to an extraordinary

[26] Tempelhof, iii. 276, 281, 284 (Henri in Strehla, October 4th–17th; thence to Torgau: 22d October, Daun 'quits his Camp of Belgern,' for that of Schilda, which was his last in those parts).

[27] Seyfarth (*Beylagen*, ii. 634-637), '*Hofbericht von der am* 29 *October* 1759 *bey Meuro*' (chiefly *bey Pretsch*) '*vorgefallenen Action*;' ib. ii. 543 n.

[28] Tempelhof, iii. 287-289.

degree, slashing the Schilda Forests almost into ruin for this end; and otherwise sat absolutely quiet. Little to be done but take care of oneself. Daun knows withal of Hülsen's impending advent with the Silesian 13,000;—November 2d, Hülsen is actually at Muskau, and his 13,000 magnified by rumour to 20,000. Hearing of which, Daun takes the road (November 4th); quits his gloriously palisaded Camp of Schilda; feels that retreat on Dresden, or even home to Bohemia altogether, is the one course left.

And now, the important Bautzen Colloquy of *Saturday September 15th*, having here brought its three or more Courses of Activity to a pause,—we will glance at the far more important *Thursday 13th*, other side the Ocean:

Above Quebec, Night of September 12-13th, In profound silence, on the stream of the St. Lawrence far away, a notable adventure is going on. Wolfe, from two points well above Quebec ("As a last shift, we will try that way"), with about 5,000 men, is silently descending in rafts; with purpose to climb the Heights somewhere on this side the City, and be in upon it, if Fate will. An enterprise of almost sublime nature; very great, if it can succeed. The cliffs all beset to his left hand, Montcalm in person guarding Quebec with his main strength.

Wolfe silently descends; mind made up; thoughts hushed quiet into one great thought; in the ripple of the perpetual waters, under the grim cliffs and the eternal stars. Conversing with his people, he was heard to recite some passages of Gray's *Elegy*, lately come out to those parts; of which, says an ear-witness, he expressed his admiration to an enthusiastic degree: "Ah, these are tones of the Eternal Melodies, are not they? A man might thank Heaven had he such a gift; almost as *we* might for succeeding here, Gentlemen!"[29] Next morning (Thursday 13th September 1759), Wolfe,

[29] Professor Robison, then a Navy-lieutenant, in the raft along with Wolfe, afterwards a well-known Professor of *Natural Philosophy* at Edinburgh, was often heard, by persons whom I have heard again, to repeat this Anecdote. See Playfair, *Biographical Account of Professor Robison*,—in *Transactions* of Royal Society of Edinburgh, vii. 495 et seq.

with his 5,000, is found to have scrambled up by some woody Neck in the heights, which was not quite precipitous; has trailed one cannon with him, the seamen busy bringing up another; and by 10 of the clock, stands ranked (really somewhat in the Friedrich way, though on a small scale); ready at all points for Montcalm, but refusing to be over-ready.

Montcalm, on first hearing of him, had made haste: "*Oui, je les vois où ils ne doivent pas être; je vais les écraser* (to smash them)!" said he, by way of keeping his people in heart. And marches up, beautifully skilful, neglecting none of his advantages. Has numerous Canadian sharpshooters, preliminary Indians in the bushes, with a provoking fire: "Steady!" orders Wolfe; "from you, not one "shot till they are within thirty yards." And Montcalm, volleying and advancing, can get no response, more than from Druidic stones; till *at* thirty yards, the stones became vocal,—and continue so at a dreadful rate; and, in a space of seventeen minutes, have blown Montcalm's regulars, and the gallant Montcalm himself, and their second in command, and their third, into ruin and destruction. In about seven minutes more, the agony was done; 'English falling on with the bayonet, Highlanders with the claymore;' fierce pursuit, route total:—and Quebec and Canada as good as finished. The thing is yet well known to every Englishman;[30] and how Wolfe himself died in it, his beautiful death.

Truly a bit of right soldierhood, this Wolfe. Manages his small resources in a consummate manner; invents, contrives, attempts and reattempts, irrepressible by difficulty or discouragement. How could a Friedrich himself have managed this Quebec in a more artistic way? The small Battle itself, 5,000 to a side, and such odds of Savagery and Canadians, reminds you of one of Friedrich's: wise arrangements; exact foresight, preparation corresponding; caution with audacity; inflexible discipline, silent till its time come,

[30] The military details of it seem to be very ill known (witness Colonel Beatson's otherwise rather careful Pamphlet, *The Plains of Abraham*, written quite lately, which we are soon to cite farther); and they would well deserve describing, in the *Seyfarth-Beylagen*, or even in the *Tempelhof* way,—could an English Officer, on the spot as this Colonel was, be found to do it!—Details are in Beatson (quite another 'Beatson'), *Naval and Military History*, ii. 300-308; in *Gentleman's Magazine* for 1759, the Despatches and particulars: see also Walpole, *George the Second*, iii. 217-222.

and then blazing out as we see. The prettiest soldiering I have heard of among the English for several generations. Amherst, Commander-in-chief, is diligently noosing, and tying up, the French military settlements, Niagara, Ticonderago; Canada all round: but this is the heart or windpipe of it; keep this firm, and, in the circumstances, Canada is yours.

Colonel Beatson, in his recent Pamphlet, *The Plains of Abraham*,—which, especially on the military side, is distressingly ignorant and shallow, though *not* intentionally incorrect anywhere,—gives Extracts from a Letter of Montcalm's ('Quebec, 24th August 1759'), which is highly worth reading, had we room. It predicts to a hairsbreadth, not only the way 'M. Wolfe, if he understands his 'trade, will take to beat and ruin me if we meet in fight;' but also, —with a sagacity singular to look at, in the years 1775-7, and perhaps still more in the years 1860-3,—what will be the consequences to those unruly English, Colonial and other. "If he beat me here, "France has lost America utterly," thinks Montcalm: "Yes;—and "one's only consolation is, In ten years farther, America will be "in revolt against England!" Montcalm's style of writing is not exemplary; but his power of faithful observation, his sagacity, and talent of prophecy are so considerable, we are tempted to give the *ipsissima verba* of his long Letter in regard to those two points,—the rather as it seems to have fallen much out of sight in our day:

Montcalm to a Cousin in France.

"Camp before Quebec, 24th August 1759.

"*Monsieur et cher Cousin*,—Here I am, for more than three "months past, at handgrips with M. Wolfe; who ceases not day or "night to bombard Quebec, with a fury which is almost unexampled "in the Siege of a Place one intends to retain after taking it." . . . 'Will never take it in that way, however, by attacking from the 'River or south shore; only ruins us, but does not enrich himself. 'Not an inch nearer his object than he was three months ago; and 'in one month more the equinoctial storms will blow his Fleet and 'him away.—Quebec, then, and the preservation of the Colony, you 'think, must be as good as safe? "Alas, the fact is far otherwise.

"The capture of Quebec depends on what we call a stroke-of-hand" —(But let us take to the Original now, for Prediction First):—

"*La prise de Quebec dépend d'un coup de main. Les Anglais* "*sont maîtres de la rivière: ils n'ont qu'à effectuer une descente sur* "*la rive où cette Ville, sans fortifications et sans défense, est située.* "*Les voilà en état de me présenter la bataille; que je ne pourrais* "*plus refuser, et que je ne devrais pas gagner. M. Wolfe, en effet,* "*s'il entend son métier, n'a qu'à essuyer le premier feu, venir* "*ensuite à grands pas sur mon armée, faire à bout portant sa* "*décharge; mes Canadiens, sans discipline, sourds à la voix du* "*tambour et des instrumens militaires, dérangés par cette escarre,* "*ne sauront plus reprendre leurs rangs. Ils sont d'ailleurs sans* "*baionettes pour répondre à celles de l'ennemi: il ne leur reste* "*qu'à fuir,—et me voilà battu sans resource.*" (This is a curiously exact Prediction!) 'I won't survive, however; defeat here, in this 'stage of our affairs, means loss of America altogether: "*il est des* "*situations où il ne reste plus à un Général que de périr avec* "*honneur.*"—"*Mes sentimens sont français, et ils le seront jusque* "*dans le tombeau, si dans le tombeau on est encore quelque chose.*

"*Je me consolerai du moins de ma défaite, et de la perte de* "*la Colonie, par l'intime persuasion où je suis*" (Prediction Second, which is still more curious), "*que cette défaite vaudra, un* "*jour, à ma Patrie plus qu'une victoire; et que le vainqueur, en* "*s'agrandissant, trouverait* (sic) *un tombeau dans son agrandisse-* "*ment même.*

"*Ce que j'avance ici, mon cher Cousin, vous paraîtra un para-* "*doxe: mais un moment de réflexion politique, un coup d'œil sur la* "*situation des choses en Amérique, et la vérité de mon opinion bril-* "*lera dans tout son jour.*" 'Nobody will obey, unless necessity compel 'him: *voilà les hommes; gêne* of any kind a nuisance to them; and 'of all men in the world *les Anglais* are the most impatient of obey-'ing anybody. "*Mais si ce sont-là les Anglais de l'Europe, c'est* "*encore plus les Anglais d'Amérique. Une grande partie de ces* "*Colons sont les enfans de ces hommes qui s'expatrièrent dans ces* "*temps de trouble où l'ancienne Angleterre, en proie aux divisions,* "*était attaquée dans ses privilèges et droits; et allèrent chercher* "*en Amérique une terre où ils pûssent vivre et mourir libres et* "*presque indépendants:—et ces enfans n'ont pas dégénéré des sen-*

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" *timens républicains de leurs pères. D'autres sont des hommes* " *ennemis de tout frein, de tout assujétissement, que le gouverne-* " *ment y a transportés pour leurs crimes. D'autres, enfin, sont un* " *ramas de différentes nations de l'Europe, qui tiennent très-peu à* " *l'ancienne Angleterre par le cœur et le sentiment; tous, en géné-* " *ral, ne se soucient guères du Roi ni du Parlement d'Angleterre.*

" *Je les connais bien,—non sur des rapports étrangers, mais* " *sur des correspondances et des informations secrètes, que j'ai moi-* " *même menagées; et dont, un jour, si Dieu me prête vie, je pourrai* " *faire usage à l'avantage de ma Patrie. Pour surcroît de bon-* " *heur pour eux, tous ces Colons sont parvenues, dans un état très-* " *florissant; ils sont nombreux et riches:—ils recueillent dans le* " *sein de leur patrie toutes les nécessités de la vie. L'ancienne* " *Angleterre a été assez sotte, et assez dupe, pour leur laisser établir* " *chez eux les arts, les métiers, les manufactures:—c'est à dire,* " *qu'elle leur a laissé briser la chaine de besoins qui les liait, qui* " *les attachait à elle, et qui les fait dépendants. Aussi toutes* " *ces Colonies Anglaises auraient-elles depuis long-temps secoué le* " *joug, chaque province aurait formé une petite république indé-* " *pendante, si la crainte de voir les Français à leur porte n'avait* " *été un frein qui les avait retenu. Maîtres pour maîtres, ils ont* " *préféré leurs compatriotes aux étrangers; prenant cependant* " *pour maxime de n'obéir que le moins qu'ils pourraient. Mais* " *que le Canada vînt à être conquis, et que les Canadiens et ces* " *Colons ne fussent plus qu'une seul peuple,—et la première occa-* " *sion où l'ancienne Angleterre semblerait toucher à leurs intérêts,* " *croyez-vous, mon cher Cousin, que ces Colons obéiront? Et qu'au-* " *raient-ils à craindre en se révoltant?*" * * "*Je suis si sûr* " *de ce que j'écris, que je ne donnerais pas dix ans après la con-* " *quête du Canada pour en voir l'accomplissement.*

" *Voilà ce que, comme Français, me console aujourd'hui du* " *danger imminent, que court ma Patrie, de voir cette Colonie* " *perdue pour elle.*"[31]

[31] In Beatson, Lieutenant-Colonel R.E., *The Plains of Abraham; Notes original and selected* (Gibraltar, Garrison Library Press, 1858), pp. 38 et seq.: Extract from '*Lettres de M. le Marquis de Montcalm à MM. De Berryer* ' *et De la Molé:* 1757-1759 (Londres, 1777),'—which is not in the British-Museum Library, on applying; and seems to be a forgotten Book.

Montcalm had been in the Belleisle *Retreat from Prag* (December 1742); in the terrible *Exilles* Business (July 1747), where the Chevalier de Belleisle and 4 or 5,000 lost their lives in about an hour. Captain Cook was at Quebec, Master in the Royal Navy; 'sounding the River, and putting down buoys.' Bougainville, another famous Navigator, was Aide-de-Camp of Montcalm. There have been far-sounding Epics built together on less basis than lies ready here, in this *Capture of Quebec*;—which itself, as the Decision that America is to be English and not French, is surely an Epoch in World-History! Montcalm was forty-eight when he perished; Wolfe, thirty-three. Montcalm's skull is in the Ursulines Convent at Quebec,—shown to the idly curious to this day.[32]

It was on October 17th,—while Friedrich lay at Sophienthal, lamed of gout, and Soltikof had privately fixed for home (went that day week),—that this glorious bit of news reached England. It was only three days after that other, bad and almost hopeless news, from the same quarter; news of poor Wolfe's Repulse, on the other or eastern side of Quebec, July 31st, known to us already, not known in England till October 14th. Heightened by such contrast, the news filled all men with a strange mixture of emotions. 'The incidents of Dramatic Fiction,' says one who was sharer in it, 'could not have been conducted with more address to lead an audience from 'despondency to sudden exultation, than Accident had 'here prepared to excite the passions of a whole People. 'They despaired; they triumphed; and they wept,—for 'Wolfe had fallen in the hour of victory! Joy, grief, curiosity, astonishment, were painted in every countenance: 'the more they inquired, the higher their admiration

[32] Lieutenant-Colonel Beatson, pp. 28, 15.

'rose. Not an incident but was heroic and affecting.'[33] America ours; but the noble Wolfe now not!

What Pitt himself said of these things, we do not much hear. On the meeting of his Parliament, about a month hence, his Speech, somebody having risen to congratulate and eulogise him, is still recognisably of royal quality, if we evoke it from the Walpole Notes. Very modest, very noble, true; and with fine pieties and magnanimities delicately audible in it: "Not a week all "Summer but has been a crisis, in which I have not "known whether I should not be torn to pieces, instead "of being commended, as now by the Honourable Mem- "ber. The hand of Divine Providence; the more a man "is versed in business, the more he everywhere traces "that!" . . . "Success has given us unanimity, not una- "nimity success. For my own poor share, I could not "have dared as I have done, except in these times. "Other Ministers have hoped as well, but have not been "so circumstanced to dare so much." . . . "I think the "stone almost rolled to the top of the hill; but let us "have a care; it may rebound, and hideously drag us "down with it again."[34]

The essential truth, moreover, is, Pitt has become King of England; so lucky has poor England, in its hour of crisis, again been. And the difference between an England guided by some kind of Friedrich (temporary Friedrich, absolute, though of insecure tenure), and by a Newcastle and the Clack of Tongues, is very great! But for Pitt, there had been no Wolfe, no Amherst; Duke Ferdinand had been the Royal Highness of Cumberland,—and all things going round him in St. Vitus, at their old rate. This man is a King, for the time being,—King really of the Friedrich type;—and rules, Friedrich him-

[33] Walpole, iii. 219. [34] Ibid. iii. 225; Thackeray, i. 446.

self not more despotically, where need is. Pitt's War-Offices, Admiralties, were not of themselves quick-going entities; but Pitt made them go. Slow-paced Lords in Office have remonstrated, on more than one occasion: "Impossible, Sir; these things cannot be got ready at the time you order!" "My Lord, they indispensably must," Pitt would answer (a man always reverent of coming facts, knowing how inexorable they are); and if the Negative continued obstinate in argument, he has been known to add: "My Lord, to the King's service, it is a fixed necessity of time. Unless the time is kept, I will impeach your Lordship!" Your Lordship's head will come to lie at your Lordship's feet! Figure a poor Duke of Newcastle, listening to such a thing;—and knowing that Pitt will do it; and that he can, such is his favour with universal England;—and trembling and obeying. War-requisites for land and for sea are got ready with a Prussian punctuality,—at what multiple of the Prussian expense, is a smaller question for Pitt.

It is about eighteen months ago that Pownal, Governor of New England, a kind of half-military person, not without sound sense, though sadly intricate of utterance,—of whom Pitt, just entering on Office, has, I suppose, asked an opinion on America, as men do of Learned Counsel on an impending Lawsuit of magnitude,—had answered, in his long-winded, intertwisted, nearly inextricable way, to the effect, "Sir, I incline to fear, on the whole, that the Action will *not* lie,—that, on the whole, the French will eat America from us in spite of our teeth."[35] January 15th, 1758, that is the Pownal Opinion-of-Counsel;—and on September 13th, 1759, this is what we have practically

[35] In *Thackeray*, ii. 421-452, Pownal's intricate *Report* (his "*Discourse*," or whatever he calls it, "*on the Defence of the Inland Frontiers*," his &c. &c.), of date, '15th January 1758.'

come to. And on September 7th, 1760, within twelve months more,—Amherst, descending the Rapids from Ticonderago side, and two other little Armies, ascending from Quebec and Louisburg, to meet him at Montreal, have proved punctual almost to an hour; and are in condition to extinguish, by triple pressure (or what we called noosing), the French Governor-General in Montreal, a Monsieur de Vaudreuil, and his Montreal and his Canada altogether; and send the French bodily home out of those Continents.[36] Which may dispense us from speaking farther on the subject.

From the Madras region, too, from India and outrageous Lally, the news are good. Early in Spring last, poor Lally,—a man of endless talent and courage, but of dreadfully emphatic loose tongue, in fact of a blazing ungoverned Irish turn of mind,—had instantly, on sight of some small Succours from Pitt, to raise his siege of Madras, retire to Pondichery; and, in fact, go plunging and tumbling downhill, he and his India with him, at an ever-faster rate, till they also had got to the Abyss. "My policy is in these five words, *No Englishman in this Peninsula,*" wrote he, a year ago, on landing in India; and now it is to be No *Frenchman,* and there is one word in the five to be altered!—Of poor Lally, zealous and furious over-much, and nearly the most unfortunate and worst-used "man of genius" I ever read of, whose lion-like struggles against French Official people, and against Pitt's Captains and their sea-fights and siegings, would deserve a volume to themselves, we have said, and can here say, as good as nothing,—except that they all ended, for Lally and French India, in total surrender, 16th January 1761; and that Lally, some years after-

[36] Capitulation between Amherst and Vaudreuil ('Montreal, 8th September 1760'), in 55 Articles: in *Beatson,* iii. 274-283.

wards, for toils undergone and for services done, got, when accounts came to be liquidated, death on the scaffold. Dates I give below.[37] "Gained Fontenoy for us," said many persons;—undoubtedly gained various things for us, fought for us Berserkir-like on all occasions; hoped, in the end, to be Maréchal de France, and undertook a Championship of India, which issues in this way! America and India, it is written, are both to be Pitt's. Let both, if possible, remain silent to us henceforth.

As to the Invasion-of-England Scheme, Pitt says he does not expect the French will invade us; but if they do, he is ready.[38]

[37] 28th April 1758, Lands at Pondichery; instantly proceeds upon Fort St. David. 2d June 1758, Takes it: meant to have gone now on Madras; but finds he has no money;—goes extorting money from Black Potentates about, Rajah of Travancore, &c., in a violent and extraordinary style; and can get little. Nevertheless, 14th December 1758, Lays Siege to Madras.

16th February 1759, Is obliged to quit trenches at Madras, and retire dismally upon Pondichery,—to mere indigence, mutiny ('ten mutinies'), Official conspiracy, and chaos come again.

22d January 1760, Makes outrush on Wandewash, and the English posted there; is beaten, driven back into Pondichery. April 1760, Is besieged in Pondichery. 16th January 1761, Is taken, Pondichery, French India, and he;—to Madras he, lest the French Official party kill him, as they attempt to do.

23d September 1761, Arrives, prisoner, in England; thence, on parole, to France and Paris, 21st October. November 1762, To Bastille; waits trial nineteen months; trial lasts two years. 6th May 1766, To be *beheaded*,—9th May, *was*. See *Beatson*, ii. 369-372, 96-110, &c.; Voltaire (*Fragments sur l'Inde*), in *Œuvres*, xxix. 183-253; *Biographie Universelle*, § Lally.

[38] Speech, 4th November, *suprà*.

CHAPTER VII.

FRIEDRICH REAPPEARS ON THE FIELD, AND IN SEVEN DAYS AFTER COMES THE CATASTROPHE OF MAXEN.

NOVEMBER 6th-8th, Daun had gone to Meissen Country: fairly ebbing homeward; Henri following, with Hülsen joined,—not vehemently attacking the rhinoceros, but judiciously pricking him forward. Daun goes at his slowest step: in many divisions, covering a wide circuit; sticking to all the strong posts, till his own time for quitting them: slow, sullenly cautious; like a man descending dangerous precipices back foremost, and will not be hurried. So it had lasted about a week; Daun for the last four days sitting restive, obstinate, but Henri pricking into him more and more, till the rhinoceros seemed actually about lifting himself,—when Friedrich in person arrived in his Brother's Camp.[1]

At the Schloss of Herschstein, a mile or two behind Lommatsch, which is Henri's headquarter (still to westward of Meissen; Daun hanging on, seven or eight miles to south-eastward ahead; loth to go, but actually obliged), —it was there, Tuesday November 13th, that the King met his Brother again. A King free of his gout; in joyful spirits; and high of humour,—like a man risen indignant, once more got to his feet, after three-months oppressions and miseries from the unworthy. "Too high," mourns Retzow, in a gloomy tone, as others do in perhaps a more indulgent one. Beyond doubt, Friedrich's farther pro-

[1] Tempelhof, iii. 301-305.

cedures in this grave and weighty Daun business were more or less imprudent; of a too rapid and rash nature; and turned out bitterly unlucky to him. "Had he left the management to Henri!" sighed everybody, after the unlucky event.

Friedrich had not arrived above four-and-twenty hours, when news came in: "The Austrians in movement again; actually rolling off Dresden-ward again." "Haha, do they smell me already!" laughed he: "Well, I will send Daun to the Devil,"—not adding, "if I can." And instantly ordered sharp pursuit,—and sheer stabbing with the oxgoad, not soft and delicate pricking, as Henri's lately.[2] Friedrich, in fact, was in a fiery condition against Daun: "You trampled on me, you heavy buffalo, these three months; but that is over now!"—and took personally the vanguard in this pursuit. And had a bit of hot fighting in the Village of Korbitz (scene of that Finck-Haddick 'Action,' 21st September last, and of poor Haddick's ruin, and retirement to the Waters);—where the Austrians now prove very fierce and obstinate; and will not go, till well slashed into, and torn out by sheer beating:—which was visibly a kind of comfort to the King's humour. "Our Prussians do still fight, then, much as formerly! And it was all a hideous Nightmare, all that, and Daylight and Fact are come, and Friedrich is himself again!"

They say Prince Henri took the liberty of counselling him, even of entreating him: "Leave well alone; why run risks?" said Henri. Daun, it was pretty apparent, had no outlook at the present but that of sauntering home to Böhmen; leaving Dresden to be an easy prey again, and his whole Campaign to fall futile, as the last had. Under Henri's gentle driving he would have gone slower; but how salutary, if he only went! These were Henri's views:

[2] Retzow, ii. 168; Tempelhof, iii. 306.

14th Nov. 1759.

but Friedrich was not in the slow humour; impatient to be in Dresden; "will be quartered there in a week," writes he, "and more at leisure than now."[3] He is thinking of Leuthen, of Rossbach, of Campaign 1757, so gloriously restored after ruin; and, in the fire of his soul, is hoping to do something similar a second time. That is Retzow's notion: who knows but there may be truth in it? A proud Friedrich, got on his feet again after such usage; —nay, who knows whether it was quite so unwise to be impressive on the slow rhinoceros, and try to fix some thorn in his snout, or say (figuratively), to hobble his hind feet; which, I am told, would have been beautifully ruinous; and, though riskish, was not impossible?[4] Ill it indisputably turned out; and we have, with brevity, to say how, and leave readers to their judgment of it.

It was in the Village of Krögis, about six miles forward, on the Meissen-Freyberg road, a mile or two on from Korbitz, and directly after the fierce little tussle in that Village,—that Friedrich, his blood still up, gave the Order for Maxen, which proved so unlucky to him. Wunsch had been shot off in pursuit of the beaten Austrians; but they ran too fast; and Wunsch came back without farther result, still early in the day. Back as far as Krögis, where the next Head-quarter is to be;—and finds the King still in a fulminant condition; none the milder, it is likely, by Wunsch's returning without result. "Go straight to General Finck; bid him march at once!" orders the King; and rapidly gives Wunsch the Instructions Finck is to follow. Finck and his Corps are near Nossen, some ten miles ahead of Krögis, some twenty west from Dresden. There, since yesterday, stands Finck, infesting the left or western flank of the Austrians,—what *was* their left, and will be again, when they call halt and face round on us:—Let Finck now march at once, quite round that western flank; by Freyberg, Dip-

[3] 'Wilsdruf, 17th November 1759,' and still more '19th November,' Friedrich to Voltaire, in high spirits that way (*Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxiii. 66).

[4] Tempelhof, iii. 317, &c.

poldiswalde, thence east to Maxen; plant himself at Maxen (a dozen miles south of Dresden, among the rocky Hills), and stick diligently in the rear of those Austrians, cutting off, or threatening to cut off, their communications with Bohemia, and block the Pirna Country for them.

Friedrich calculates that, if Daun is for retreating by Pirna Country, this will, at lowest, be a method to quicken him in that movement; or perhaps it may prove a method to cut off such retreat altogether, and force Daun to go circling by the Lausitz Hills and Wildernesses, exposed to tribulations which may go nigh to ruin him. That is Friedrich's proud thought: "an unfortunate Campaign; winding up, nevertheless, as 1757 did, in blazes of success!" And truly, if Friedrich could have made himself into Two; and, while flashing and charging in Daun's front, have been in command at Maxen in Daun's rear,—Friedrich could have made a pretty thing of this Maxen Enterprise; and might in good part have realised his proud program. But there is no getting two Friedrichs. Finck, a General of approved quality, he is the nearest approach we can make to a second Friedrich;—and he, ill-luck too superadding itself, proves tragically inadequate. And sets all the world, and Opposition Retzow, exclaiming, "See: Pride goes before a fall!"—

At 3 in the afternoon, Friedrich, intensely surveying from the heights of Krögis the new Austrian movements and positions, is astonished, not agreeably ("What, still only here, Herr General!"), by a personal visit from Finck. Finck finds the Maxen business intricate, precarious; wishes farther instructions, brings forward this objection and that. Friedrich at last answers, impatiently: "You "know I can't stand making of difficulties (*Er weiss dass ich die "Difficultäten nicht leiden kann; mache dass Er fort kommt*); "contrive to get it done!" With which poor comfort Finck has to ride back to Nossen; and scheme out his dispositions overnight.

Next morning, Thursday 15th, Finck gets on march; drives the Reichsfolk out of Freyberg; reaches Dippoldiswalde:—"Freyberg is to be my Magazine," considers Finck; "Dippoldiswalde my halfway house; Four Battalions of my poor Eighteen shall stand there, and secure the meal-carts." Friday 16th, Finck has his Vanguard, Wunsch leading it, in possession of Maxen and the Heights; and

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on Saturday gets there himself, with all his people and equipments. I should think about 12,000 men: in a most intersected, intertwisted Hill Country; full of gullets, dells and winding brooks; —it is fore-court of the Pirna rocks, our celebrated Camp of Gahmig lies visible to north, Dohna and the Rothwasser bounding us to east;*—in grim November weather, some snow falling, or snow-powder, alternating with sleet and glazing frosts: by no means a beautiful enterprise to Finck. Nor one of his own choosing, had one a choice in such cases.

To Daun nothing could be more unwelcome than this news of Finck, embattled there at Maxen in the inextricable Hill-country, direct on the road of Daun's meal-carts and Bohemian communications. And truly withal,—what Daun does not yet hear, but can guess,—there is gone, in supplement or as auxiliary to Finck, a fierce Hussar party, under *Grüne* Kleist, their fiercest Hussar since Mayer died; who this very day, at Aussig, burns Daun's first considerable Magazine; and has others in view for the same fate.[5] An evident thing to Daun, that Finck being there, meal has ceased.

On the instant, Daun falls back on Dresden; Saturday 17th, takes post in the Dell of Plauen (*Plauen'sche Grund*); an impassable Chasm, with sheer steeps on both sides, stretching southward from Dresden in front of the Hill Country: thither Daun marches, there to consider what is to be done with Finck. Amply safe this position is; none better in the world: a Village, Plauen, and a Brook, Weistritz, in the bottom of this exquisite Chasm; sheer rock-walls on each side,—high especially on the Daun, or south side;—head-quarters can be in Dresden itself; room for your cavalry on the plain ground between Dresden and the Chasm. A post both safe and comfortable; only you must not loiter in making up your mind as to Finck; for Friedrich has followed on the instant. Friedrich's head-quarter is already Wilsdruf, which an hour or two ago was Daun's: at Kesselsdorf vigilant Ziethen is vanguard. So that Friedrich looks over on you from the northern brow of your Chasm; delays are not good near such a neighbour.

Daun,—urged on by Lacy, they say,—is not long in deciding that, in this strait, the short way out will be to attack Finck in the

* Map at p. 574.

[5] Friedrich's second Letter to Voltaire, Wilsdruf, '19th November 1759.'

Hills. Daun is in the Hills, as well as Finck (this Plauen Chasm is the boundary-ditch of the Hills): Daun with 27,000 horse and foot, moving on from this western part; 3,000 light people (one Sincere the leader of them), moving simultaneously from Dresden itself, that is, from northward or north-westward; 12,000 Reichsfolk, horse and foot, part of them already to south-eastward of Finck, other part stealing on by the Elbe bank thitherward: here, from three different points of the compass, are 42,000. These simultaneously dashing in, from west, north, south, upon Finck, may surely give account of his 12,000 and him! If only we can keep Friedrich dark upon it; which surely our Pandours will contrive to do.

. Finck, directly on arriving at Maxen, had reported himself to the King; and got answer before next morning: "Very well; but draw in those Four Battalions you have left in Dippoldiswalde; hit with the whole of your strength, when a chance offers." Which order Finck, literally and not too willingly, obeys; leaves only some light remnant in Dippoldiswalde, and reinforcement to linger within reach, till a certain Bread-convoy come to him, which will be due next morning (Monday 19th); and which does then safely get home, though under annoyances from cannonading in the distance.

Sunday 18th, Finck fails not to reconnoitre from the highest Hill-top; to inquire by every method: he finds, for certain, that the enemy are coming in upon him. With his own eyes he sees Reichsfolk marching, in quantity, south-eastward by the Elbe shore: "Intending towards Dohna, as is like?"—and despatched Wunsch, who, accordingly, drove them out of Dohna. Of all this Finck, at once, sent word to Friedrich. Who probably enough received the message; but who would get no new knowledge from it,—vigilant Ziethen having, by Austrian deserters and otherwise, discovered this of the Reichsfolk; and furthermore that Sincere with 3,000 was in motion, from the north, upon Finck. Sunday evening, Friedrich despatches Ziethen's Report; which punctually came to Finck's hand; but was the last thing he received from Friedrich, or Friedrich from him. The intervening Pandours picked up all the rest. The Ziethen *Report*, of two or three lines, most succinct but sufficient, like a cutting of hard iron, is to be read in many Books: we may as well give the Letter and it:

18th–19th Nov. 1759.

Friedrich's Letter (*Wilsdruf*, 18*th November* 1759). "My dear "General-Lieutenant von Finck! I send you the enclosed *Report* "from General Ziethen, showing what is the lie of matters as seen "from this side; and leave the whole to your disposition and ne- "cessary measures. I am your well-affectioned King,—F." The Enclosure is as follows:

General Ziethen's Report (*Kesselsdorf*, 18*th November* 1759). 'To your Royal Majesty, send' (no pronoun "I" allowed) 'herewith 'a Corporal, who has deserted from the Austrians. He says, Sincere 'with the Reserve did march with the Reichs Army; but a league 'behind it, and turned towards Dippoldiswalde. General Brentano' (Wehla's old comrade, luckier than Wehla), 'as this Deserter heard 'last night in Daun's headquarter,—which is in the southern Suburb 'of Dresden, in the Countess Moschinska's Garden,—was yesterday 'to have been in Döhlen' (looking into our outposts from the hither side of their Plauen Dell), 'but was not there any longer,' as our Deserter passed, 'and it was said that he had gone for Maxen at 'three in the afternoon.'[6]

Thus curtly is Finck authorised to judge for himself in the new circumstances. Marginally is added, in Friedrich's own hand: "*Er* "*wird entweder mit den Reichern oder mit Sinceren einen Gang* "*haben*,—Either with the Reichers or with Sincere you will have a "bout, I suppose."

Finck, from his own Hill-top, on Sunday and Monday, sees all this of Ziethen, and much more. Sees the vanguard of Daun himself approaching Dippoldiswalde, cannonading his meal-carts as they issue there; on all sides his enemies encompassing him like bees;—and has a sphinx-riddle on his mind, such as soldier seldom had. Shall he manœuvre himself out, and march away, bread-carts, baggages and all entire? There is still time, and perfect possibility, by Dippoldiswalde there, or by other routes and methods. But again, did not his Majesty expect, do not these words "a bout" still seem to expect, a bit of fighting with somebody or other? Finck was an able soldier, and his skill and courage well known; but probably another kind of courage was wanted this day, of which Finck had not enough. Finck was not king of this matter; Finck was under

[6] Tempelhof, iii. 309.

a King who perhaps misjudged the matter. If Finck saw no method of doing other than hurt and bad service to his King by staying here, Finck should have had the courage to come away, and front the King's unreasonable anger, expecting redress one day, or never any redress. That was Finck's duty: but everybody sees how hard it was for flesh and blood.

Finck, truer to the letter than to the spirit, determined to remain. Did, all that Monday, his best to prepare himself; called in his outposts ("Was not I ordered?" thinks Finck, too literally); and sees his multitudes of enemies settle round him;—Daun alone has 27,000 men, who take camp at Dippoldiswalde; and in sum-total, they are as 4 to 1 of Finck:—a Finck still resolute of face, though internally his thoughts may be haggard enough. Doubtless he hopes, too, that Friedrich will do something:—unaware that none of his messages reach Friedrich. As for Daun, having seen his people safely encamped here, he returns to Dresden for the night, to see that Friedrich is quiet. Friedrich is quiet enough: Daun, at seven next morning (*Tuesday* 20*th*), appeared on the ground again; and from all sides Finck is assaulted,—from Daun's side nearest and soonest, with Daun's best vigour.

Dippodiswalde is some seven miles from Maxen. Difficult hill-road all the way: but the steepest, straitest and worst place is at Reinhartsgrimma, the very first Hamlet after you are out of Dippoldiswalde. There is a narrow gullet there, overhung with heights all round. The roads are slippery, glazed with sleet and frost; Cavalry, unroughened, make sad sliding and sprawling; hardly the Infantry are secure on their feet: a terrible business, getting masses of artillery-wagons, horse and man, through such a Pass! It is thought, had Finck garnished this Pass of Reinhartsgrimma with the proper batteries, the proper musketries, Daun never would have got through. Finck had not a gun or a man in it: "Had not I order?" said he,—again too literally. As it was, Daun, sliding and sprawling in the narrow steeps, had difficulties almost too great; and, they say, would have given it up, had it not been that a certain Major urged, "Can be done, Excellenz, and shall!" and that the temper of his soldiers was everywhere excellent. Unfortunate Finck had no artillery to bear on Daun's transit through the Pass. Nothing but some weak body of hussars and infantry stood looking into it,

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from the Hill of Hausdorf: even these might have given him some slight hindrance; but these were played upon by endless Pandours, 'issuing from a wood near by,' with musketries, and at length with cannon batteries, one and another;—and had to fall back, or to be called back, to Maxen Hill, where the main force is.

In the course of yesterday, by continual reconnoitering, by Austrian deserters, and intense comparison of symptoms, Finck had completely ascertained where the Enemy's Three Attacks were to be,—"on Maxen, from Dippoldiswalde, Trohnitz, Dohna, simultaneously three attacks," it appears;—and had with all his skill arranged himself on the Maxen summits to meet these. He stands now elaborately divided into Three groups against those Three simultaneities; forming (sadly wide apart, one would say, for such a force as Finck's) a very obtuse-angled triangle:—the obtuse vertex of which (if readers care to look on their Map) is Trohnitz, the road Brentano and Sincere are coming.* On the base-angles, Maxen and Dohna, Finck expects Daun and the Reich. From Trohnitz to Maxen is near two miles; from Maxen to Dohna above four. At Dohna stands Wunsch against the Reich; Finck himself at Maxen, expecting Daun, as the pith of the whole affair. In this triangular way stands Finck at the topmost heights of the country,—'Maxen highest, but Hausdorf only a little lower,'—and has not thought of disputing the climb upwards. Too literal an eye to his orders: alas, he was not himself king, but only king's deputy!

The result is, about 11 A.M., as I obscurely gather, Daun has conquered the climb; Daun's musketries begin to glitter on the top of Hausdorf; and 26 or 32 heavy cannon open their throats there; and the Three Attacks break loose. Finck's Maxen batteries (scarcely higher than Daun's, and far inferior in weight) respond with all diligence, the poor regimental field-pieces helping what they can. Mutual cannonade, very loud for an hour and half; terrific, but doing little mischief; after which Daun's musketries (the ground now sufficiently clear to Daun), which are the practical thing, begin opening, first from one point, then from another: and there ensues, for five hours coming, at Maxen and at the other two points of Finck's triangle, such a series of explosive chargings, wheelings, worryings and intricate death-wrestlings, as it would provoke every

* Sketch of Plan at p. 574.

reader to attempt describing to him. Except indeed he were a soldier, bound to know the defence of posts; in which case I could fairly promise him that there are means of understanding the affair, and that he might find benefit in it.[7]

Daun's Grenadiers, and Infantry generally, are in triumphant spirits; confident of victory, as they may reasonably be. Finck's people, too, behave well, some of them conspicuously well, though in gloomier mood; and make stubborn fight, successful here and there, but, as a whole, not capable of succeeding. By 3 in the afternoon, the Austrians have forced the Maxen Post; they 'enter Maxen with great shoutings;' extrude the obstinate Prussian remnants; and, before long, have the poor Village 'on fire in every part.' Finck retreating northward to Schmörsdorf, towards the obtuse angle of his triangle, if haply there may be help in that quarter for him. Daun does not push him much; has Maxen safely burning in every part.

From Schmörsdorf, Finck pushes out a Cavalry charge on Brentano. "Could we but repulse Brentano yonder," thinks he, "I might have those Four Battalions to hand, and try again!" But Brentano makes such cannonading, the Cavalry swerve to a Hollow on their right; then find they have not ground, and retire quite fruitless. Finck's Cavalry, and the Cavalry generally, with their horses all sliding on the frosty mountain-gnarls, appear to be good for little this day. Brentano, victorious over the Cavalry, comes on with such storm, he sweeps through the obtuse angle, home upon Finck; and sweeps him out of Schmörsdorf Village to Schmörsdorf Hill, there to take refuge, as the night sinks,—and to see himself, if his wild heart will permit him to be candid, a ruined man. Of the Three Attacks, Two have completely succeeded on him; only Wunsch, at Dohna, stands victorious; he has held back the Reich all day, and even chased it home to its posts on the Rothwasser (*Red Water*), multitudinous as it was.

Finck's mood, as the November shadows gathered on him,—the equal heart may, at least, pity poor Finck! His resolution is fixed: "Cut ourselves through, this night: Dohna is ours; other side that Red Water there are roads;—perish or get through!" And the

[7] Tempelhof, iii. 307-317. *Journal und Nachricht von der Gefangennehmung des Finck'schen Corps bey Maxen, im Jahre* 1759 (Seyfarth, *Beylagen*, ii. 637-654).

BATTLE OF KUNERSDORF.

12TH AUGUST 1759.

a. a. a. Russian Army. b. b. Austrians, under Loudon.
c. c. Russian Abattis. d. Russian Wagenburg.
e. e. Position of Prussian Army Evening of 11th. f. f. Vanguard, under Fink.
g. Prussian heavy Baggage.
h. Attack of Prussian Grenadiers. i. i. Prussian main Army.
k. k. Fink's line of Attack.

BATTLE OF MAXEN.

20TH NOVEMBER 1759.

a. a. Prussian Army.
b. Prussian Detatchment, under Wunsch.
c. c. Austrian Attack under Daun.
d. d. Attack of Brentano, and Sincere.
e. e. e. Reichs Army.

21st Nov. 1759.

Generals (who are rallied now 'on the Heights of Falkenhain and Bloschwitz,' midway between Maxen and Dohna) get that Order from him. And proceed to arrange for executing it,—though with outlook more and more desperate, as their scouts report that every pass and post, on the Red Water, is beset by Reichsfolk. "Wunsch, with the Cavalry, he at least may thread his way out, under cloud of night, by the opposite or Daun side," calculates Finck. And Wunsch sets out accordingly: a very questionable, winding, subterranean march; difficult in the extreme,—the wearied *slip*shod horses going at a snail's pace; and, in the difficult passes, needing to be dragged through with bridle, and even to be left altogether:—in which, withal, it will prove of no use for Wunsch to succeed! Finck's Generals, endeavouring to rank and rearrange through the night, find that their very cartridges are nearly spent, and that of men, such wounding, such deserting has there been, they have, at this time, by precise count, 2,836 rank and file. Evidently desperate.

At daylight, Daun's cannon beginning again from the Maxen side, Finck sends to capitulate. "Absolute surrender," answers Daun: "prisoners of war, and you shall keep your private baggage. General Wunsch with the Cavalry, he too must turn back and surrender!" Finck pleaded hard, on this last score: "General Wunsch, as head of the Cavalry, is not under me; is himself chief in that department." But it was of no use: Wunsch had to return (not quite got through Daun's Lines, after such a night), and to surrender, like everybody else. Like Eight other Generals; like Wolfersdorf of Torgau, and many a brave Officer and man. Wednesday morning, 21st November 1759: it is Finck's fourth day on Maxen; his last in the Prussian Service.

That same Wednesday Afternoon, there were ranked in the *Grosse Garten* at Dresden, of dejected Prussian Prisoners from Maxen, what exact number was never known: the Austrians said 15,000; but nobody well believed them; their last certain instalment being only, in correct numbers, 2,836. Besides the killed, wounded, and already captured, many had deserted, many had glided clear off. It is judged that Friedrich lost, by all these causes, about 12,000 men. Gone wholly,—with their equipments and appurtenances wholly, which are not worth counting in comparison. Finck and the other Generals, 8 of them, and 529 Officers,—Finck,

Wunsch, Wolfersdorf, Mosel (of the Olmütz Convoy), not to mention others of known worth, this is itself a sore loss to Friedrich, and in present circumstances an irreparable.[8]

The outburst and paroxysm of Gazetteer rumour, which arose in Europe over this, must be left to the imagination; still more the whirlwind of astonishment, grief, remorse and indignation that raged in the heart of Friedrich on first hearing of it. "The Caudine Forks;" "Scene of Pirna over again, in reverse form;" "Is not your King at last over with it?" said and sang multifariously the Gazetteers. As counter-chorus to which, in a certain Royal Heart: "That miserable purblind Finck, unequal to his task;—that over-hasty I, who drove him upon it! This disgrace, loss nigh ruinous; in fine, this infernal Campaign (*cette Campagne infernale*)!" The Anecdote-Books abound in details of Friedrich's behaviour at Wilsdruf, that day; mythical all, or in good part, but symbolising a case that is conceivable to everybody. Or would readers care to glance into the very fact with their own eyes? As happens to be possible:

1°. *Before Maxen: Friedrich to D'Argens and others.*

'*To D'Argens* (Krögis, 15th November,' order for Maxen just given). "Yesterday I joined the Army" (day before yesterday, but took the field yesterday), "and Daun decamped. I have followed "him thus far, and will continue it to the frontiers of Bohemia. "Our measures are so taken" (Finck, to wit) "that he will not get "out of Saxony without considerable losses. Yesterday cost him "500 men taken at Krögis here. Every movement he makes will "cost him as many."[9]

'*To Voltaire* (Wilsdruf, 17th November).' "We are verging on "the end of our Campaign: and I will write to you in eight days "from Dresden, with more composure and coherency than now."[10]

[8] Seyfarth, ii. 576; in *Helden-Geschichte* (v. 1115), the Vienna Account.

[9] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xix. 101. [10] Ibid. xxiii. 66.

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'*To the same* (Wilsdruf, 19th November).' "The Austrians "are packing off to Bohemia,—where, in reprisal for the incendiary "operations they have done in my countries, I have burnt them two "big magazines. I render the beatified Hero's retreat as difficult "as possible; and I hope he will come upon some bad adventures "within a few days."[11]

'*Same day and place, to D'Argens.*' A volley of most rough-paced off-hand Rhyming, direct from the heart; "*Ode*" (as he afterwards terms it, or irrepressible extempore *Lilt*) "*to Fortune:*"

"*Marquis, quel-changement*, what a change! I, a poor heretic "creature, never blessed by the Holy Father; indeed, little fre-"quenting Church, nor serving either Baal or the God of Israel; "held down these many months, and reported by more than one "shaven scoundrel" (priest-pamphleteer at Vienna) "to be quite ex-"tinct, and gone vagabond over the world,—see how capricious For-"tune, after all her hundred preferences of my rivals, lifts me with "helpful hand from the deep, and packs this Hero of the Hat and "Sword,—whom Popes have blessed what they could, and who has "walked in Pilgrimage before now" (to Marienzell once, I believe, publicly at Vienna),—"out of Saxony; panting, harassed goes he, "like a stranger dog from some kitchen where the cook had flogged "him out!"[12] * * (A very exultant Lilt, and with a good deal more of the chanticleer in it than we are used to in this King!)

'2°. *After Maxen.*

'*To D'Argens* (Wilsdruf, 22d Nov.).' "Do with that" (some small piece of business) "whatever you like, my dear Marquis. I "am so stupefied (*étourdi*) with the misfortune which has befallen "General Finck, that I cannot recover from my astonishment. It "deranges all my measures; it cuts me to the quick. Ill-luck, "which persecutes my old age, has followed me from the Mark" (Kunersdorf, in the Mark of Brandenburg) "to Saxony. I will still "strive what I can. The little *Ode* I sent you, addressed *To For-"tune*, had been written too soon! One should not sing victory "till the battle is over. I am so crushed down by these incessant "reverses and disasters, that I wish a thousand times I were dead;

[11] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxiii. 66. [12] Ibid. xix. 103-106.

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" and from day to day I grow wearier of dwelling in a body worn-
" out and condemned to suffer. I am writing to you in the first
" moment of my grief. Astonishment, sorrow, indignation, scorn, all
" blended together, lacerate my soul. Let us get to the end, then,
" of this execrable Campaign; I will then write to you what is to
" become of me; and we will arrange the rest. Pity me;—and
" make no noise about me; bad news go fast enough of themselves.
" Adieu, dear Marquis."[13]

All this, of course, under such pressing call of actualities, had very soon to transform itself into silence; into new resolution, and determinate despatch of business. But the King retained a bitter memory of it all his days. To Finck he was inexorable:—ordered him, the first thing on his return from Austrian Captivity, Trial by Court-Martial; which (Ziethen presiding, June 1763) censured Finck in various points, and gave him, in supplement to the Austrian detention, a Year's Imprisonment in Spandau. No ray of pity visible for him, then or afterwards, in the Royal mind. So that the poor man had to beg his dismissal; get it, and go to Denmark for new promotion and appreciation.—"Far too severe!" grumbled the Opposition voices, with secret counter-severity. And truly it would have been more beautiful to everybody, for the moment, to have made matters soft to poor Finck,—had Friedrich ever gone on that score with his Generals and Delegates; which, though the reverse of a cruel man, he never did. And truly, as we often observe, the Laws of Fact are still severer than Friedrich was:—so that, in the long-run, perhaps it is beautifullest of all, for a King, who is just, to be rhadamanthine in important cases.

Exulting Daun, instead of Bohemia for winter-quarters, pushes out now for the prize of Saxony itself. Daun orders

[13] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xix. 107.

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Beck to attack suddenly another Outpost of Friedrich's, which stands rearward of him at Meissen, under a General Dierecke,—the same whom, as Colonel Dierecke, we saw march out of flamy Zittau, summer gone two years. Beck goes in accordingly, 3d December; attacks Dierecke, not by surprise, but with overwhelming superiority; no reinforcement possible: Dierecke is on the wrong side of the Elbe, no retreat or reinforcement for him; has to fight fiercely all day, Meissen Bridge being in a broken state; then, at night, to ship his people across in Elbe boats, which are much delayed by the floating ice, so that daylight found 1,500, of them on that northern side; all of whom, with General Dierecke himself, were made prisoners by Beck.[14] A comfortable supplement to Maxen, though not of the same magnificence.

After which, Daun himself issued minatory from the Plauen Chasm; expecting, as all the world did, that Friedrich, who is 36,000 of Unfortunate against, say, 72,000 of Triumphant, will, under penalty, take himself away. But it proved otherwise. "If you beat us, Excellency Feldmarschall, yes; but till then —!" Friedrich draws out in battalia; Leo, in wild ragged state and temper, *versus* Bos in the reverse: "Come on, then!" Rhinoceros Bos, though in a high frame of mind, dare not, on cool survey; but retires behind the Plauen Chasm again. Will at least protect Dresden from recapture; and wait here, in the interim; carting his provision out of Bohemia,—which is a rough business, with Elbe frozen, and the passes in such a choked wintry state. Upon whom Friedrich, too, has to wait under arms, in grim neighbourhood, for six weeks to come: such a time as poor young Archenholtz never had before or after.[15] It was well beyond Newyears-

[14] Tempelhof, iii. 321: '3d–4th December 1759.'

[15] Archenholtz, ii. 11-13.

day, before Friedrich could report of himself, and then only in a sense, as will be seen: "We retired to this poor "cottage" (cottage still standing, in the little Town of Freyberg); "Daun did the like; and this unfortunate "Campaign, as all things do, came actually to an end."

Daun holds Dresden and the Dell of Plauen; but Saxony, to the world's amazement, he is as far as ever from holding. 'Daun's front is a small arc of a circle, 'bending round from Dresden to Dippoldiswalde; Fried-'rich is at Freyberg in a bigger concave arc, concentric 'to Daun, well overlapping Daun on that southward or 'landward side, and ready for him, should he stir out; 'Kesselsdorf is his nearest post to Daun; and the Plauen 'Chasm for boundary, which was not overpassed by either.' In Dresden, and the patch of hill country to the south-eastward of it by Elbe side, which is instep or glacis of the Pirna rock country, 70 square miles or so, there rules Daun; and this,—with its heights of Gahmig, valuable as a defence for Dresden against Austria, but not otherwise of considerable value,—was all that Daun this year, or pretty much in any coming year, could realise of conquest in Saxony.

Fabius Cunctator has not succeeded, as the public expected. In fact, ever since that of Hochkirch and the Papal Hat, he has been a waning man, more and more questionable to the undiscerning public. Maxen was his last gleam upwards; a round of applause rose again on Maxen, feeble in comparison with Hochkirch, but still arguing hope,—which, after this, more and more died out; so that, in two years more, poor Madam Daun, going to Imperial Levee, 'had her state-carriage half-filled with 'nightcaps, thrown into it by the Vienna people, in token 'of her husband's great talent for sleep.'[16]

[16] Archenholtz (Anno 1762, 'last Siege of Schweidnitz').

CHAPTER VIII.

MISCELLANEA IN WINTER-QUARTERS, 1759–60.

FRIEDRICH was very loth to quit the field this Winter. In spite of Maxen and ill-luck and the unfavourablest weather, it still was, for about two months, his fixed purpose to recapture Dresden first, and drive Daun home. "Had I but a 12,000 of Auxiliaries to guard my right flank, while trying it!" said he. Ferdinand magnanimously sent him the Hereditary Prince with 12,000, who staid above two months;[1] and Friedrich did march about, attempting that way,[2]—pushed forward to Maguire and Dippoldiswalde, looked passionately into Maguire on all sides; but found him, in those frozen chasms, and rock-labyrinths choked with snow, plainly unattackable; him and everybody, in such frost-element;—and renounced the passionate hope.

It was not till the middle of January that Friedrich put his troops into partial cantonments, Head-quarter Freyberg; troops still mainly in the Villages from Wilsdruf and southward, close by their old Camp there. Camp still left standing, guarded by Six Battalions; six after six, alternating week about: one of the grimmest Camps in Nature; the canvas roofs grown mere ice-plates, the tents mere sanctuaries of frost:—never did poor young Archenholtz see such industry in dragging wood-fuel, such boiling of biscuits in broken ice, such crowding round

[1] 'Till February 15th;' List of the Regiments (German all), in *Seyfarth*, ii. 578 n.

[2] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, v. 32. Old Newspaper rumours: in *Gentleman's Magazine*, xxix. 605, '29th December,' &c.

the embers to roast one side of you, while the other was freezing.[3] But Daun's people, on the opposite side of Plauen Dell, did the like; their tents also were left standing in the frozen state, guarded by alternating battalions, no better off than their Prussian neighbours. This of the Tents, and Six frost-bitten Battalions guarding them, lasted till April. An extraordinary obstinacy on the part both of Daun and of Friedrich; alike jealous of even seeming to yield one inch more of ground.

The Hereditary Prince, with his 12,000, marched home again in February; indeed, ever after the going into cantonments, all use of the Prince and his Force here visibly ceased; and, on the whole, no result whatever followed those strenuous antagonisms, and frozen tents left standing for three months; and things remained practically what they were. So that, as the grand "Peace Negotiations" also came to nothing, we might omit this of Winter-quarters altogether; and go forward to the opening of Campaign Fifth;—were it not that characteristic features do otherwise occur in it, curious little unveilings of the secret hopes and industries of Friedrich:—besides which, there have minor private events fallen out, not without interest to human readers. For whose behoof mainly a loose intercalary Chapter may be thrown together here.

Serene Highness of Würtemberg, at Fulda (November 30th, 1759), *is just about "firing Victoria," and giving a Ball to Beauty and Fashion, in Honour of a certain Event;—but is unpleasantly interrupted.*

November 21st, the very day while Finck was capitulating in the Hills of Maxen, Duke Ferdinand, busy

[3] Archenholtz (*ut suprà*), ii. 11-15.

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ever since his Victory at Minden, did, after a difficult Siege of Münster, Siege by Imhof, with Ferdinand protecting him, get Münster into hand again, which was reckoned a fine success to him. Very busy has the Duke been; industriously reaping the fruits of his Victory at Minden; and this, the conclusive rooting-out of the French from that Westphalian region, is a very joyful thing; and puts Ferdinand in hopes of driving them over the Mayn altogether. Which some think he would have done; had not he, with magnanimous oblivion of self and wishes, agreed to send the Hereditary Prince and those 12,000 to assist in Friedrich's affairs, looking upon that as the vital point in these Allied Interests. Friedrich's attempts, we have said, turned out impossible; nor would the Hereditary Prince and his 12,000, though a good deal talked about in England and elsewhere,[4] require more than mention; were it not that on the road thither, at Fulda ("Fulda is half-way house to Saxony," thinks Ferdinand, "should Pitt and Britannic Majesty be pleased to consent, as I dare presume they will"), the Hereditary Prince had, in his swift way, done a thing useful for Ferdinand himself, and which caused a great emotion, chiefly of laughter, over the world, in those weeks.

'No Enemy of Friedrich's,' says my Note, 'is of feller humour 'than the Serenity of Würtemberg, Karl Eugen, Reigning Duke of 'that unfortunate Country; for whom, in past days, Friedrich had 'been so fatherly, and really took such pains. "Fatherly? *Step*-'fatherly, you mean; and for his own vile uses!" growled the 'Serenity of Würtemberg:—always an ominous streak of gloom in 'that poor man; streak which is spread now to whole skies of boil-'ing darkness, owing to deliriums there have been! Enough, Karl 'Eugen, after divorcing his poor Wife, had distinguished himself by 'a zeal without knowledge, beyond almost all the enemies of Fried-

[4] Walpole, *George Second*, iii. 248 (in a sour Opposition tone); &c. &c.

'rich;—and still continues in that bad line of industry. His poor 'Wife he has made miserable in some measure; also himself; and, 'in a degree, his poor soldiers and subjects, who are with him by 'compulsion in this Enterprise. The Würtembergers are Protestants 'of old type; and want no fighting against "the Protestant Hero," 'but much the reverse! Serene Karl had to shoot a good few of 'these poor people, before they would march at all; and his pro-'cedures were indeed, and continued to be, of a very crying nature, 'though his poor Populations took them silently. Always some-'thing of perverse in this Serene Highness; has it, I think, by kind.

'Besides his quota to the Reich, Karl Eugen has 12,000 more 'on foot,—and it is of them we are treating at present. In 1757, 'he had lent these troops to the Empress Queen, for a consideration; 'it was they that stood on the Austrian left, at Leuthen; and were 'the first that got beaten, and had to cease standing,—as the Aus-'trians were abundantly loud in proclaiming. To the disgust of 'Serene Highness: "Which of you did stand, then? Was it their 'blame, led as they were!" argued he. And next year, 1758, after 'Crefeld, he took his 12,000 to the French ("subsidy," or consider-'ation, "to be paid in *salt*," it appears[5]); with whom they marched 'about, and did nothing considerable. The Serenity had pleaded, "I must command them myself!" "You?" said Belleisle, and would 'not hear of it. Next year again, however, that is 1759, the Duke 'was positive, "I must;" Belleisle not less so, "You cannot;"—till 'Minden fell out; and then, in the wreck of Contades, Belleisle had 'to consent. Serenity of Würtemberg, at that late season, took the 'field accordingly; and Broglio now has him at Fulda, "To cut off 'Ferdinand from Cassel;" to threaten Ferdinand's left flank and his 'provision-carts in that quarter. May really become unpleasant 'there to Ferdinand;—and ought to be cut out by the Hereditary 'Prince. "To Fulda, then, and cut him out!"

'*Fulda, Tuesday, 30th November* 1759. Serene Highness is 'lying here for a week past; abundantly strong for the task on 'hand,—has his own 12,000, supplemented by 1,000 French Light 'Horse;—but is widely scattered withal, posted in a kind of triangu-'lar form; his main posts being Fulda itself, and a couple of others, 'each thirty miles from Fulda, and five miles from one another,—

[5] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, v. 10.

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'with "patrols to connect them," better or worse. Abundantly strong 'for the task, and in perfect security; and indeed intends this day 'to "fire *victoria*" for the Catastrophe at Maxen, and in the evening 'will give a Ball in farther honour of so salutary an event:—when, 'about 9 A.M., news arrives at the gallop, "Prussians in full march; 'are within an hour of the Town Bridge!" Figure to what flurry of 'Serene Highness; of the victoria-shooting apparatus; of busy man-'milliner people, and the Beauty and Fashion of Fulda in general!

'The night before, a rumour of the French Post being driven in 'by somebody had reached Serene Highness; who gave some vague 'order, not thinking it of consequence. Here, however, is the Fact 'come to hand, in a most urgent and undeniable manner! Serene 'Highness gets on horseback; but what can that help? One can-'non (has nothing but light cannon) he does plant on the Bridge; 'but see, here come premonitory bombshells one and another, terri-'fying to the mind;—and a single Hessian dragoon, plunging for-'ward on the one unready cannon, and in the air making horrid 'circles,—the gunners leave said cannon to him, take to their heels; 'and the Bridge is open. The rest of the affair can be imagined. 'Retreat at our swiftest, "running fight," we would fain call it, by 'various roads; lost two flags, two cannon; prisoners were above '1,200, many of them Officers. "A merciful Providence saved the 'Duke's Serene Person from hurt," say the Stuttgard Gazetteers: 'which was true,—Serene Highness having been inspired to gallop 'instantly to rearward and landward, leaving an order to somebody, "Do the best you can!"

'So that the Ball is up; dress-pumps and millineries getting 'all locked into their drawers again,—with abundance of teehee-ing '(I hope, mostly in a light vein) from the fair creatures disap-'pointed of their dance for this time. Next day, Serene Highness 'drew farther back, and next day again farther,—towards Franken-'land and home, as the surest place;—and was no more heard of in 'those localities.'[6]

Making his first exit, not yet quite his final, from the War-Theatre, amid such tempests of haha-ing and teehee-

[6] Buchholz, ii. 332; Mauvillon, ii. 80; *Helden-Geschichte*, v. 1184-1193; Old Newspapers, in *Gentleman's Magazine*, xxix. 603.

ing. With what thoughts in his own lofty opaque mind; —like a crowned mule, of such pace and carriage, who had unexpectedly stepped upon galvanic wires!—

As to those poor Würtembergers, and their notion of the "Protestant Hero," I remark farther, that there is a something of real truth in it. Friedrich's Creed, or Theory of the Universe, differed extremely, in many important points, from that of Dr. Martin Luther: but in the vital all-essential point, what we may call the heart's-core of all Creeds which are human, human and not simious or diabolic, the King and the Doctor were with their whole heart at one: That it is not allowable, that it is dangerous and abominable, to attempt believing what is not true. In that sense, Friedrich, by nature and position, was a Protestant, and even the chief Protestant in the world. What kind of "Hero," in this big War of his, we are gradually learning;—in which too, if you investigate, there is not wanting something of "*Protestant* Heroism," even in the narrow sense. For it does appear,—Maria Theresa having a real fear of God, and poor Louis a real fear of the Devil, whom he may well feel to be getting dangerous purchase over him,—some hope-gleams of acting upon Schism, and so meriting Heaven, did mingle with their high terrestrial combinations, on this unique opportunity, more than are now supposed in careless History Books.

What is Perpetual President Maupertuis doing, all this While? Is he still in Berlin; or where in the Universe is he? Alas, poor Maupertuis!

In the heat of this Campaign, 'July 27th,'—some four days after the Battle of Züllichau, just while Friedrich was hurrying off for that Intersection at Sagan, and

breathless Hunt of Loudon and Haddick,—poor Maupertuis had quitted this world. July 27th, 1759; at Basel, on the Swiss Borders, in his friend Bernouilli's house, after long months of sickness painfully spent there. And our poor Perpetual President, at rest now from all his Akakia burns, and pains and labours in flattening the Earth and otherwise, is gone.

Many beautifuller men have gone within the Year, of whom we can say nothing. But this is one whose grandly silent, and then occasionally fulminant procedures, Akakia controversies, Olympian solemnities, and flamy pirouettings under the contradiction of sinners, we once saw; and think with a kind of human pathos that we shall see no more. From his goose of an adorer, La Beaumelle, I have riddled out the following particulars, chiefly chronological,—and offer them to susceptible readers. La Beaumelle is, in a sort, to be considered the speaker; or La Beaumelle and this Editor in concert:

Final Pilgrimings of the Perpetual President. 'Maupertuis had 'quitted Berlin soon after Voltaire. That threat of visiting Voltaire 'with pistols,—to be met by "my syringe and vessel of dishonour" 'on Voltaire's part,—was his last memorability in Berlin. His last 'at that time; or indeed altogether, for he saw little of Berlin 'farther.

'End of April 1753, he got leave of absence; set out homewards, for recovery of health. Was at Paris through summer and 'autumn: very taciturn in society; "preferred pretty women to any 'man of science;" would sententiously say a strong thing now and 'then, "bitter but not without *bonhomie*," shaking slightly his yellow 'wig. Disdainful, to how high a degree, of *Akakia* brabbles, and 'Voltaire gossip for or against! In winter, went to St. Malo; found 'his good Father gone; but a loving Sister still there.

'June 1754, the King wrote to him, "*Venez vite*, Come quickly:" 'July 1754, he came accordingly,[1] saw Berlin again; did nothing

[1] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xx. 49.

'noticeable there, except get worse in health; and after eleven 'months, June 1756, withdrew again on leave,—never to return 'this time, though he well intended otherwise. But at St. Malo, 'when, after a month or two of Paris, he got thither (Autumn '1756), and still more, next summer, 1757, when he thought of 'leaving St. Malo,—what wars, and rumours of war, all over the 'world!

'June 1757, he went to Bordeaux, intending to take ship for 'Hamburg, and return; but the sea was full of English cruisers' (Pitt's Descents lying in store for St. Malo itself). 'No getting 'to Berlin by the Hamburg or sea route! "Never mind, then," 'wrote the King: "Improve your health; go to Italy, if you 'can."

'Summer 1757, Maupertuis made for Italy; got as far as Tou- 'louse;—staid there till May following; sad, tragically stoical; say- 'ing, sparingly, and rather to women than men, strong things, ad- 'mired by the worthier sort. Renounced thoughts of Italy: "Europe 'bleeding, and especially France and Prussia, how go idly tour- 'ing?"

'May 1758, Maupertuis left Toulouse; turned towards Berlin; 'slow, sad, circuitous;—never to arrive. Saw Narbonne, Montpel- 'lier, Nîmes; with what meditations. At Lyons, under honours 'sky-high, health getting worse, stays two months; vomits clots 'of blood there. Thence, July 24th, to Neufchâtel and the Lord 'Marischal; happy there for three months. Hears there of Pro- 'fessor König's death (*Akakia* König): "One scoundrel less in the 'world," ejaculated he; "but what is one!"—October 16th, to the 'road again, to Basel; stays perforce, in Bernouilli's house there, all 'Winter; health falling lower and lower.

'April 1759, one day he has carriage at the door ("Homeward, 'at all rates!"); but takes violent spasms in the carriage; can't;— 'can no farther in this world. Lingers here, under kind care, for 'above three months more: dying slowly, most painfully. With 'much real stoicism; not without a stiff-jointed algebraic kind of 'piety, almost pathetic in its sort. "Two Capuchins from a neigh- 'bouring Convent daily gave him consolations," not entirely satis- 'factory; for daily withal, "unknown to the Capuchins, he made his 'Valet, who was a Protestant, read to him from the Geneva Bible;"

'—and finds many things hard to the human mind. July 27th, '1759, he died.'[8]

Poor Maupertuis; a man of rugged stalwart type; honest; of an ardour, an intelligence,—not to be forgotten for La Beaumelle's pulings over them. A man of good and even of high talent; unlucky in mistaking it for the highest! His poor Wife, a born Borck,—hastening from Berlin, but again and again delayed by industry of kind friends, and at last driving on in spite of everything,—met, in the last miles, his Hearse and Funeral Company. Adieu, a pitying adieu to him forever,—and even to his adoring La Beaumelle, who is rather less a blockhead than he generally seems.

This of the Two Capuchins, the last consummation of collapse in man, is what Voltaire cannot forget, but crows over with his shrillest mockery; and seldom mentions Maupertuis without that last touch to his life-drama.

Grand French Invasion-Scheme comes entirely to Wreck (Quiberon Bay, 20th November 1759): *of Controller-General Silhouette, and the Outlooks of France, financial and other.*

On the very day of Maxen, Tuesday November 20th, the grand French Invasion found its terminus,—not on the shores of Britain, but of Brittany, to its surprise. We saw Rodney burn the Flatbottom manufactory at Havre; Boscawen chase the Toulon Squadron, till it ended on the rocks of Lagos. From January onwards, as was then mentioned, Hawke had been keeping watch, off Brest Harbour, on Admiral Conflans, who presides there over multifarious preparations, with the last Fleet France

[8] La Beaumelle, *Vie de Maupertuis*, pp. 196-216.

now has. At Vannes, where Hawke likewise has ships watching, are multifarious preparations; new Flatbottoms, 18,000 troops,—could Conflans and they only get to sea. At the long last, they did get;—in manner following:

'November 9th, a wild gale of wind had blown Hawke out of 'sight; away home to Torbay, for the moment. "Now is the time!" 'thought Conflans, and put to sea (November 14th); met by Hawke, 'who had weighed from Torbay to his duty; and who, of course, 'crowded every sail, after hearing that Conflans was out. At break 'of day, November 20th' (in the very hours when poor Finck was embattling himself round Maxen, and Daun sprawling up upon him through the Passes), 'Hawke had had signal, "A Fleet in sight;" 'and soon after, "Conflans in sight,"—and the day of trial come.

'Conflans is about the strength of Hawke, and France expects 'much of him; but he is not expecting Hawke. Conflans is busy, at 'this moment, in the mouth of Quiberon Bay, opening the road for 'Vannes and the 18,000;—in hot chase, at the moment, of a Com- 'modore Duff and his small Squadron, who have been keeping watch 'there, and are now running all they can. On a sudden, to the asto- 'nishment of Conflans, this little Squadron whirls round, every ship 'of it (with a sky-rending cheer, could he hear it), and commences 'chasing! Conflans, taking survey, sees that it is Hawke; he, sure 'enough, coming down from windward yonder, at his highest speed; 'and that chasing will not now be one's business!—

'About 11 A.M., Hawke is here; eight of his vanward ships are 'sweeping on for action. Conflans, at first, had determined to fight 'Hawke; and drew up accordingly, and did try a little: but gradu- 'ally thought better of it; and decided to take shelter in the shoaly 'coasts and nooks thereabouts, which were unknown to Hawke, and 'might ruin him if he should pursue, the day being short, and the 'weather extremely bad. Weather itself almost to be called a storm. "Shoreward, then; eastward, every ship!" became, ultimately, Con- 'flans's plan. On the whole, it was 2 in the afternoon before Hawke, 'with those vanward Eight, could get clutch of Conflans. And truly 'he did then strike his claws into him, in a thunderously fervid 'manner, he and all hands, in spite of the roaring weather:—a man 'of falcon, or accipitral, nature as well as name.

20th Nov. 1759.

'Conflans himself fought well; as did certain of the others,—all, 'more or less, so long as their plan continued steady:—thunderous 'miscellany of cannon and tempest; Conflans with his plan steady, 'or Conflans with his plan wavering, *versus* those vanward Eight, 'for two hours or more. But the scene was too dreadful; this ship 'sinking, that obliged to strike; things all going awry for Conflans. 'Hawke, in his own Flagship, bore down specially on Conflans in 'his,—who did wait, and exchange a couple of broadsides; but then 'sheered off, finding it so heavy. French Vice-Admiral next likewise 'gave Hawke a broadside; one only, and sheered off, satisfied with the 'return. Some Four others, in succession, did the like; "One blast, 'as we hurry by" (making for the shore, mostly)! So that Hawke 'seemed swallowed in volcanoes (though, indeed, their firing was 'very bad, such a flurry among them), and his Blue Flag was in-'visible for some time, and various ships were hastening to help 'him,—till a Fifth French ship coming up with her broadside, 'Hawke answered her in particular (*La Superbe*, a Seventy-four) 'with all his guns together; which sent the poor ship to the bot-'tom, in a hideously sudden manner. One other (the *Thésée*) had 'already sunk in fighting; two (the *Soleil* and the *Héros*) were 'already running for it,—the *Héros*, in a very *un*heroic manner! 'But on this terrible plunge-home of the *Superbe*, the rest all made 'for the shore;—and escaped into the rocky intricacies and the 'darkness. Four of Conflans's ships were already gone,—struck, 'sunk, or otherwise extinct,—when darkness fell, and veiled Con-'flans and his distresses. "Country people, to the number of '10,000," crowded on the shore, had been seen watching the Battle; 'and, "as sad witnesses of the White Flag's disgrace," disappeared 'into the interior.'[9]

It was such a night as men never witnessed before. Walpole says: 'The roaring of the elements was redoubled by the thunder 'from our ships; and both concurred in that scene of horror, to put 'a period to the Navy and hopes of France. Seven ships of the line 'got into the River Vilaine' (lay there fourteen months, under strict watching, till their backs were broken, 'thumping against the shal-low bottom, every tide,' and only 'three, with three frigates,' ever got

[9] Beatson, ii. 327-345; and Ib. iii. 244-250. In *Gentleman's Magazine* (xxix. 557), 'A Chaplain's Letter,' &c.

out again); 'eight more escaped to different ports,' into the River Charente, ultimately. 'Conflans's own ship and another were run on 'shore, and burnt. One we took.' Two, with their crews, had gone to the bottom; one under Hawke's cannon; one partly by its own mismanagement. 'Two of ours were lost in the storm' (chasing that *Soleil* and *Héros*), 'but the crews saved. Lord Howe, who attacked '*La Formidable*, bore down on her with such violence, that her prow 'forced-in his lower tier of guns. Captain Digby, in the *Dunkirk*, 'received the fire of twelve of the enemy's ships, and lost not a man. 'Keppel's was full of water, and he thought it sinking: a sudden 'squall emptied his ship; but he was informed all his powder was 'wet; "Then," said he, "I am sorry I am safe." They came and 'told him a small quantity was undamaged; "Very well," said he; "then attack again." Not above eight of our ships were engaged 'in obtaining that decisive victory. The Invasion was heard of no 'more.'[10]

Invasion had been fully intended, and even, in these final days, considerably expected. In the old London Newspapers we read this notice: *Monday November 19th:* "Today there came Three Expresses,"—Three Expresses, with what haste in their eyes, testifying successively of Conflans's whereabout. But it was believed that Hawke would still manage. And, at any rate, Pitt wore such a look,—and had, in fact, made such preparation on the coasts, even in failure of Hawke,—there was no alarm anywhere. Indignation rather;—and naturally, when the news did come, what an outburst of Illumination in the windows and the hearts of men!

'Hawke continued watching the mouths of the Vilaine and 'Charente Rivers, for a good while after, and without interruption 'henceforth,—till the storms of Winter had plainly closed them for 'one season. Supplies of fresh provisions had come to him from 'England, all Summer; but were stopped latterly by the wild weather.

[10] Walpole, *George Second*, iii. 232.—Here is the List, accurately riddled out: 1. *Formidable*, struck (about 4 P.M.): 2. *Thésée*, sunk (by a tumble it made, while in action, under an unskilful Captain): 3. *Superbe*, sunk: 4. *Héros*, struck; could not be boarded, such weather; and recommenced next day, but had to run and strand itself, and be burnt by the English;—as did (5.) The *Soleil Royal* (Conflans's Flagship), Conflans and crew (like those of the *Héros*) getting out in time.

'Upon which, in the Fleet, arose this gravely pathetic Stave of Sea-'Poetry, with a wrinkle of briny humour grinning in it:

> 'Till Hawke did bang Monsieur Conflans' (*Congflang*),
> 'You sent us beef and beer;
> 'Now Monsieur's beat, we've nought to eat,
> 'Since you have nought to fear.'[11]

The French mode of taking this catastrophe was rather peculiar. Hear Barbier, an Eyewitness; dating, *Paris, December* 1759: 'Since the first days of December, there 'has been cried, and sold in the streets, a Printed Detail 'of all that concerns the *Grand Invasion* projected this 'long while: to wit, the number of Ships of the Line, 'of Frigates, Galiots,—among others 500 Flatbottomed 'Boats, which are to carry over, and land in England, 'more than 54,000 men;—with list of the Regiments, and 'number of the King's Guards, that are also to go: there 'are announced for Generals-in-Chief, M. le Prince de 'Conti' (do readers remember him since the Broglio-Maillebois time, and how King Louis prophesied in autograph that he would be "the Grand Conti" one day?)—'Prince de Conti, Prince de Soubise' (left his Conquest of Frankfurt for this greater Enterprise), 'and Milord 'Thomont' (Irish Jacobite, whom I don't know). 'As 'sequel to this Detail, there is a lengthy Song on the '*Disembarkment in England*, and the fear the English 'must have of it!' Calculated to astonish the practical forensic mind.

'It is inconceivable,' continues he, 'how they have 'permitted such a Piece to be printed; still more, to be 'cried, and sold price one halfpenny (*deux liards*). This 'Song is indecent, in the circumstances of the actual news 'from our Fleet at Brest (20th of last month);—in re-'gard to which bad adventure M. le Marquis de Conflans

[11] Beatson, ii. 342 n.

'has come to Versailles, to justify himself, and throw the 'blame on M. le Marquis de Beauffremont' (his Rear-admiral, now safe in the Charente, with eight of our poor ships). 'Such things are the more out of place, as we are 'in a bad enough position,—no Flatbottoms stirring from 'the ports, no Troops of the *Maison du Roi* setting out; '—and have reason to believe that we are now to make 'no such attempt.'[12]

Silhouette, the Controller-General, was thought to have a creative genius in finance: but in the eighth month of his gestation, what phenomena are these? October 26th, there came out Four Decrees of Council, setting forth, That, 'as the expenses of the War exceed not only the 'King's ordinary revenues, but the extraordinaries he has 'had to lay on his people, there is nothing for it but,' in fact, Suspension of Payment; actual Temporary Bankruptcy:—"Cannot pay you; part of you not for a year, others of you not till the War end; will give you 5 per cent interest instead." Coupled with which, by the same creative genius, is a Declaration in the King's name, "That the King compels nobody, but does invite all and sundry of loyal mind to send their Plate (on loan, of course, and with due receipt for it) to the Mint to be coined, lest Majesty come to have otherwise no money," —his very valets, as is privately known, having had no wages from him for ten months past.

Whereupon the rich Princes of the Blood, Duc d'Orléans foremost, and Official persons, Pompadour, Belleisle, Choiseul, do make an effort; and everybody that has Plate feels uneasily that he cannot use it, and that he ought to send it. And, November 5th, the King's own Plate, packed ostentatiously in carts, went to the Mint;—the Dauphiness,

[12] Barbier, iv. 336.

noble Saxon Lady, had already volunteered with a silver toilet-table of hers, brand-new, and of exquisite costly pattern; but the King forbade her. On such examples, everybody had to make an effort, or uneasily try to make one. King Friedrich, eight days after Maxen, is somewhat amused at these proceedings in the distance:

"The kettles and spoons of the French seem to me "a pleasant resource for carrying on War!" writes he to D'Argens.[13] "A bit of mummery to act on the public "feeling, I suppose. The result of it will be small: but as "the Belleisle *Letters*" (taken in Contades's baggage, after Minden, and printed by Duke Ferdinand for public edification) "make always such an outcry about poverty, "those people are trying to impose on their enemies, "and persuade them that the carved and chiselled silver "of the Kingdom will suffice for making a vigorous Cam- "paign. I see nothing else that can have set them on "imagining the farce they are now at. There is Münster "taken from them by the English-Hanoverian people; it "is affirmed that the French, on the 25th, quitted Gies- "sen, to march on Friedberg and repass the Rhine" (might possibly have done so;—but the Hereditary Prince and his 12,000 come to be needed elsewhere!)—"Poor we "are opposite our enemies here, cantoned in the Villages "about; the last truss of straw, the last loaf of bread will "decide which of us is to remain in Saxony. And as the "Austrians are extremely squeezed together, and can "get nothing out of Böhmen,"—one hopes it will not be they!

All through November, this sending of Plate, I never knew with what net result of moneys coinable, goes on in Paris; under what astonishments abroad and at home, and in the latter region under what execrations on Sil-

[13] 'Wilsdruf, 28th November 1759,' *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xix. 108.

houette, may be imagined. '*Tout le monde jure beaucoup 'contre M. de Silhouette,* All the world swears much 'against him,' says Barbier;—but I believe probably he was much to be pitied: "A creative genius, you; and this is what you come to?"

November 22d, the poor man got dismissed; France swearing at him, I know not to what depth; but howling and hissing, evidently, with all its might. The very tailors and milliners took him up,—trousers without pockets, dresses without flounce or fold, which they called *à la Silhouette;*—and, to this day, in France and Continental Countries, the old-fashioned Shadow-Profile (mere outline, and vacant black) is practically called a *silhouette.* So that the very Dictionaries have him; and, like bad Count Reinhart, or *Reynard,* of earlier date, he has become a Noun Appellative, and is immortalised in that way. The first of that considerable Series of Creative Financiers, Abbé Terray and the rest,—brought in successively with blessings, and dismissed with cursings and hissings,—who end in Calonne, Loménie de Brienne, and what Mirabeau Père called "the General Overturn (*Culbute Générale*)." Thitherward, privately, straight towards the General Overturn, is France bound;—and will arrive in about thirty years.

Friedrich, strange to say, publishes (March—June 1760) *an Edition of his Poems. Question, "Who wrote* Matinées du Roi de Prusse?"—*for the second, and positively the last Time.*

In this avalanche of impending destructions, what can be more surprising than to hear of the Editing of Poems on his Majesty's part! Actual publication of that *Œuvre*

de Poésie, for which Voltaire, poor gentleman, suffered such tribulation seven years ago. Now coming out from choice: Reprint of it, not now to the extent of twelve copies for highly special friends, but in copious thousands, for behoof of mankind at large! The thing cost Friedrich very little meditating, and had become necessary,—and to be done with speed.

Readers recollect the *Œuvre de Poésie*, and satirical hits said to be in it. At Paris, about New-year's time 1760, some helpful Hand had contrived to bring out, under the pretended date 'Potsdam,' a cheap edition of that interesting Work.[14] Merely in the way of theft, as appeared to cursory readers, to D'Argens, for example:[15] but, in deeper fact, for the purpose of apprising certain Crowned Heads, friendly and hostile,—Czarish Majesty and George II. of England the main two,—what this poetising King was pleased to think of them in his private moments. D'Argens declares himself glad of this theft, so exquisitely clever is the Book. But Friedrich knows better: 'March 17th, when a Copy of it came to him,' Friedrich sees well what is meant,—and what he himself has to do in it. He instantly sets about making a few suppressions, changes of phrase; sends the thing to D'Argens: "Publish at once, with a little prefatory word." And, at the top of his speed, D'Argens has, in three-weeks time, the suitable *Avant-propos*, or *Avis au Libraire*, 'circulating in great quantities, especially in London and Petersburg' ("Thief Editor has omitted; and, what is far more, has malignantly interpolated: here is the poor idle Work itself, not a Counterfeit of it, if anybody care to read it"), and an

[14] '*Œuvres du Philosophe de Sans-Souci*:' 1 vol. 12mo, 'Potsdam' (*Paris*, in truth), '1760.'

[15] His Letter to the King, *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xix. 138.

Orthodox Edition ready.[16] The diligent Pirate Booksellers, at Amsterdam, at London, copiously reproduced this authorised Berlin Edition too,—or added excerpts from it to their reprints of the Paris one, by way of various-readings. And everybody read and compared, what nobody will now do; theme, and treatment of theme, being both now so heartily indifferent to us.

Who the Perpetrator of this Parisian maleficence was, remained dark;—and would not be worth inquiring into at all, except for two reasons intrinsically trifling, but not quite without interest to readers of our time. First, that Voltaire, whom some suspected (some, never much Friedrich, that I hear of), appears to have been perfectly innocent;—and indeed had been incapacitated for guilt, by Schmidt and Freytag, and their dreadful Frankfurt procedures! This is reason *first;* poor Voltaire mutely asking us, Not to load him with more sins than his own. Reason *second* is, that, by a singular opportunity, there has, in these very months,[17] a glimmering of light risen on it to this Editor; illustrating two other points as well, which readers here are acquainted with, some time ago, as riddles of the insignificant sort. The *Demon Newswriter*, with his "*Idea*" of Friedrich, and the "*Matinées du Roi de Prusse:*" readers recollect both those Productions; both enigmatic as to authorship;—but both now become riddles which can more or less be read.

For the surprising circumstance (though in certain

[16] 'Came out, April 9th' (see *Mitchell*, ii. 153), 'and a second finer Edition in June:' in *Œuvres de Frédéric*, x. p. x, xix. 137 n., 138; especially in *Preuss*, i. 467, 468 (if you will compare him with *himself* on these different occasions, and patiently wind out his bit of meaning), all manner of minutest details.

[17] Spring 1863.

periods, when the realm of very Chaos reëmerges, fitfully, into upper sunshine now and then, nothing ought to surprise one as happening there) is, That, only a few months ago, the incomparable *Matinées* (known to my readers five years since) has found a new Editor and reviver. Editor illuminated "by the Secretary of the Great Napoleon," "by discovery of manuscripts," "by the Duc de Rovigo," and I know not what; animated also, it is said, by religious views. And, in short, the *Matinées* is again abroad upon the world,—'your London Edition 'twice reprinted in Germany, by the Jesuit party since' (much good may it do the Jesuit party!)—a *Matinées* again in comfortable circumstances, as would seem. Probably the longest-eared Platitude now walking the Earth, though there are a good many with ears long. Unconscious, seemingly, that it has been killed thrice and four times already; and that indeed, except in the realm of Nightmare, it never was alive, or needed any killing; belief in it, doubt upon it (I must grieve to inform the Duc de Rovigo and honourable persons concerned), being evidence conclusive that you have not yet the faintest preliminary shadow of correct knowledge about Friedrich or his habits or affairs, and that you ought first to try and acquire some.

To me, argument on this subject would have been too unendurable. But argument there was on it, by persons capable and willing, more than one: and in result this surprising brand-new London mooncalf of a *Matinées* was smitten through, and slit in pieces, for the fifth time, —as if that could have hurt it much! '*Mit der Dumm-* '*heit*,' sings Schiller; 'Human Stupidity is stronger than 'the very Gods.' However, in the course of these new inspections into matters long since obsolete, there did, —what may truly be considered as a kind of profit by

this Resuscitating of the mooncalf *Matinées* upon afflicted mankind, and is a net outcome from it, real, though very small,—some light rise as to the origin and genesis of *Matinées;* some twinkles of light, and, in the utterly dark element, did disclose other monstrous extinct shapes looming to right and left of said monster: and, in a word, the Authorship of *Matinées*, and not of *Matinées* only, becomes now at last faintly visible or guessable. To one of those industrious Matadors, as we may call them, Slayers of this mooncalf for the fourth or fifth time, I owe the following Note; which, on verifying, I can declare to be trustworthy:

'The Author of *Matinées*, it is nearly certain,' says my Correspondent, 'is actually a "M. de Bonneville,"—contrary to what 'you wrote five years ago.[18] Not, indeed, the Bonneville who is 'found in Dictionaries, who is visibly impossible; but a Bonneville 'of the preceding generation, who was Maréchal de Saxe's Adjutant 'or Secretary, old enough to have been the Uncle or the Father of 'that revolutionary Bonneville. Maréchal de Saxe died, November '30th, 1750; this senior Bonneville, still a young man, had been 'with him to Potsdam on visit there. Bonneville, conscious of 'genius, and now out of employment, naturally went thither again; 'lived a good deal there, or went between France and there: and 'authentic History knows of him, by direct evidence, and by reflex, 'the following Three Facts (the *second* of them itself threefold), of 'which I will distinguish the indubitable from the inferentially credible or as good as certain:

'1°. Indubitable, That Bonneville sold to Friedrich certain Papers, military Plans, or the like, of the late Maréchal, and was paid 'for them; but by no means met the recognition his genius saw 'itself to merit. These things are certain, though not dated, or 'datable except as of the year 1750 or 1751. After which, for above 'twenty years, Bonneville entered upon a series of adventures, cali'ginous, underground, for most part; "soldiering in America," "writ'ing anonymous Pamphlets or Books," roaming wide over the world;

[18] A.D. 1858 (*supra*, i. 203, 204).

'and led a busy but obscure and uncertain life, hanging by Berlin 'as a kind of centre, or by Paris and Berlin as his two centres; 'and had a miscellaneous series of adventures, subterranean many 'of them, unluminous all of them, not courting the light; which lie 'now in naturally a very dark condition. Dimly discernible, however, in the general dusk of Bonneville, dim and vague of outline, 'but definitely steady beyond what could have been expected, it 'does appear farther,—what alone entitles Bonneville to the least 'memory here, or anywhere in Nature now or henceforth,—

'2°. That, shortly after that first rebuff in Potsdam, he, not 'another, in 1752, was your "*Demon News-writer*," whom we gazed 'at, some time since, devoutly crossing ourselves, for a little while!

'Likewise that, in 1759-60, after or before his American wan-'derings, he, the same Bonneville, as was suspected at the time,[19] 'stole and edited this surreptitious mischief-making *Œuvres du* '*Philosophe de Sans-Souci* (Paris or Lyon, pretending to be "Pots-'dam," January 1760),' which we are now considering! 'Encouraged, 'probably enough, by Choiseul himself, who, in any case, is now 'known to have been the promoter of this fine bit of mischief,[20]— 'and who may thereupon' (or may as probably, *not* 'thereupon,' if it were of the least consequence to gods or men) 'have opened to 'Bonneville a new military career in America? Career which led 'to as good as nothing; French soldiering in America being done 'for, in the course of 1760. Upon which Bonneville would return 'to his old haunts, to his old subterranean industries in Paris and 'Berlin.

'And that, finally, in 1765, he, as was again suspected at the 'time,[19] he and no other, did write those *Matinées*, which appeared 'next year in print (1766), and many times since; and have just 'been reprinted, as a surprising new discovery, at London, in Spring '1863.

[19] 'Nicolai, *Ueber Zimmermanns Fragmente*, i. 181, 182, ii. 253, 254. 'Sketch of what is authentically known about Bonneville: "suspected 'both of *Matinées*, and of the Stolen *Edition*."'

[20] Choiseul's own Note, 'To M. de Malesherbes, *Directeur de la Libraire*, '10th December 1759:' "By every method screen the King's Government "from being suspected;—and get the Edition out at once." (Published in the *Constitutionnel*, 2d December 1850, by M. Sainte-Beuve; copied in Preuss, *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xix. 168 n.)

'3°. That either after or before those Editorial exploits, Bonne-
'ville had sold the Maréchal de Saxe's Plans and Papers, which were
'already the King's, to some second person, and been a second time
'paid for them. And was, in regard to this Swindling exploit, found
'out; and by reason of that sale, or for what reason is not known,
'was put into Spandau, and, one hopes, ended his life there.'[21]

Fact No. 2, which alone concerns us here,—and which, in its three successive stages, does curiously cohere with itself and with other things,—comes, therefore, not by direct light, which indeed, by the nature of the case, would be impossible. Not by direct light, but by various reflex lights, and convergence of probabilities old and new, which become the stronger the better they are examined; and may be considered as amounting to what is called a moral certainty,—'certain' enough for an inquiry of that significance. To a kind of moral certainty: kind of moral consolation too; only One individual of Adam's Posterity, not Three or more, having been needed in these multifarious acts of scoundrelism; and that One receiving

[21] 'Nicolai, *ubi suprà*;—and besides him, only the two following refer-
'ences, out of half a cartload: 1°. Bachaumont, *Mémoires secrètes*, "7th
'February 1765" (see Barbier, *Dictionnaire des Anonymes*, § Matinées), who
'calls *Matinées* "a development of the *Idée de la Personne*," &c. (that is, of
'your "*Demon News-writer*;" already known to Bachaumont, this "*Idée*,"
'it seems, as well as the *Matinées* in Manuscript).' 2°. '*Letter* of Grimm
'to Duchess of Sachsen-Gotha' (*our* Duchess), 'dated "Paris, 15th April
'1765:" not in printed *Correspondance de Grimm*, but still in the Archives
'of Gotha, in company with a Ms. of *Matinées*, probably the oldest extant
'(see,—in the *Grenzboten* Periodical, Leipzig, 1863, pp. 473-484, 500-519,—
'*K. Samwer*, who is Chief *Malleus* of this new London mooncalf, and will
'inform the curious of every particular).'

Matinées was first printed, 1766 (no place), and seven or eight times since, in different Countries; twice or thrice over, as "an interesting new discovery:"—very wearisome to this Editor; who read *Matinées* (in poor *London* print, that too), many years ago,—with complete satisfaction as to *Matinées*, and sincere wish not to touch it again even with a pair of tongs; —and has since had three "priceless Mss. of it" offered him, at low rates, as a guerdon to merit.

payment, or part payment, so prompt and appropriate, in the shape of a permanent cannon-ball at his ankle.

This is the one profit my readers or I have yet derived from the late miraculous Resuscitation of *Matinées Royales;* the other items of profit in that Enterprise shall belong, not to us in the least measure, but to Bonneville, and to his well or ill disposed Coadjutors and Copartners in the Adventure. Adieu to it, and to him and to them, forever and a day!

Peace-Negotiations hopeful to Friedrich, all through Winter; but the French won't. Voltaire, and his Style of Corresponding.

This Winter, there was talk of Peace, more specifically than ever. November 15th, at the Hague, as a neutral place, there had been, by the two Majesties, Britannic and Prussian, official *Declaration*, "We, for our part, deeply lament these horrors, and are ready to treat of Peace." This Declaration was presented, November 15th, 1759, by Prince Ludwig of Brunswick (Head General of the Dutch, and a Brother of Prince Ferdinand our General's, suitable for such case), to the Austrian-French Excellencies at the Hague. By whom it had been received with the due politeness, "Will give it our profoundest consideration;"[22]—which indeed the French, for some time, privately did; though the Austrians privately had no need to do so, being already fixed for a negative response to the proposal. But hereby rose actual talk

[22] *Declaration* (by the two Majesties) that they are ready to treat of Peace, 15th November 1759, presented by &c. (as above); *Answer* from France, in stingy terms, and not till 3d April 1760: are in *London Gazette;* in *Gentleman's Magazine*, xxix. 603, xxx. 188; in &c. &c.

of a "Congress;" and wagging of Diplomatic wigs as to where it shall be. "In Breda," said some; "Breda a place used to Congresses." "Why not in Nanci here?" said poor old Ex-Polish Stanislaus, alive to the calls of benevolence, poor old Titular soul. Others said "Leipzig;" others "Augsburg;"—and indeed in Augsburg, according to the Gazetteers, at one time, there were 'upholsterers busy getting ready the Apartments.' So that, with such rumour in the Diplomatic circles, the Gazetteer and outer world was full of speculation upon Peace; and Friedrich had lively hopes of it, and had been hoping three months before, as we transiently saw, though again it came to nothing. All to nothing; and is not, in itself, worth the least attention from us here,—a poor extinct fact, loud in those months and filling the whole world, now silent and extinct to everybody,—except, indeed, that it offers physiognomic traits here and there of a certain King, and of those about him. For which reason we will dwell on it a few minutes longer.

Nobody, in that Winter 1759-60, could guess where, or from whom, this big world-interesting Peace-Negotiation had its birth; as everybody now can, when nobody now is curious on the question! At Sagan, in September last, we all saw the small private source of it, its first outspurt into daylight; and read Friedrich's *Answers* to Voltaire and the noble Duchess on it:—for the sake of which Two private Correspondents, and of Friedrich's relation to them, possibly a few more Excerpts may still have a kind of interest, now when the thing corresponded on has ceased to have any. To the Duchess, a noble-minded Lady, beautifully zealous to help if she could, by whose hand these multifarious Peace-Papers have to pass, this is always Friedrich's fine style in transmitting them.

Out of many specimens, following that of Sagan which we gave, here are the Next Three:

Friedrich to the Duchess of Sachsen-Gotha (Three other Letters on the "Peace").

1.

"Wilsdruf, 21st November 1759" (day after Maxen, *surrender* was *this* morning,—of which he has not heard).

"Madame,—Nothing but your generosities and your indulgence "could justify my incongruity" (*incongruité*, in troubling you with the Enclosed). "You will have it, Madame, that I shall still farther "abuse those bounties, which are so precious to me: at least remem- "ber that it is by your order, if I forward through your hand this "Letter, which does not merit such honour.

"Chance, which so insolently mocks the projects of men, and de- "lights to build up and then pull down, has led us about, thus far, "—to the end of the Campaign" (not quite ended yet, if we knew). "The Austrians are girt-in by the Elbe on this side; I have had "two important Magazines of theirs in Bohemia destroyed" (Kleist's doing). "There have been some bits of fighting (*affaires*), that "have turned entirely to our advantage:—so that I am in hopes of "forcing M. Daun to repass the Elbe, to abandon Dresden, and to "take the road for Zittau and Bohemia.

"I talk to you, Madame, of what I am surrounded with; of "what, being in your neighbourhood, may perhaps have gained your "attention. I could go to much greater length, if my heart dared "to explain itself on the sentiments of admiration, gratitude and "esteem, with which I am,—Madame my Cousin,—Your most faith- "ful Cousin, Friend and Servant,—F."

2.

"Freyberg, 18th December 1759.

"Madame,—You spoil me so by your indulgence, you so ac- "custom me to have obligations to you, that I reproach myself a "hundred times with this presumption. Certainly I should not "continue to enclose these Letters to your care, had not I the hope "that perhaps the Correspondence may be of some use to England, "and even to Europe,—for without doubt Peace is the desirable, the

"natural and happy state for all Nations. It is to accelerate Peace, "Madame, that I abuse your generosities. This motive excuses me "to myself for the incongruity of my procedures.

"The goodness you have to take interest in my situation obliges "me to give you some account of it. We have undergone all sorts "of misfortune here" (Maxen, what not), "at the moment we were "least expecting them. Nevertheless, there remains to us courage "and hope; here are Auxiliaries" (Hereditary Prince and 12,000) "on the point of arriving; there is reason to think that the end of "our Campaign will be less frightful than seemed likely three weeks "ago. May you, Madame, enjoy all the happiness that I wish "you. May all the world become acquainted with your virtues, "imitate them, and admire you as I do. May you be persuaded "that . . . —F."

3.

"Freyberg, 16th February 1760.

"Madame,—It is to my great regret that I importune Your High-"ness so often with my Letters. Your bounties, Madame, have "spoiled me;—it will teach you to be more chary of them to others. "I regard you as an estimable Friend, to whose friendship I have re-"course in straits. The question is still Peace, Madame; and were "not the object of my importunities so beautiful, Madame, I should "be inexcusable."—Goes then into practical considerations, about "Cocceji" (King's Aide-de-Camp, once Keith's, who carries this Letter), about a "Herr von Edelsheim," a "Bailli de Froulay," and the possible "Conditions of Peace,"—not of consequence to us just now.[23]

As to Voltaire again, and the new Friedrich-Voltaire Style of Correspondence, something more of detail will be requisite. Ever since the black days of 1757, when poor Wilhelmina, with Rossbach and Leuthen still hidden from her in a future gloomy as death, desperately brought Voltaire to bear upon Cardinal Tencin and this matter,

[23] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xviii. 174, 173, 172. Correspondence on this subject lasts from 22d September 1759 to 8th May 1760: *ib.* pp. 170-186. In that final Letter of 8th May, is the phrase, hardly worth restoring to its real ownership, though the context considerably redeems it there,—"the prejudice I can't get rid of, that, in war, *Dieu est pour les gros escadrons.*"

without success, there has been a kind of regular corresponding between Voltaire and Friedrich; characteristic on both sides. A pair of Lovers hopelessly estranged and divorced; and yet, in a sense, unique and priceless to one another. The Past, full of heavenly radiances, which issued, alas, in flames and sooty conflagrations as of Erebus,—let us forget it, and be taught by it! The Past is painful, and has been too didactic to some of us: but here still is the Present with its Future; better than blank nothing. Pleasant to hear the sound of that divine voice of my loved one, were it only in commonplace remarks on the weather,—perhaps intermixed with secret jibings on myself:—let us hear it while we can, amid those world-wide crashing discords and piping whirlwinds of war.

Friedrich sends his new Verses or light Proses, which he is ever and anon throwing off; Voltaire sends his, mostly in print, and of more elaborate turn: they talk on matters that are passing round them, round this King, the centre of them,—Friedrich usually in a rather swaggering way (lest his Correspondent think of blabbing), and always with something of banter audible in him;—as has Voltaire too, but in a finer *treble* tone, being always female in this pretty duet of parted lovers. It rarely comes to any scolding between them; but there is or can be nothing of cordiality. Nothing, except in the mutual admiration, which one perceives to be sincere on both sides; and also, in the mutual practical estrangement: "Nothing more of you,—especially of *you*, Madam,—as a practical domestic article!"

After long reading, with Historical views, in this final section of the Friedrich-Voltaire Correspondence, at first so barren otherwise and of little entertainment, one finds that this too, when once you *can* "read" it (that is to say, when the scene and its details are visible to you),

becomes highly dramatic, Shakespearean-comic or more, for this is Nature's self, who far excels even Shakespeare; —and that the inextricably dark condition of these Letters is a real loss to the ingenuous reader, and especially to the student of Friedrich. Among the frequently-recurring topics, one that oftenest turns up on Voltaire's side is that of Peace: Oh, if your Majesty would but make Peace! Does it depend on me? thinks Friedrich always; and is, at last, once provoked to say so:

Friedrich to Voltaire.

'Reich-Hennersdorf, 2d July 1759' (shortly before Schmöttseifen, while waiting Daun's slow movements).

"Asking *me* for Peace: there is a bitter joke!"—(In verse, this; flings off a handful of crackers on the *Bien-Aimé*, whose Chamberlain you are, on the *Hongroise qu'il adore*, on the Russian *que j'abhorre;*—then continues in prose):

"It is to him," the Well-beloved Louis, "that you must address "yourself, or to his Amboise in Petticoats" (his Pompadour, acting the Cardinal-Premier on this occasion). "But these people have their "heads filled with ambitious projects: these people are the difficulty; "they wish to be the sovereign arbiters of sovereigns;—and that is "what persons of my way of thinking will by no means put up with. "I love Peace quite as much as you could wish; but I want it good, "solid and honourable. Socrates or Plato would have thought as I "do on this subject, had they found themselves placed in the ac- "cursed position which is now mine in the world.

"Think you there is any pleasure in leading this dog of a life" (*chienne*, she-dog)? "In seeing and causing the butchery of people "you know nothing of; in losing daily those you do know and "love; in seeing perpetually your reputation exposed to the caprices "of chance; in passing year after year in disquietudes and appre- "hensions; in risking, without end, your life and your fortune?

"I know right well the value of tranquillity, the sweets of society, "the charms of life; and I love to be happy, as much as anybody "whatever. But much as I desire these blessings, I will not pur- "chase them by basenesses and infamies. Philosophy enjoins us to

"do our duty; faithfully to serve our Country, at the price of our "blood, of our repose, and of every sacrifice that can be required of "us. The illustrious *Zadig* went through a good many adventures "which were not to his taste, *Candide* the like; and nevertheless "took their misfortune in patience. What finer example to follow "than that of those heroes?

"Take my word, our 'curt jackets,' as you call them" (*habits écourtés*, peculiar to the Prussian soldier at that time), "are as "good as your red heels, as the Hungarian pelisses, and the green "frocks of the Roxelans" (Russians). "We are actually on the heels "of the latter" (at least poor Dohna is, and poor Dictator Wedell will be, not with the effect anticipated!)—"who by their stupidities give "us fine chance. You will see I shall get out of the scrape this "Year too, and deliver myself both from the Greens and the Dirty-"Whites" (Austrian colour of coat). "My neighbour of the Sacred "Hat,—I think, in spite of Holy Father's benediction, the Holy Ghost "must have inspired him the reverse way; he seems to have a great "deal of lead in his bottom. * * F."[24]

Voltaire in Answer.

'The Délices,' guessed to be some time in 'August 1759.'

"In whatever state you are, it is very certain that you are a great "man. It is not to weary your Majesty that I now write; it is to "confess myself,—on condition you will give me absolution! I have "betrayed you; that is the fact"—(really guilty this time, and *have* shown something of your writing; as your Majesty, oh how unjustly, is often suspecting that I do, and with mischievous intention, instead of good, ah, Sire!)—'In fact, I have received that fine "*Marcus-Aurelius*" Letter' (Letter we have just read); 'exquisite 'Piece, though with biting "*Juvenal*" qualities in it, too; and have 'shown it, keeping back the biting parts, to a beautiful gillflirt of 'the Court, *minaudière*' (who seems to be a Mistress of Choiseul's), 'who is here attending Tissot for her health: *minaudière* charmed 'with it; insists on my sending it to Choiseul, "He admires the 'King of Prussia, as he does all nobleness and genius; send it!" 'And I did so;—and look here, what an Answer from Choiseul' Answer lost): 'and may it not have a fine effect, and perhaps

[24] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxiii. 53.

'bring Peace—Oh, forgive me, Sire. But read that Note of the 'great man. "Try if you can decipher his writing. One may have "very honest sentiments, and a great deal of *esprit*, and yet write "like a cat."— —

"Sire, there was once a lion and a mouse (*rat*); the mouse fell "in love with the lion, and went to pay him court. The lion, tired "of it, gave him a little scrape with his paw. The mouse withdrew "into his mousehole (*souricière*); but he still loved the lion; and "seeing one day a net they were spreading out to catch the lion and "kill him, he gnawed asunder one mesh of it. Sire, the mouse "kisses very humbly your beautiful claws, in all submissiveness:— "he will never die between two Capuchins, as, at Bâle, the mastiff "(*dogue*) of St. Malo has done" (27th July last). "He would have "wished to die beside his lion. Believe that the mouse was more "attached than the mastiff."—V.[25]

To which we saw the Answer, pair of Answers, at Sagan, in September last. This Note from Choiseul, conveyed by Voltaire, appears to have been the trifling well-spring from which all those wide-spread waters of Negotiation flowed. Pitt, when applied to, on the strength of Friedrich's hopes from this small Document of Choiseul's, was of course ready, "How welcome, every chance of a just Peace!" and agreed to the Joint Declaration at the Hague; and took what farther trouble I know not,—probably less sanguine of success than Friedrich. Friedrich was ardently industrious in the affair; had a great deal of devising and directing on it, a great deal of corresponding with Voltaire and the Duchess, only small fractions of which are now left. He searched out, or the Duchess of Sachsen-Gotha did it for him, a proper Secret Messenger for Paris: Secret Messenger, one Baron von Edelsheim, properly veiled, was to consult a certain Bailli de Froulay, a friend of Friedrich's in Paris;—which loyal-hearted Bailli did accordingly endeavour there;

[25] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxiii. 59, 60.

but made out nothing. Only much vague talking; part of it, or most of it, subdolous on Choiseul's side. Pitt would hear of no Peace which did not include Prussia as well as England: some said this was the cause of failure; —the real cause was that Choiseul never had any serious intention of succeeding. Light Choiseul, a clever man, but an unwise, of the sort called "dashing," had entertained the matter merely in the optative form,—and when it came nearer, wished to use it for making mischief between Pitt and Friedrich, and for worming out Edelsheim's secrets, if he had any,—for which reason he finally threw Edelsheim into the Bastille for a few days.[26]

About the end of March I guess it to have been that Choiseul, by way of worming out poor Edelsheim's secrets, flung him into the Bastille for a day or two. Already in December foregoing, we have seen Choiseul's Black-Artist busy upon the Stolen *Edition* of Friedrich's Verses. A Choiseul full of intrigues; adroit enough, ambitious enough; restlessly industrious in making mischief, if there were nothing else to be made; who greatly disgusted Friedrich, now and afterwards.

And this was what the grand Voltaire Pacification came to, though it filled the world with temporary noise, and was so interesting to Voltaire and another. What a heart-affecting generosity, humility, and dulcet pathos in that of the poor Mouse gnawing asunder a mesh of the Lion's net! There is a good deal of that, throughout, on the Voltaire side,—that is to say, while writing *to* Friedrich. But while writing of him, to third parties, sometimes almost simultaneously, the contrast of styles is not a little startling; and the beautiful affectionately chirping Mouse is seen suddenly to be an injured Wild-cat with its fur up.

[26] In *Œuvres de Frédéric*, v. 38-41, detailed account of the Affair.

All readers of Voltaire are aware of this; and how Voltaire handles his "*Luc*" (mysterious nickname for *King Friedrich*), when Luc's back is turned. For, alas, there is no man or thing but has its wrong-side too; least of all, a Voltaire,—doing *treble* voice withal, if you consider it, in such a Duet of estranged Lovers! Suppose we give these few Specimens,—treble mostly, and a few of bass as well,—to illustrate the nature of this Duet, and of the noises that went on round it, in a war-convulsed world? And first of all, concerning the enigma "What is Luc?"

What the *Luc* in Voltaire is? Shocking explanations have been hit upon: but Wagnière (*Wagner*, an intelligent Swiss man), Voltaire's old Secretary, gives this plain reading of the riddle: 'M. de 'Voltaire had, at the Délices' (near by Ferney, till the Château got built), 'a big Ape, of excessively mischievous turn; who used to 'throw stones at the passers-by, and sometimes would attack with 'its teeth friend or foe alike. One day it thrice over bit M. de Vol-'taire's own leg. He had called it *Luc* (Luke); and in conversa-'tion with select friends, as also in Letters to such, he sometimes 'designated the King of Prussia by that nickname: "*He* is like my 'Luc here; bites whoever caresses him!"—In 1756, M. de Voltaire, 'having still on his heart the Frankfurt Outrage, wrote curious '*Mémoires*' (ah, yes, *Vie Privée*); 'and afterwards wished to burn 'them; but a Copy had been stolen from him in 1768,'—and they still afflict the poor world.

To the same effect speaks Johannes von Müller: 'Voltaire had 'an Ape called Luc; and the spiteful man, in thus naming the 'King, meant to stigmatise him as the mere *ape* of greater men; 'as one without any greatness of his own.'—No; *Luc* was mischievous, flung stones after passengers; had, according to Clogenson, 'bitten Voltaire himself, while being caressed by him;' that was the analogy in Voltaire's mind. Preuss says, this Nickname first occurs, '12th December 1757.' Suppose 11th December to have been the day of getting one's leg bitten thrice over; and that, in bed next morning,—stiff, smarting, fretful against the sad ape-tricks and offences of this life,—before getting up to one's Works and Correspondences, the angry similitude had shot, slightly fulgurous and

consolatory, athwart the gloom of one's mood?[27] That will account for *Luc.*

Many of the Voltaire-Friedrich *Letters* are lost; and the remainder lie in sad disorder in all the Editions, their sequence unintelligible without lengthy explanation. So that the following Snatches cannot well be arranged here in the way of Choral Strophe and Antistrophe, as would have been desirable. We shall have to group them loosely under heads; with less respect to date than to subject-matter, and to the reader's convenience for understanding them.

Voltaire on Friedrich, to different Third-Parties, during this War.

To D'Argental (Has not yet heard of *Leuthen*, which happened five days before). * * "I have tasted the vengeance of consoling "the King of Prussia, and that is enough for me. He goes beating "on the one side, and getting beaten on the other: except for an- "other miracle" (like Rossbach), "he will be ruined. Better have "really been a philosopher, as he pretended to be."[28]

To the Reverend Comte de Bernis (outwardly still our flourishing Prime-Minister, by grace of Pompadour, but soon to be extinguished under a *Red Hat.* Date is six days before *Zorndorf*). * * "I cannot "imagine how some people have gone into suspecting that my heart "might have the weakness to lean a little towards *whom* you know, "towards my Ingrate that was! One is bound to have politeness; "but one has memory as well;—and one is attached, as warmly as "superfluously, to the Good Cause, which it belongs only to you to "defend. Certain it is, poor I am not like the three-fourths of "the Germans in these days" (since *Rossbach*, above all)! "I have "everywhere seen Ladies'-Fans with the Prussian Eagle painted on "them, eating the *Fleur-de-Lis;* the Hanover Horse giving a kick "to M. de Richelieu's bottom; a Courier carrying a bottle of Queen-

[27] Longchamp et Wagnière, *Mémoires*, i. 34; Johannes von Müller, *Werke* (12mo, Stuttgart, 1821), xxxi. 140 (*Letters to his Brother*, No. 218, 'July 1796'); Clogenson's Note, in *Œuvres de Voltaire*, lxxvii. 103; Preuss, ii. 71.

[28] *Œuvres de Voltaire*, lxxvii. 139 ('The Délices, 10th December 1757').

" of-Hungary Water to Madame de Pompadour. My Nieces shall " certainly not have that fashion of Fans, at my poor little *Délices*, " whither I am just returning."[29]

To Madame D'Argental (on occasion of *Minden:* Kunersdorf three days ago, but not yet heard of). * * " Truly, Madame, " when M. de Contades leads to the butchery all the descendants of " our ancient chevaliers, and sets them to attack eighty pieces of " cannon" (not in the least, if you knew it; the reverse, if you knew it),—" as Don Quixote did the windmills! This horrible day " pierces my soul. I am French to excess, especially since those " new favours" (not worth mentioning here), " which I owe to my " divine Angels and to M. le Duc de Choiseul.

" Luc,—you know who Luc is" (as do we),—" is probably giv- " ing Battle to the Austrians and Russians" (*Kunersdorf*, 12th; three days ago, did it, and was beaten to your mind), " at the mo- " ment while I have the honour of writing to you; at least, he told " me such was his Royal intention. If they beat him, as may " happen, what a shame for us to have been beaten by the Duke of " Brunswick! I wish you knew this Duke" (as I have done; a Duke of no *esprit*, no gift of tongue, in fact no talent at all that I could discern), " you would be much astonished; and would " say, 'The people whom he beats must be great blockheads.' The " truth of the fact is, that all these troops are better disciplined " than ours:"[30]—Yes indeed, my esteemed Voltaire; and also, perhaps, that *esprit*, or gift of tongue, is not the sole gift for Battles and Campaigns?—

To D'Argental (seventh day after *Kunersdorf:* 'mouse upon lion's net' nearly contemporaneous). "At last, then, I think my " Russians must be near Great Glogau" (might have been, one thinks, after such a Kunersdorf; did not start for a month yet; never could get very near at all). " Who would have thought that " Barbarina" (Mackenzie's Dancer once; sent to Glogau, Cocceij and she, when their marriage became public) " was going to be besieged " by the Russians, and in Glogau: Oh Destiny!—

[29] *Œuvres de Voltaire*, lxxvii. 35 ('Soleure, 19th August 1758').
[30] Ibid. lxxviii. 186, 187 ('Délices, 15th August 1759').

"I don't love Luc, far from it: I never will pardon him his "infamous procedure with my Niece" (at Frankfurt that time); "nor the face he has to write me flattering things twice a month; "without having ever repaired his wrongs. I desire much his entire "humiliation, the chastisement of the sinner; whether his eternal "damnation, I don't quite know."[31] (Hear, hear!)—

To the same (a month after *Maxen:* "Peace" Negotiation very lively). * * "Meanwhile, if Luc could be punished before this "happy Peace! If, by this last stroke of General Beck" (tussle with Dierecke at Meissen, 4th December, capture of Dierecke and 1,500; stroke not of an overwhelming nature, but let us be thankful for our mercies), "which has opened the road from the Lausitz "to Berlin" (alas, not in the least), "some Haddick could pay Ber- "lin a visit again! You see, in Tragedy I wish always to have "crime punished.

"There is talk of a great Battle fought the 6th" (not a word of truth in it) "between Luc and him of the Consecrated Hat: said "to have been very murderous. I interest myself very much in this "Piece" now playing under the Sun. "Whenever the Austrians "have any advantage, Kaunitz says to Madame de Bentinck" (litigant wandering Lady, known to me at Berlin and elsewhere), "'Write "that to our Friend Voltaire.' Whenever Luc has the least success, "he tells me, 'I have battered the oppressors of mankind.' Dear "Angel, in these horrors I am the only one that has room to laugh: "—and yet I don't laugh either; owing to the *Culs-noirs*" (Priests, I suppose), "to the Annuities, Lotteries, and to Pondichery,—for I "am always afraid about that latter!" (Going, that, for certain; going, gone, and your East Indies along with it!)[32]

To Perpetual Secretary Formey (in forwarding a 'Letter left with me'). "Health and peace, Monsieur; and be *Secrétaire Eter-* "*nel.* Your King is always a man unique, astonishing, inimitable. "He makes charming verses, in times when another could not write "a line of prose; he deserves to be happy: but will he be so? And "if not, what becomes of you? For my own part, I will not die "between two Capuchins. Hardly worth while, exalting one's soul

[31] *Œuvres de Voltaire*, lxxviii. 195 ('19th August 1759').
[32] Ibid. lxxviii. 346 ('22d December 1759').

"for such a future as that. What a stupid and detestable farce is "this world!"[33]

To D'Argental ("Peace" Negotiations still at their briskest). * * "But, my dear Angel, you will see on Tuesday the great man "who has turned my head (*dont je suis fou*), M. le Duc de Choiseul. "The Letters he honours me with enchant me. God will bless him, "don't doubt it,"—after all! "We have at Pondichery a Lally, a "devil of an Irish spirit,—who will cost me, sooner or later, above "20,000 livres annually" (have rents in our *India Company*, say 1,000*l.* a-year, as my Angels know), "which used to be the readiest "item of my Pittance. But M. le Duc de Choiseul will triumph "over Luc in one way or other; then what joy! I suppose he shows "you my impertinent reveries. Do you know, Luc is so mad, that "I don't despair of bringing him to reason" (persuading him to give up Clève, and knuckle as he should, in this Peace Affair). "That "were what I should call the true Comedy! I should like to have "your advices on the conduct of that Dramatic Piece."[34]

The late "mouse" gnawing its mesh of net, what a subtle and mighty hunter has it grown! This of Clève, however, and of knuckling, would not do. Hear the stiff Answer that comes: "'Conditions "of Peace,' do you call them? The people that propose such can "have no wish to see Peace. What a logic theirs! 'I might yield "the Country of Clève, because the inhabitants are stupid'! What "would your Ministers say if one required the Province of Champagne from them, because the Proverb says, Ninety-nine sheep and "one Champagner make a Hundred head of cattle?"[35]—

Again to D'Argental (three or four months after; Luc having proved obstinate, and still unsuccessful). * * "I conjure you "make use of all your eloquence to tell him" (the supreme Duc de Choiseul), "that if Luc misgo, it will be no misfortune to France. "That Brandenburg will always remain an Electorate; that it is "good there be no Elector in it strong enough to do without the "protection of our King; and that all the Princes of the Empire

[33] *Œuvres de Voltaire*, lxxviii. 348 (from *Souvenirs d'un Citoyen*, i. 302), 11th January 1760.'

[34] Ibid. lxxviii. 375 ('Délices, 15th February 1760').

[35] Friedrich to Voltaire, 'Freyberg, 3d April 1760:' *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxiii. 73, 74.

" will always have recourse to that august protection" (Most Christian Majesty's) " *contra l'aquila grifagna*,—were the Prussian King-" ship but abolished. *Nota bene*, if Luc were discomfited this Year, " we should have Peace next Winter."[36]

To supreme Choiseul (a year later). * * "He has been a bad " man, this Luc; and now, if one were to bet,—by the law of pro-" bability it would be 3 to 1 that Luc will go to pot (*sera perdu*), " with his rhymings and his banterings, and his injustices and poli-" tics, all as bad as himself."[37]

Voltaire on surrounding Objects, chiefly on Maupertuis, and the Battles.

To D'Alembert (in the Rossbach-Leuthen interval: on the Battle of *Breslau*, 22d November 1757; called by the Austrians "a Malplaquet," and believed by Voltaire to be a Malplaquet and more). * * "The Austrians do avenge us, and humble us" (us, and our miserable Rossbachs), "in a terrible manner. Thirteen attacks on " the Prussian entrenchments, lasted six hours; never was Victory " bloodier, or more horribly beautiful" (in the brain of certain men). " We pretty French fellows, we are more expeditious, our job is " done in five minutes. The King of Prussia is always writing me " Verses, now like a desperado, now like a hero; and as for me, I " try to live like a philosopher in my hermitage. He has obtained " what he always wished: to beat the French, to be admired by " them, to mock them; but the Austrians are mocking him in a " very serious way. Our shame of November 5th has given him " glory; and with such glory, which is but transient and dearly " bought, he must content himself. He will lose his own Coun-" tries, with those he has seized, unless the French again discover" (which they will) " the secret of losing all their Armies, as they " did in 1741."[38]

To Clairaut, the Mathematician (Maupertuis lately dead). 'An

[36] *Œuvres de Voltaire*, lxxix. 110 ('July 1760').

[37] Ibid. lxxx. 313 ('Château de Ferney, 13th July 1761').

[38] Ibid. lxxvii. 133, 4 ('Délices, 6th December 1757,' day after Leuthen).

excellent Treatise, this you have sent me, Monsieur!' "Your war "with the Geometers on the subject of this Comet appears to me "like a war of the gods in Olympus, while on Earth there is going "on a fight of dogs and cats." * * "Would to Heaven our "friend Moreau-Maupertuis had cultivated his art like you! That "he had predicted comets, instead of exalting his soul to predict "the future; of dissecting the brains of giants to know the na- "ture of the soul; of japanning people with pitch to cure them "of every malady; of persecuting König; and of dying between "Two Capuchins" (dead three weeks ago, on those terms, poor soul)![39]

To D'Alembert (a week later). * * "What say you of "Maupertuis dying between two Capuchins! He was ill, this long "while, of a repletion of pride; but I had not reckoned him either "a hypocrite or an imbecile. I don't advise you ever to go and "fill his place at Berlin; you would repent that. I am Astolpho "warning Roger (Ruggiero) not to trust himself to the Enchantress "Alcina; but Roger was unadvisable."[40]

To the same (two years later: Luc, on certain grounds, may as well be saved). "With regard to Luc, though I have my just causes "of anger against him, I own to you, in my quality of Frenchman "and thinking being, I am glad that a certain most Orthodox House "has not swallowed Germany, and that the Jesuits are not con- "fessing in Berlin. Over towards the Danube, superstition is very "powerful." * * 'The *infâme*' — — "You are well aware that "I speak of superstition only; for as to the Christian religion, I "respect and love it, like you. Courage, Brethren! Preach with "force, and write with address: God will bless you.—Protect, you, "my Brother, the Widow Calas all you can! She is a poor weak- "minded Huguenot, but her Husband was the victim of the *White* "*Penitents.* It is the concern of Human Nature that the Fanatics "of Toulouse be confounded." (The case of Calas, *second* act of it, getting on the scene: a case still memorable to everybody. Stupend- ous bit of French judicature; and Voltaire's noblest outburst, into

[39] *Œuvres de Voltaire*, lxxviii. 191 ('Délices, 19th August 1759').

[40] Ibid. lxxviii. 197 ('Délices, 25th August 1759').

mere transcendent blaze of pity, virtuous wrath, and determination to bring rescue and help against the whole world.)[41]

Friedrich to Voltaire, before and during these Peace Negotiations.

At Schmöttseifen, five days before Züllichau, ten days before that Hunt of Loudon and Haddick (Voltaire, under rebuke for indiscretion, has been whimpering a little. 'My discreet Niece burnt those *last* verses, Sire; no danger there, at least!' Truculent Bishop Something-*ac* tried to attack your Majesty; but was done for, by a certain person). "In truth, you are a singular creature. When I "think of scolding you, you say two words, and the reproach expires. "Impossible to scold you, even when you deserve it." * *

"As to your Niece, let her burn me or roast me, I care little. Nor "are you to think me so sensitive to what your Bishops in *ic* or in "*ac* may say of me. I have the lot of all actors who play in public; "applauded by some, despised by others. One must prepare oneself "for satires, for calumnies, for a multitude of lies, which will be "sent abroad into currency against one: but need that trouble my "tranquillity? I go my road; I do nothing against the interior "voice of my conscience; and I concern myself very little in what "way my actions paint themselves in the brain of beings, not always "very thinking, with two legs and without feathers."[42]

At Wilsdruf, just before Maxen (an exultant exuberant curious Letter; too long for insertion,—part of it given above). * * "For "your Tragedy of *Socrate*, thanks. At Paris, they are going to burn "it, the wretched fools,—not aware that absurd fanaticism is their "dominant vice. Better burn the dose of medicine, however, than "the useful Doctor. I, can I join myself to that set? If I bite you, "as you complain, it is without my knowledge. But I am sur-"rounded with enemies, one hitting me, another pricking me, an-"other daubing me with mud;—patience at last yields, and one "flies abroad into a general rage, too indiscriminate perhaps.

'You talk of my Verses on Rossbach' (my *Adieu to the Hoopers*

[41] *Œuvres de Voltaire*, lxxviii. 52, 53 ('Ferney, 28th November 1762').
[42] 'Schmöttseifen, 18th July 1759;' *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxiii. 55, 56.

on finding their Bridge burnt[43]). "This Campaign I have had no "beatific vision, in the style of Moses. The barbarous Cossacks and "Tartars, infamous to look at on any side, have burnt and ravaged "countries, and committed atrocious inhumanities. This is all I "saw of *them*. Such melancholy spectacles don't tend to raise one's "spirits." (Breaks off into metre:) "*La Fortune inconstante et "fière*, Fortune inconstant and proud Does not treat her suitors "Always in an equal manner. Those fools called heroes, who run "the country,

"*Ces fous nommés héros, et qui courent les champs,*
"*Couverts de sang et de poussière,*
"*Voltaire, n'ont pas tous les ans*
"*La faveur de voir le derrière*
"*De leurs ennemis insolents.*

Can't expect that pleasure every year! * *

'Maupertuis, say you?' "Don't trouble the ashes of the dead; "let the grave at least put an end to your unjust hatreds. Re- "flect that even Kings make peace after long battling; cannot "you ever make it? I think you would be capable, like Orpheus, "of descending to Hell, not to soften Pluto and bring back your "beautiful Emilie, but to pursue into that Abode of Woe an enemy "whom your wrath has only too much persecuted in the world: for "shame!"[44]—and rebukes him, more than once elsewhere, in very serious terms.

In Winter-quarters, on Peace and the Stolen Edition. (Starts in verse, which we abridge:) 'With how many laurels you have 'covered yourself in all the fields of Literature! One laurel yet is 'wanting to the brow of Voltaire. If, as the crown of so many 'perfect works, he could by a skilful manœuvre bring back Peace, 'I, and Europe with me, would think that his masterpiece!' (Takes to prose:)

"This is my thought and all Europe's. Virgil made as fine "Verses as you; but he never made a Peace. It will be a distinction "you will have over all your brethren of Parnassus, if you succeed.

"I know not who has betrayed me, and thought of printing" (the *Edition;*—not you, surely!) "a pack of rhapsodies which were good

[43] Suprà, p. 209.

[44] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxiii. 61-65 ('Wilsdruf, 17th November 1759').

"enough to amuse myself, but were never meant for publication. "After all, I am so used to treacheries and bad manœuvres,"—what matters this insignificant one?

"I know not who the Bredow is; but he has told you true. "The sword and death have made frightful ravages among us. "And the worst is, we are not yet at the end of the tragedy. "You "may judge what effect these cruel shocks make on me. I wrap "myself in my stoicism, the best I can. Flesh and blood revolt "against such tyrannous command; but it must be followed. If you "saw me, you would scarcely know me again: I am old, broken, "grayheaded, wrinkled; I am losing my teeth and my gaiety: if "this go on, there will be nothing of me left, but the mania of "making verses, and an inviolable attachment to my duties and to "the few virtuous men whom I know."[45]

In Winter-quarters, a month later (comes still on "Peace" again). * * "I will have you paid that bit of debt" (perhaps of postage or the like), "that Louis of the Mill (*Louis du Moulin,*" at Fontenoy, who got upon a Windmill with his Dauphin, and caught that nickname from the common men) "may have wherewithal to "make war on me. Add tenth-penny tax to your tax of twen-"tieth-penny; impose new capitations, make titular offices to get "money; do, in a word, whatever you like. In spite of all your "efforts, you will not get a Peace signed by my hands, except on "conditions honourable to my Nation. Your people, blown up with "self-conceit and folly, may depend on these words. Adieu, live "happy; and while you make all your efforts to destroy Prussia, "think that nobody has less deserved it than I, either of you or of "your French."[46]

Still in Winter-quarters (on "Peace" still; but begins with "Maupertuis," which is all we will give). "What rage animates you "against Maupertuis? You accuse *him* of having published that "Furtive *Edition.* Know that his Copy, well sealed by him, arrived "here after his death, and that he was incapable of such an indis-"cretion." (Breaks into verse:)

"Leave in peace the cold ashes of Maupertuis:
"Truth can defend him, and will.

[45] *Œuvres de Frédéric,* xxiii. 69 ('Freyberg, 24th Feb. 1760').
[46] Ibid. xxiii. 72 ('Freyberg, 20th March 1760').

" His soul was faithful and noble:
" He pardoned you that scandalous Akakia (*ce vil libelle*
" *Que votre fureur criminelle*
" *Prit soin chez moi de griffoner*); he did:—
" And you? Shame on such delirium as Voltaire's!
" What, this beautiful, what, this grand genius,
" Whom I admired with transport,
" Soils himself with calumny, and is ferocious on the dead?
" Flocking together, in the air uttering cries of joy,
" Vile ravens pounce down upon sepulchres,
" And make their prey of corpses:"—

Blush, repent, alas!

These Specimens will suffice. "The King of Prussia?" Voltaire would sometimes say: "He is as potent and "as malignant as the Devil; but he is also as unhappy, "not knowing friendship,"—having such a chance, too, with some of us!

Friedrich has sent Lord Marischal to Spain: other fond Hopes of Friedrich's.

In the beginning of this Year, 1759, Earl Marischal had been called out of his Neufchâtel stagnancy, and launched into the Diplomatic field again; sent on mission into Spain, namely. The case was this. Ferdinand VI. of Spain (he who would not pay Friedrich the old Spanish debt, but sent him merino rams, and a jar of Queen-Dowager snuff) had fallen into one of his gloomy fits, and was thought to be dying;—did, in fact, die, in a state nearly mad, on the 10th August following. By Treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle, and by all manner of Treaties, Carlos of Naples, his Half-Brother (Termagant's Baby Carlos, whom we all knew), was to succeed him in Spain; Don Philip, the next Brother, now of Parma and Piacenza, was to

follow as King in Naples,—ceding those two litigious Duchies to Austria, after all. Friedrich, vividly awake to every chance, foresaw, in case of such disjunctures in Italy, good likelihood of quarrel there. And has despatched the experienced old Marischal to be on the ground, and have his eyes open. Marischal knows Spain very well; and has often said, "He left a dear old friend there, the Sun." Marischal was under way, about New-year's time; but lingered by the road, waiting how Ferdinand would turn,—and having withal an important business of his own, as he sauntered on. Did not arrive, I think, till Summer was at hand, and his dear Old Friend coming out in vigour.

August 10th, 1759, Ferdinand died; and the same day Carlos became King of Spain. But, instead of giving Naples to Don Philip, Carlos gave it to a junior son of his own; and left poor Philip to content himself with Parma and Piacenza, as heretofore. Clear against the rights of Austria; Treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle is perfectly explicit on that point! Will not Austria vindicate its claim? Politicians say, Austria might have recovered not only Parma and Piacenza, but the kingdom of Naples itself,—no France at present able to hinder it, no Spain ever able. But Austria, contrary to expectation, would not: a Country tenacious enough of its rights, real and imaginary; greedy enough of Italy, but of Silesia much more! The matter was deliberated in Council at Vienna; but the result was magnanimously, No. "Finish this Friedrich first; finish this Silesia. Nothing else till that!"

The Marischal's legationary function, therefore, proved a sinecure; no Carlos needing Anti-Austrian assistance from Friedrich or another; Austria magnanimously having let him alone. Doubtless a considerable disappointment to Friedrich. Industrious Friedrich had tried, on

the other side of this affair, Whether the King of Sardinia, once an adventurous fighting kind of man, could not be stirred up, having interests involved? But no; he too, grown old, devotional, apprehensive, held by his rosaries, and answered, No. Here is again a hope reasonable to look at, but which proves fallacious.

Marischal continued in Spain, corresponding, sending news (the Prussian Archives alone know what), for nearly a couple of years.[47] His Embassy had one effect, which is of interest to us here. On his way out, he had gone by London, with a view of getting legal absolution for his Jacobitism,—so far, at least, as to be able to inherit the Earldom of Kintore, which is likely to fall vacant soon. By blood it is his, were the Jacobite incapacities withdrawn. Kintore is a cadet branch of the Keiths; 'John, younger Son of William Sixth Lord Marischal,' was the first Kintore. William Sixth's younger Son, yes;—and William's Father, a man always venerable to me, had (A.D. 1593) founded Marischal College, Aberdeen,—where, for a few, in those stern granite Countries, the Diviner Pursuits are still possible (thank God and this Keith) on frugal oatmeal. *Marischal-College* Keith, or *Fifth* Lord Marischal, was grandfather's grandfather of our Potsdam Friend, who is tenth and last.[48] Honour to the brave and noble, now fallen silent under foot *not* of the nobler! In a word, the fourth Kintore was about dying childless; and Marischal had come by London on that heritage business.

He carried, naturally, the best recommendations. Britannic Majesty, Pitt, and everybody met him with welcome and furtherance; what he wished was done, and in such a style of promptness and cordiality, Pitt pushing

[47] Returned 'April 1762' (Friedrich's Letter to him, '10th April 1762:' in *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xx. 285).

[48] Douglas's *Scotch Peerage*, pp. 448 et seq., 387 et seq.

it through, as quite gained the heart of old Marischal. And it is not doubted, though particulars have not been published, That he sent important Spanish notices to Pitt, in these years;—and especially informed him that King Carlos and the French Bourbon had signed a *Family Compact* (15th August 1761), or solemn covenant, to stand by one another as brothers. Which was thenceforth, to Pitt privately, an important fact, as perhaps we shall see; though to other men it was still only a painful rumour and dubiety. Whether the old Marischal informed him, That King Carlos hated the English; that he never had, in his royal mind, forgiven that insult of Commodore Martin's (watch laid on the table, in the Bay of Naples, long ago), I do not know; but that also was a fact. A diligent, indignant kind of man, this Carlos, I am told; by no means an undeserving King of Spain, though his Portraits declare him an ugly: we will leave him in the discreet Marischal's hands, with the dear Old Friend shining equally on both.

Singular to see how, in so veracious an intellect as Friedrich's, so many fallacies of hope are constantly entertained. War in Italy, on quarrel with King Carlos; Peace with France and the Pompadour, by help of Edelsheim and the Bailli de Froulay; Peace with Russia and the *infâme Catin*, by help of English briberies (Friedrich sent an agent this winter with plenty of English guineas, but he got no farther than the Frontier, not allowed even to try): sometimes, as again this winter, it is hope of Denmark joining him (in alarm against the Russian views on Holstein; but that, too, comes to nothing); above all, there is perennially, budding out yearly, the brighter after every disappointment, a hope in the Grand Turk and his adherencies. Grand Turk, or failing him, the Cham of

Tartary,—for certain, some of these will be got to fasten on the heels of Austria, of Russia; and create a favourable diversion? Friedrich took an immense deal of trouble about this latter hope. It is almost pathetic to see with what a fond tenacity he clings to it; and hopes it over again, every new Spring and Summer.[49]

The hope that an *infâme Catin* might die some day (for she is now deep in chaotic ailments, deepish even in brandy), seems never to have struck him; at least there is nowhere any articulate hint of it,—the eagle-flight of one's imagination soaring far above such a pettiness! Hope is very beautiful; and even fallacious hope, in such a Friedrich. The one hope that did not deceive him, was hope in his own best exertion to the very death; and no fallacy ever for a moment slackened him in that. Stand to thyself: in the wide domain of Imagination, there is no other certainty of help. No other certainty;—and yet who knows through what pettinesses Heaven may send help!

[49] Preuss, ii. 121 et seq., 292 &c.; Schöning, ii. iii. *passim*.

CHAPTER IX.

PRELIMINARIES TO A FIFTH CAMPAIGN.

It was April 25th before Friedrich quitted Freyberg, and took Camp; not till the middle of June that anything of serious Movement came. Much discouragement prevails in his Army, we hear: and indeed, it must be owned, the horoscope of these Campaigns grows yearly darker. Only Friedrich himself must not be discouraged! Nor is;—though there seldom lay ahead of any man a more dangerous-looking Year than this that is now dimly shaping itself to Friedrich. His fortune seems to have quitted him; his enemies are more confident than ever.

This Year, it seems, they have bethought them of a new device against him. "We have 90 million Population," count they; "he has hardly 5; in the end, he must run out of men! Let us cease exchanging prisoners with him." At Jägerndorf, in April 1758 (just before our march to Olmütz), there had been exchange; not without haggles; but this was the last on Austria's part. Cartel of the usual kind, values punctually settled: a Fieldmarshal is worth 3,000 common men, or 1,500*l.*; Colonel worth 130 men, or 65*l.*; common man is worth 10*s.* sterling, not a high figure.[1] The Russians haggled still more, no keeping of them to their word; but they tried it a second time, last year (October 1759); and by careful urging and guiding, were got dragged through it, and the prisoners on both

[1] Archenholtz, ii. 53.

sides sent to their colours again. After which, it was a settled line of policy, "No more exchanging or cartelling; we will starve him out in that article!" And had Friedrich had nothing but his own 5 millions to go upon, though these contributed liberally, he had in truth been starved out. Nor could Saxony, with Mecklenburg, Anhalt, Erfurt, and their 10,000 men a year, have supplied him,—'had not there,' says Archenholtz (a man rather fond of superlatives),—

'Had not there risen a Recruiting system,' or Crimping system, 'the like of which for kind and degree was never seen in the 'Earth before. Prisoners, captive soldiers, if at all likely fellows, 'were by every means persuaded, and even compelled, to take Prus-'sian service. Compelled, cudgel in hand,' says Archenholtz (who is too indiscriminating, I can see,—for there were Pfalzers, Würtembergers, Reichsfolk, who had *first* been compelled the other way): 'not asked if they wished to serve, but dragged to the Prussian 'colours, obliged to swear there, and fight against their country-'men.' Say at least, against their countrymen's Governors, contumacious Serene Highnesses of Würtemberg, Mecklenburg and the like. Würtemberg, we mentioned lately, had to shoot a good few of his first levy against the Protestant Champion, before they would march at all!—I am sorry for these poor men; and wish the Reich had been what it once was, a Veracity and Practical Reality, not an Imaginary Entity and hideously contemptible Wiggery, as it now is! Contemptible, and hideous as well;—setting itself up on that fundamental mendacity; which is eternally tragical, though little regarded in these days, and which entails mendacities without end on parties concerned!—But, apart from all this, certain it is,

'The whole German Reich was deluged with secret Prussian 'Enlisters. The greater part of these were not actual Officers at 'all, but hungry Adventurers, who had been bargained with, and 'who, for their own profit, allowed themselves every imaginable art 'to pick up men. Head and centre of them was the Prussian Colo-'nel Colignon,' one of the Free-Corps people; 'a man formed by 'nature for this business' (what a beautiful man!)—'who gave all 'the others their directions, and taught them by his own example.

'Colignon himself,' in winter-time, 'travelled about in all manner of costumes and characters; persuading hundreds of people 'into the Prussian service. He not only promised Commissions, but 'gave such,—nominating loose young fellows (*Laffen*), students, 'merchants' clerks and the like, to Lieutenantcies and Captaincies in 'the Prussian Army' (about as likely as in the Seraphim and Cherubim, had they known it): 'in the Infantry, in the Cuirassiers, in 'the Hussars,—it is all one, you have only to choose. The renown of 'the Prussian arms was so universal, and combined with the notion 'of rich booty, that Colignon's Commission-manufactory was con-'tinually busy. No need to provide marching-money, hand-money' (shillings for earnest); 'Colignon's recruits travelled mostly of will, 'and at their own charge. 'In Franken, in Schwaben, in the Rhine 'Countries, a dissolute son would rob his father,—as shopmen their 'masters' tills, and managers their cash-boxes,—and hie off to 'those magnanimous Prussian Officials, who gave away companies 'like kreutzers, and had a value for young fellows of spirit. They 'hastened to Magdeburg with their Commissions; where they were 'received as common recruits, and put by force into the regiments 'suitable. No use in resisting: the cudgel and the drill-sergeant,' —who doubts it?—'till complete submission. By this and other 'methods, Colignon and his helpers are reckoned to have raised for 'the King, in the course of this War, about 60,000 recruits.'[2]

This Year, Daun, though his reputation is on the decline lately, is to have the chief command, as usual; the Grand Army, with Saxony for field of conquest, and the Reichsfolk to assist, is to be Daun's. But, what is reckoned an important improvement, Loudon is to have a separate command, and Army of his own. Loudon, hot of temper, melancholic, shy, is not a man to recommend himself to Kriegshofrath people; but no doubt Imperial Majesty has had her own wise eye on him. His merits are so undeniable; the need of some Commander *not* of the Cunctator type is become so very pressing. "Army of Silesia,

[2] Archenholtz, ii. 53.

50,000;" that is to be Loudon's, with 40,000 Russians to coöperate and unite themselves with Loudon; and try actually for conquest of Silesia, this Year; while Daun, conquering Saxony, keeps the King busy.

At Petersburg, Versailles, Vienna, much planning there has been, and arduous consulting: first at Petersburg, in time and in importance, where Montalembert has again been very urgent in regard to those poor Swedish people, and the getting of them turned to some kind of use: "Stettin in conjunction with the Swedes; oh, listen to reason, and take Stettin!" "Would not Dantzig by ourselves be the advisable thing?" answers Soltikof: "Dantzig is an important Town, and the grand Baltic Haven; and would be so convenient for our Preussen, since we have determined to maintain that fine Conquest." So thinks Czarish Majesty, as well as Soltikof, privately, though there are difficulties as to Dantzig; and, in fine, except Colberg over again, there can be nothing attempted of sieging thereabouts. A Siege of Colberg, however, there is actually to be: Second Siege,—if perhaps it will prove luckier than the First was, two years since? Naval Armament Swedish-Russian, specific Land Armament wholly Russian, are to do this Second Siege, at a favourable time; except by wishes, Soltikof will not be concerned in it; nor, it is to be hoped, shall we,—in such pressure of haste as is probably ahead for us.

"Silesia would be the place for sieges!" say the Vienna people always; and Imperial Majesty is very urgent; and tries all methods,—eloquence, flatteries, bribes,—to bring Petersburg to that view. Which is at last adopted; heartily by Czarish Majesty, ever ready for revenge on Friedrich, the more fatal and the more direct, the better. Heartily by her; not so heartily by Soltikof and her Army people, who know the Austrian habits; and privately decide on

21st Feb. 1760.
not picking chestnuts from the fire, while the other party's paws keep idle, and only his jaws are ready.

Of Small-War there is nothing or little to be said; indeed there occurs almost none. Roving Cossack-Parties, under one Tottleben, whom we shall hear of otherwise, infest Pommern, bickering with the Prussian posts there; not ravaging as formerly, Tottleben being a civilised kind of man. One of these called at the Castle of Schwedt, one day; found Prince Eugen of Würtemberg there (nearly recovered of his Kunersdorf wounds), who is a Son-in-law of the House, married to a Daughter of Schwedt;—ancestor of the now Russian Czars too, had anybody then known it. Him these Cossacks carried off with them, a march or two; then, taking his bond for a certain ransom, let him go. Bond and bond-holder being soon after captured by the Prussians, Eugen paid no ransom; so that to us his adventure is without moment, though it then made some noise among the Gazetteers.

Two other little passages, and only two, we will mention; which have in themselves a kind of memorability. First, that of General Czetteritz and the *Manuscript* he lost. Of posts across the Elbe, I find none mentionable here, and believe there is none, except only Czetteritz's; who stands at Cosdorf, well up towards Torgau Country, as sentry over Torgau and the Towns there. On Czetteritz there was, in February, an attempt made by the active General Beck, whom Daun had detached for that object. Extremely successful, according to the Austrian Gazetteers; but in reality amounting to as good as nothing:—Surprisal of Czetteritz's first vedette, in the dawn of a misty February morning (February 21st, 1760); non-surprisal of his second, which did give fire and alarm, whereupon debate; and Czetteritz springing into his sad-

dle; retreat of his people to rearward, with loss of 7 Officers, and 200 prisoners;—but ending in re-advance, with fresh force, a few hours after;[3] in repulse of Beck, in recovery of Cosdorf, and a general state of *As-you-were* in that part. A sputter of Post-War, not now worth mentioning at all,—except only for one small circumstance: That in the careering and swift ordering, such as there was, on the rearguard especially, Major-General Czetteritz's horse happened to fall; whereby not only was the General taken prisoner, but his quarters got plundered, and in his luggage,—what is the notable circumstance,—there was found a small Manuscript, *Militairische Instruktzion für die Generale*, such as every Prussian General has, and is bound to keep religiously secret.[4] This, carried to Daun's headquarters, was duly prized, copied; and in the course of a year came to print, in many shapes and places; was translated into English, under the Title, *Military Instructions by the King of Prussia*, in 1762 (and again, hardly so *well*, in 1797); and still languidly circulates among the studious of our soldiers. Not a little admired by some of them; and unfortunately nearly all they seem to know of this greatest of modern Soldiers.[5]

Next, about a month after, we have something to report of Loudon from Silesia, or rather of the Enemies he meets there; for it is not a victorious thing. But it means a starting of the Campaign by an Austrian inva-

[3] Seyfarth, ii. 655.

[4] Stands now in *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxviii. 3 et seq.; was finished (the revisal of it was), by the King, '2d April 1748:' see *Preuss*, i. 478-480; and *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxviii. *Preface*, for endless indistinct details about the translations and editions of it. London Edition, 1818, calls itself the *Fifth*.

[5] See, for example, in *Life of General Sir Charles Napier, by his Brother* (London, 1857), iii. 365 and elsewhere,—one of the best judges in the world expressing his joy and admiration on discovery of Friedrich; discovery, if you read well, which amounts to these *Instructions*, and no more.

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sion of Silesia; long before sieging time, while all these Montalembert-Soltikof pleadings and counter-pleadings hang dubious at Petersburg, and Loudon's "Silesian Army" is still only in a nascent or theoretic state, and only Loudon himself is in a practical one.

Friedrich has always Fouquet at Landshut, in charge of the Silesian Frontier; whose outposts, under Goltz as head of these, stretch, by Neisse, far eastward, through the Hills to utmost Mähren; Fouquet's own headquarter being generally Landshut, the main gate of the Country. Fouquet, long since, rooted himself rather firmly into that important post; has a beautiful ring of fortified Hills around Landshut; battery crossing battery, girdling it with sure destruction, under an expert Fouquet,—but would require 30,000 men to keep it, instead of 13,000, which is Fouquet's allotment. Upon whom Loudon is fully intending a stroke this Year. Fouquet, as we know, has strenuously managed to keep ward there for a twelvemonth past; in spite, often enough, of new violent invadings and attemptings (violent, miscellaneous, but intermittent) by the Devilles and others;—and always under many difficulties of his own, and vicissitudes in his employment: a Fouquet coming and going, waxing and waning, according to the King's necessities, and to the intermittency or constancy of pressures on Landshut. Under Loudon, this Year, Fouquet will have harder times than ever;—in the end, too hard! But will resist, judge how, by the following small sample:

'Besides Fouquet and his 13,000,' says my Note, 'the Silesian 'Garrisons are all vigilant, are or ought to be; and there are far 'eastward of him, for guarding of the Jägerndorf-Troppau Border, 'some 4 or 6,000, scattered about, under Lieutenant-General Goltz, 'in various Hill Posts,—the chief Post of which, Goltz's own, is the 'little Town of Neustadt, northward of Jägerndorf' (where we have

billetted in the Old Silesian Wars): 'Goltz's Neustadt is the chief; 'and Leobschütz, south-westward of it, under "General Le Grand"' (once the Major *Grant* of Kolin Battle, if readers remember him, "Your Majesty and I cannot take the Battery ourselves!"), 'is 'probably the second in importance. Loudon, cantoned along the 'Moravian side of the Border, perceives that he can assemble 32,000 'foot and horse; that the Prussians are 13,000 *plus* 6,000; that 'Silesia can be invaded with advantage, were the weather come. 'And that, in any kind of weather, Goltz and his straggle of posts 'might be swept into the interior, perhaps picked up and pocketted 'altogether, if Loudon were sharp enough. Swept into the interior 'Goltz was; by no means pocketted altogether, as he ought to have 'been!

'*March 13th*, 1760, Loudon orders general muster hereabouts for 'the 15th, everybody to have two-days bread and forage; and warns 'Goltz, as bound in honour: "Excellenz, tomorrow is March 14th; 'tomorrow our pleasant time of Truce is out,—the more the pity for 'both of us!" "Yea, my esteemed neighbour Excellenz!" answers 'Goltz, with the proper compliments; but judges that his esteemed 'neighbour is intending mischief almost immediately. Goltz in- 'stantly sends orders to all his posts: "You, Herr General Grant, 'you at Leobschütz, and all the rest of you, make your packages; 'march without delay; rendezvous at Steinau, and Upper-Glogau" (far different from *Great*-Glogau), "Neisse-ward; swift!" And 'would have himself gone on the 14th, but could not,—his poor 'little Bakery not being here, nor wagons for his baggages quite to 'be collected in a moment,—and it was Saturday 15th, 5 A.M., that 'Goltz appointed himself to march.

'The last time we saw General Goltz was on the Green of Bautzen, 'above two years ago,—when he delivered that hard Message to the 'King's Brother and his party, "You deserve to be tried by Court- 'martial, and have your heads cut off!" He was of that sad Zittau 'business of the late Prince of Prussia's,—Goltz, Winterfeld, Ziethen, 'Schmettau and others. Winterfeld and the Prince are both dead; 'Schmettau is fallen into disaster; Goltz is still in good esteem with 'the King. A stalwart, swift, flinty kind of man, to judge by the 'Portraits of him; considerable obstinacy, of a tacitly intelligent 'kind, in that steady eye, in that droop of the eyebrows towards the

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'strong cheek-bones; plenty of sleeping fire in Lieutenant-General 'Goltz.

'His principal force, on this occasion, is one Infantry Regiment; '*Regiment Manteuffel*:—readers perhaps recollect that stout Pom-'mern Regiment, Manteuffel of Foot, and the little Dialogue it had 'with the King himself, on the eve of Leuthen: "Good night, then, 'Fritz! Tomorrow all dead, or else the Enemy beaten." Their con-'duct, I have heard, was very shining at Leuthen, where everybody 'shone; and since then they have been plunging about through the 'death-element in their old rugged way,—and reëmerge here into 'definite view again, under Lieutenant-General Goltz, issuing from 'the north end of Neustadt, in the dim dawn of a cold spring morn-'ing, March 15th, 5 A.M.; weather latterly very wet, as I learn. 'They intend Neisse-way, with their considerable stock of baggage-'wagons; a ~~company~~ of Dragoons is to help in escorting: party per-'haps about 2,000 in all. Goltz will have his difficulties this day; 'and has calculated on them. And, indeed, at the first issuing, 'here they already are.

'Loudon, with about 5,000 horse,—four Regiments drawn up here, 'and by and by with a fifth (happily not with the grenadiers, as he 'had calculated, who are detained by broken bridges, waters all in 'flood from the rain),—is waiting for him, at the very environs of 'Neustadt. Loudon, by a trumpet, politely invites him to surrender, 'being so outnumbered; Goltz, politely thanking, disregards it, and 'marches on: Loudon escorting, in an ominous way; till, at Buchels-'dorf, the fifth Regiment (best in the Austrian service) is seen drawn 'out across the highway, plainly intimating, No thoroughfare to 'Goltz and Pommern. Loudon sends a second trumpet: "Surrender 'prisoners; honourablest terms; keep all your baggage: refuse, and 'you are cut down every man." "You shall yourself hear the answer," 'said Goltz. Goltz leads this second trumpet to the front; and, in 'Pommern dialect, makes known what General Loudon's proposal is. 'The Pommerners answer, as one man, a No of such emphasis as I 'have never heard; in terms which are intensely vernacular, it seems, 'and which do at this day astonish the foreign mind: "We will for 'him something, *Wir wollen ihm was*—" But the powers of transla-'tion and even of typography fail; and feeble paraphrase must give 'it: "We will for him *something ineffable concoct*," of a surprisingly

'contrary kind! "*Wir wollen ihm was*" (with ineffable dissyllabic 'verb governing it)! growled one indignant Pommerner; "and it 'ran like file-fire along the ranks," says Archenholtz; everybody 'growling it, and bellowing it, in fierce bass chorus, as the indubit-'able vote of Pommern in those circumstances.

'Loudon's trumpet withdrew. Pommern formed square round 'its baggage; Loudon's 5,000 came thundering in, fit to break 'adamant; but met such a storm of bullets from Pommern, they 'stopped about ten paces short, in considerable amazement, and 'wheeled back. Tried it again, still more amazement; the like a 'third time; every time in vain. After which, Pommern took the 'road again, with vanguard, rearguard; and had peace for certain 'miles,—Loudon gloomily following, for a new chance. How many 'times Loudon tried again, and ever again, at good places, I forget,— 'say six times in all. Between Siebenhufen and Steinau, in a dirty 'defile, the jewel of the road for Loudon, who tried his very best there, 'one of our wagons broke down; the few to rear of it, eighteen wagons 'and some country carts, had to be left standing. Nothing more of 'Pommern was left there or anywhere. Near Steinau there, Loudon 'gave it up as desperate, and went his way. His loss, they say, was '300 killed, 500 wounded; Pommern's was 35 killed, and above 100 'left wounded or prisoners. One of the stiffest day's works I have 'known: some twelve miles of march, in every two an attack. Pom-'mern has really concocted something surprising, and kept its pro-'mise to Loudon! "Thou knowest what the Pommerners can do," 'said they once to their own King. An obstinate, strong-boned, 'heavy-browed people; not so stupid as you think. More or less 'of Jutish or Anglish type; highly deficient in the graces of speech, 'and, I should judge, with little call to Parliamentary Eloquence.'[6]

Friedrich is, this Year, considered by the generality of mankind to be ruined: "Lost 60,000 men last Campaign; was beaten twice; his luck is done; what is to become of him?" say his enemies, and even the impartial Gazetteer, with joy or sorrow. Among his own

[6] Preuss, ii. 241 (incorrect in some small points); Archenholtz, ii. 61; Seyfarth, ii. 640, and *Beylagen*, ii. 657-660; Tempelhof, iv. 8-10; in *Anonymous of Hamburg* (iv. 68), the Austrian account.

people there is gloom or censure; hard commentaries on Maxen: "So self-willed, high, and deaf to counsel from Prince Henri!" Henri himself, they say, is sullen; threatening, as he often does, to resign 'for want of health;' and as he quite did, for a while, in the end of this Campaign, or interval between this and next.

Friedrich has, with incredible diligence, got together his finance (copper in larger dose than ever, Jew Ephraim presiding as usual); and, as if by art-magic, has on their feet 100,000 men against his enemy's 280,000. Some higher Officers are secretly in bad spirits; but the men know nothing of discouragement. Friedrich proclaims to them at marching, "For every cannon you capture, 100 ducats; for every flag, 50; for every standard (cavalry flag), 40;"—which sums, as they fell due, were accordingly paid thenceforth.[7] But Friedrich, too, is abundantly gloomy, if that could help him; which he knows well it cannot, and strictly hides it from all but a few;—or all but D'Argens almost alone, to whom it can do no harm. Read carefully by the light of contemporary occurrences, not vaguely, in the vacant haze, as the Editors give it, his correspondence with D'Argens becomes interesting almost to a painful degree: an unaffected picture of one of the bravest human souls, weighed down with dispiriting labours and chagrins, such as were seldom laid on any man; almost beyond bearing, but incurable, and demanding to be borne. Wilhelmina is away, away; to D'Argens alone of mortals does he whisper of these things; and to him not wearisomely, or with the least prolixity, but in short sharp gusts, seldom now with any indignation, oftenest with a touch of humour in them, not soliciting any sympathy, nor expecting nearly as much as he will get from the faithful D'Argens.

[7] Stenzel, v. 236, 237; ib 243.

"I am unfortunate and old, dear Marquis; that is why "they persecute me: God knows what my future is to "be this Year! I grieve to resemble Cassandra with my "prophecies; but how augur well of the desperate situa- "tion we are in, and which goes on growing worse? I "am so gloomy today, I will cut short." . . . "Write "to me when you have nothing better to do; and don't "forget a poor Philosopher who, perhaps to expiate his "incredulity, is doomed to find his Purgatory in *this* "world."[8] . . . To another Friend, in the way of speech, he more deliberately says: "The difficulties I had, last "Campaign, were almost infinite: such a multitude of "enemies acting against me; Pommern, Brandenburg, "Saxony, Frontiers of Silesia, alike in danger, often "enough all at one time. If I escaped absolute destruc- "tion, I must impute it chiefly to the misconduct of my "enemies; who gained such advantages, but had not the "sense to follow them up. Experience often corrects peo- "ple of their blunders: I cannot expect to profit by any- "thing of that kind, on their part, in the course of this "Campaign:" judge if it will be a light one, *mon cher*.[9]

The symptoms we decipher in these Letters, and otherwise, are those of a man drenched in misery; but used to his black element, unaffectedly defiant of it, or not at the pains to defy it; occupied only to do his very utmost in it, with or without success, till the end come. Prometheus, chained on the Ocean-cliffs, with the New Ruling-Powers in the upper hand, and their vultures gradually eating him; dumb Time and dumb Space looking on, apparently with small sympathy: Prometheus and other Titans, now and then, have touched the soul of some Æschylus, and

[8] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xix. 138, 139 ('Freyberg, 20th March 1760').

[9] To Mitchell, one evening, 'Camp of Schlettau, May 23d' (Mitchell, ii. 159).

drawn tones of melodious sympathy, far heard among mankind. But with this new Titan it is not so: nor, upon the whole, with the proper Titan, in this world, is it usually so; the world being a—what shall we say?—a poorish kind of world, and its melodies and dissonances, its loves and its hatreds, worth comparatively little in the long-run. Friedrich does wonderfully, without sympathy from almost anybody; and the indifference with which he walks along, under such a cloud of sulky stupidities, of mendacities and misconceptions, from the herd of mankind, is decidedly admirable to me.

But let us look into the Campaign itself. Perhaps,—contrary to the world's opinion, and to Friedrich's own when, in ultra-lucid moments, he gazes into it in the light of cold arithmetic, and finds the aspect of it "frightful,"—this Campaign will be a little luckier to him than the last? Unluckier it cannot well be:—or if so, it will at least be final to him!

END OF VOLUME V.

NORTH SEA
DENMARK
BALTIC SEA
HANOVER
THE THIRD SILESIAN
OR THE
SEVEN YEARS WAR

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